

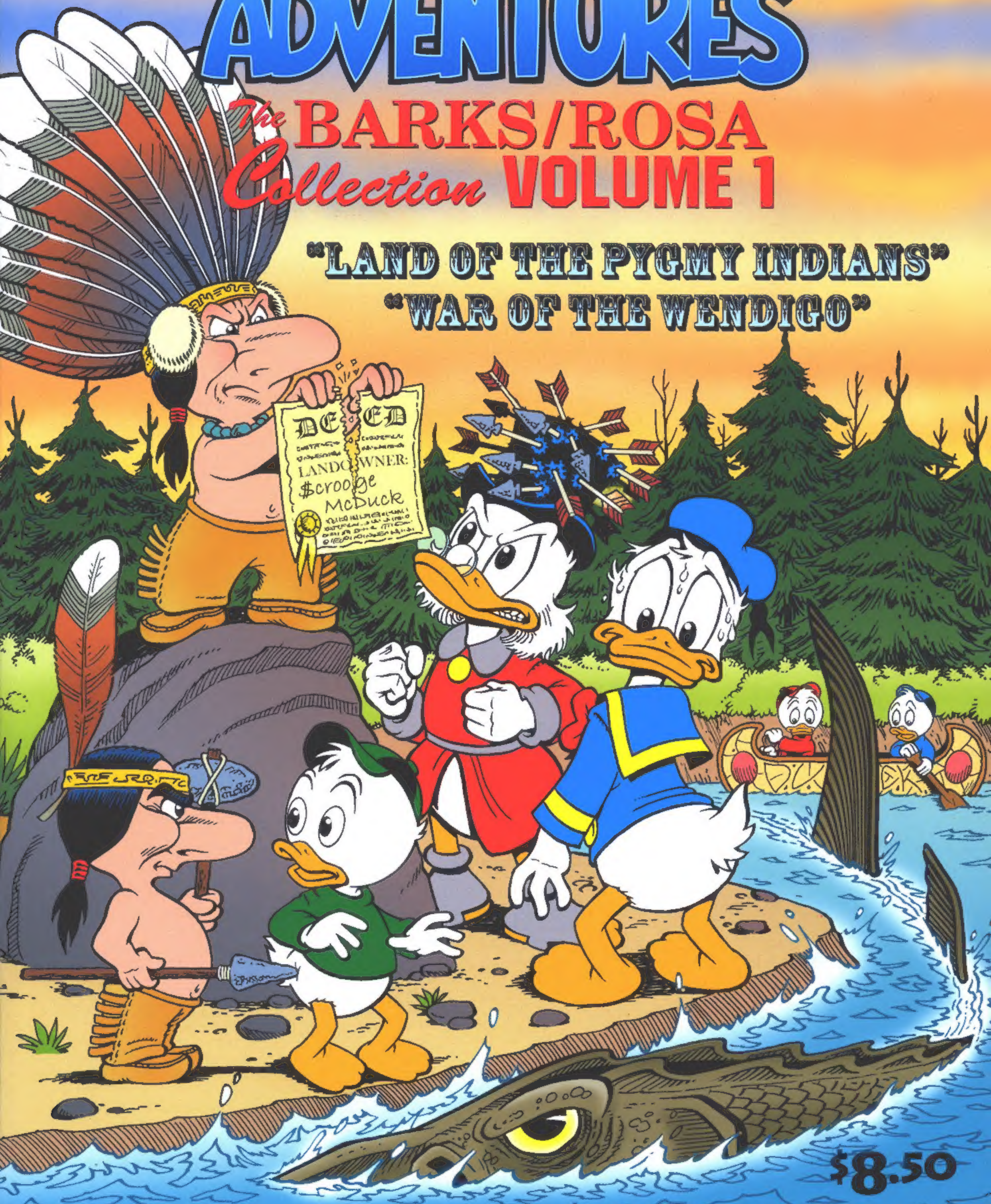
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WALT DISNEY'S

UNCLE \$CROOGE ADVENTURES

The BARKS/ROSA
Collection VOLUME 1

"LAND OF THE PYGMY INDIANS"
"WAR OF THE WENDIGO"

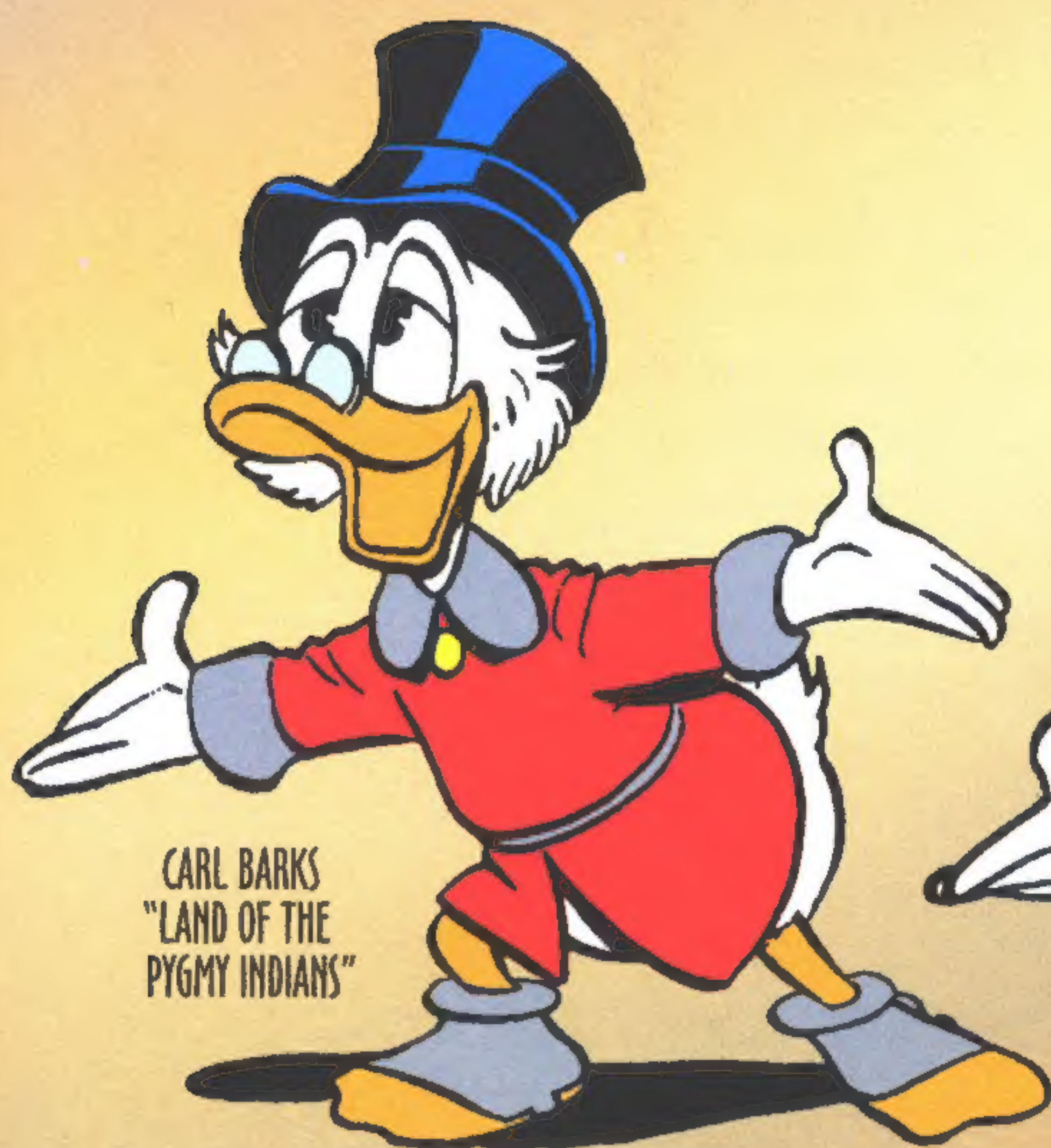


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WALT DISNEY'S

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CARL BARKS
"LAND OF THE
PYGMY INDIANS"



DON ROSA
"WAR OF THE
WENDIGO"

GEMSTONE PUBLISHING
Timonium, Maryland

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The **BARKS/ROSA**
Collection **VOLUME 1**

LAND OF THE PYGMY INDIANS *starring Uncle Scrooge*

Story & Art: Carl Barks (*Uncle Scrooge* #18, June 1957)

Color: Scott Rockwell

COVER OF UNCLE SCROOGE 18

Art: Carl Barks • Color: Susan Daigle-Leach

IN THE LAND OF THE PEEWEEGAH

Commentary by Don Rosa

WORLD OF THE WENDIGO

by David Gerstein

WAR OF THE WENDIGO *starring Uncle Scrooge*

Story & Art: Don Rosa (*WDC&S* #633, 1999) • Color: Scott Rockwell • Lettering: John Clark

COVER OF UNCLE SCROOGE ADVENTURES 10

Art: Daan Jippes (*USA* #10, 1988) • Color: Sue Kolberg

Cover art by Don Rosa, color by Susan Daigle-Leach

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Walt Disney's UNCLE SCROOGE

TO THE LAND OF SKY-BLUE WATERS GOES UNCLE SCROOGE TO FIND A HAVEN FOR HIS FORTUNE, IN THIS STORY OF NORTHERN LAKES AND MIGHTY WARRIORS!

SIDEWALK SAM
THE REAL ESTATE MAN

LAND OF THE PYGMY INDIANS

I WANT TO LEAVE DUCKBURG WITH ITS SMOG AND NOISE AND **SHOVING** PEOPLE! I WANT TO BUY A HOME FAR OUT IN THE **WILDS**!

JUST HOW **WILD** THESE WILDS, MR. McDUCK?

SHACK IN SAN JAC \$90000

NOTHIN' TO PAY IN L.A.

WILD ENOUGH THAT I CAN PILE MY MONEY IN THE OPEN, UNGUARDED! WILD ENOUGH THAT I CAN TRAMP THROUGH LEAGUES OF WOODS WITHOUT MEETING A HUMAN!

YOU WANT TO GET AWAY FROM SMOKE, NOISE, AND PEOPLE! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN FIND!

AH! HERE IN THE REGION NORTH OF LAKE SUPERIOR ARE VAST BLOCKS OF PUBLIC LAND INHABITED ONLY BY MOOSE AND MUDHENS!

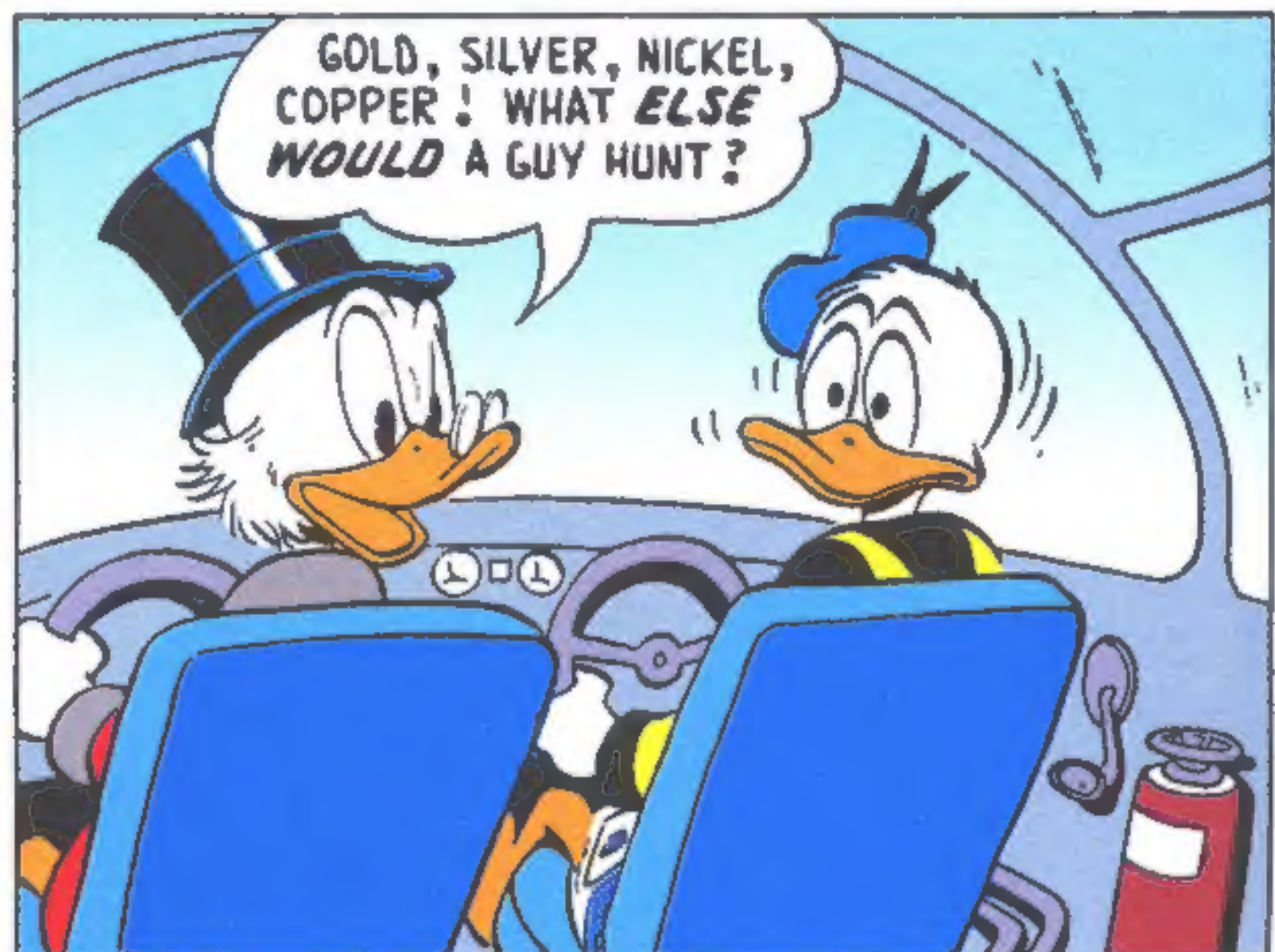
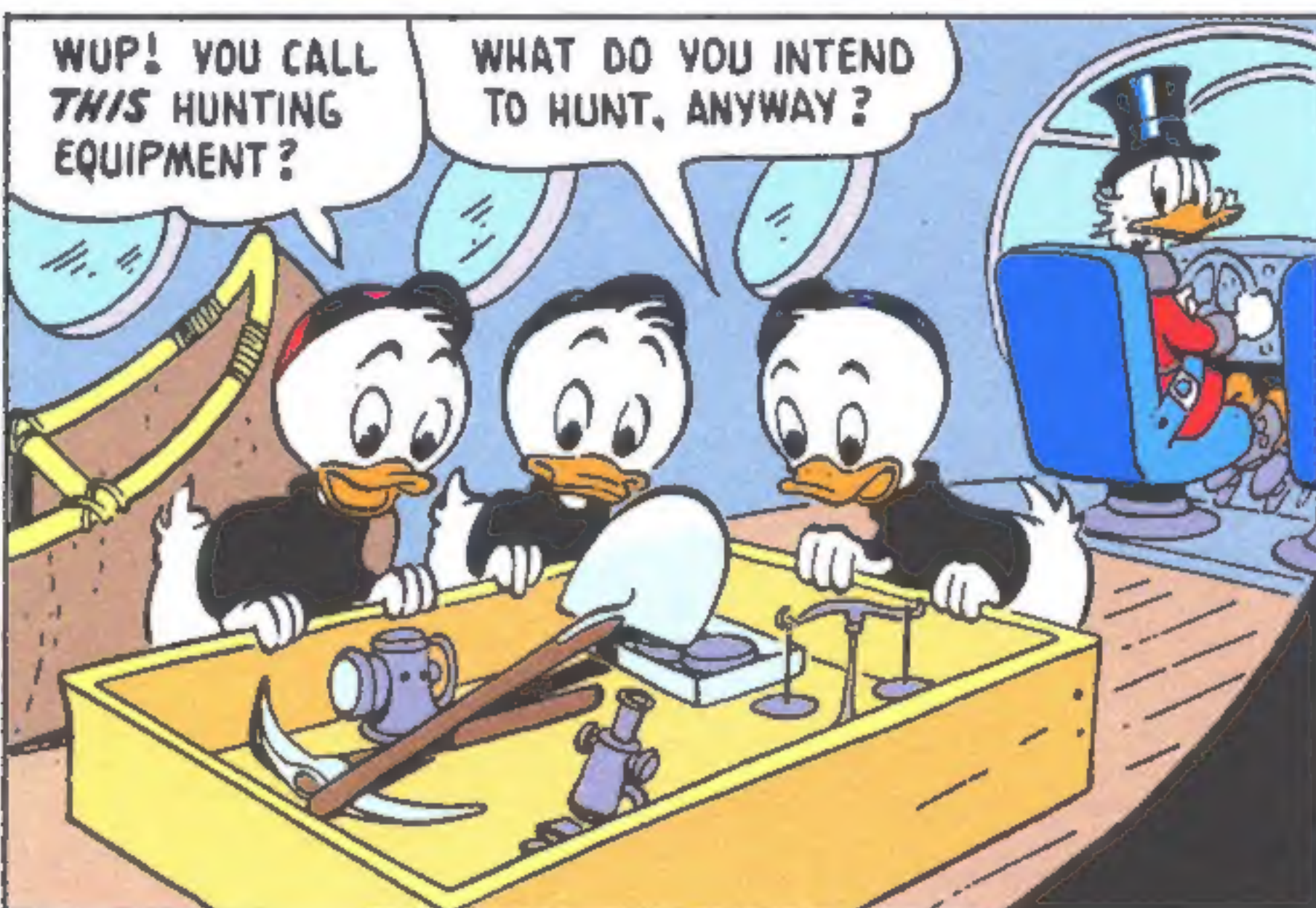
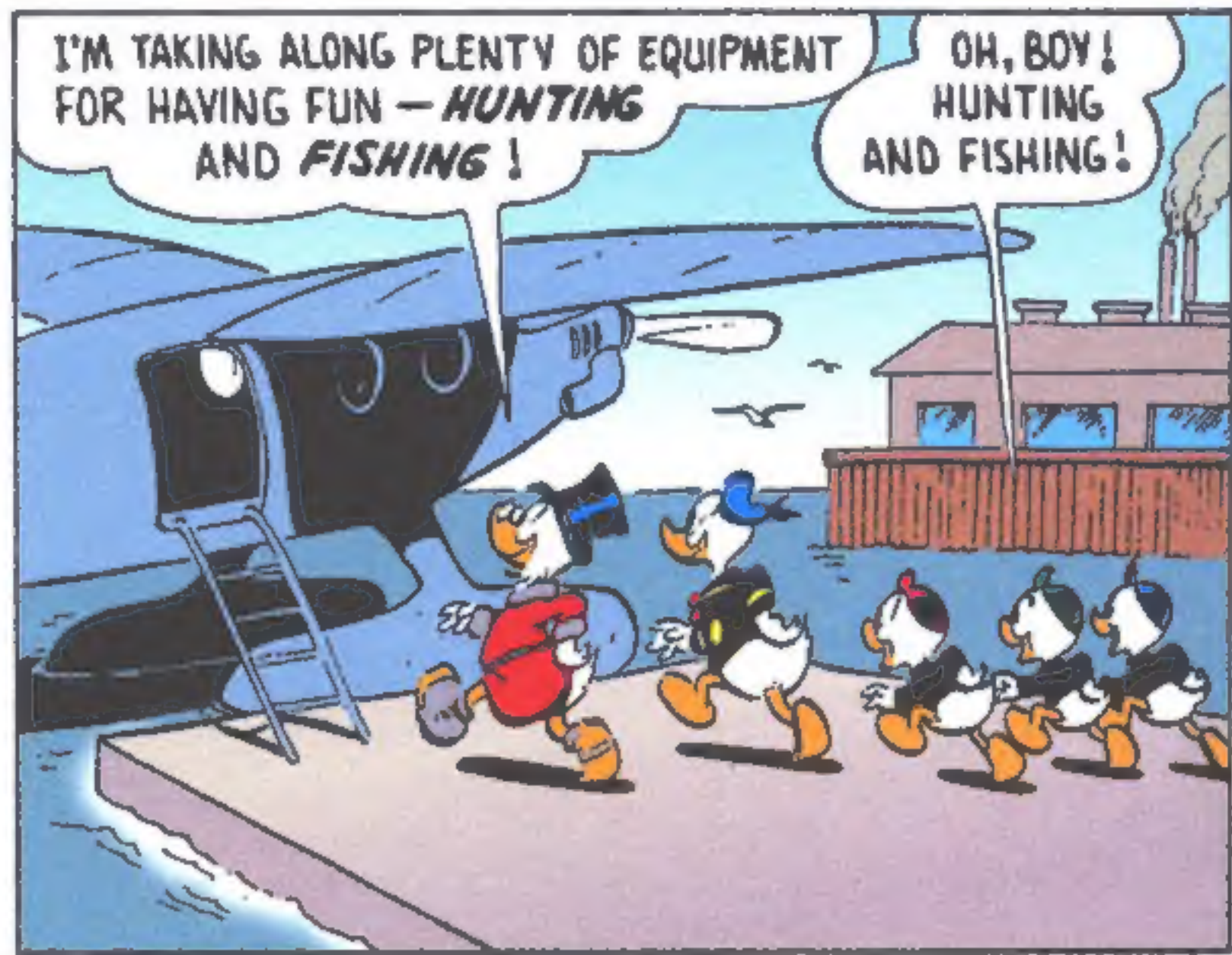
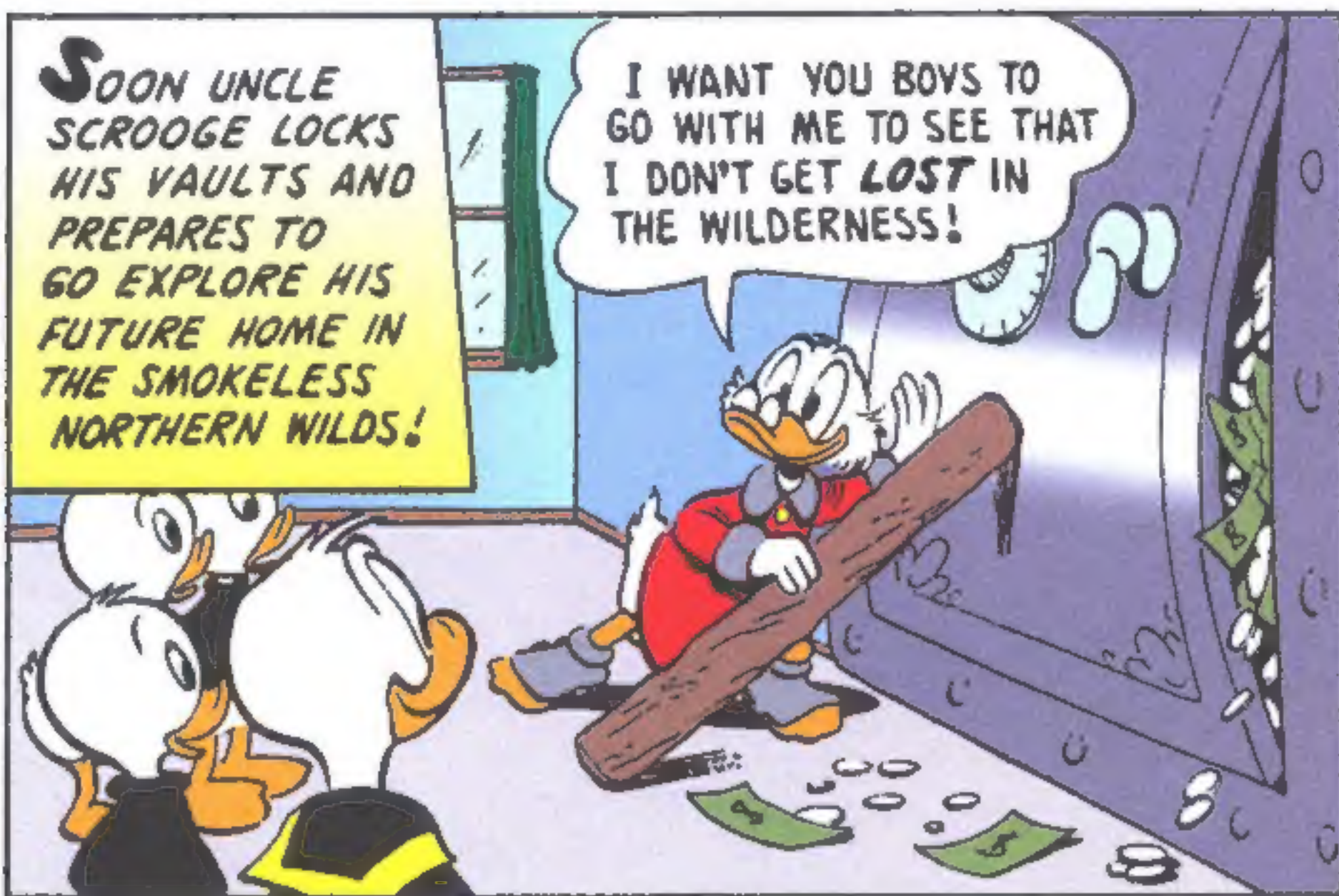
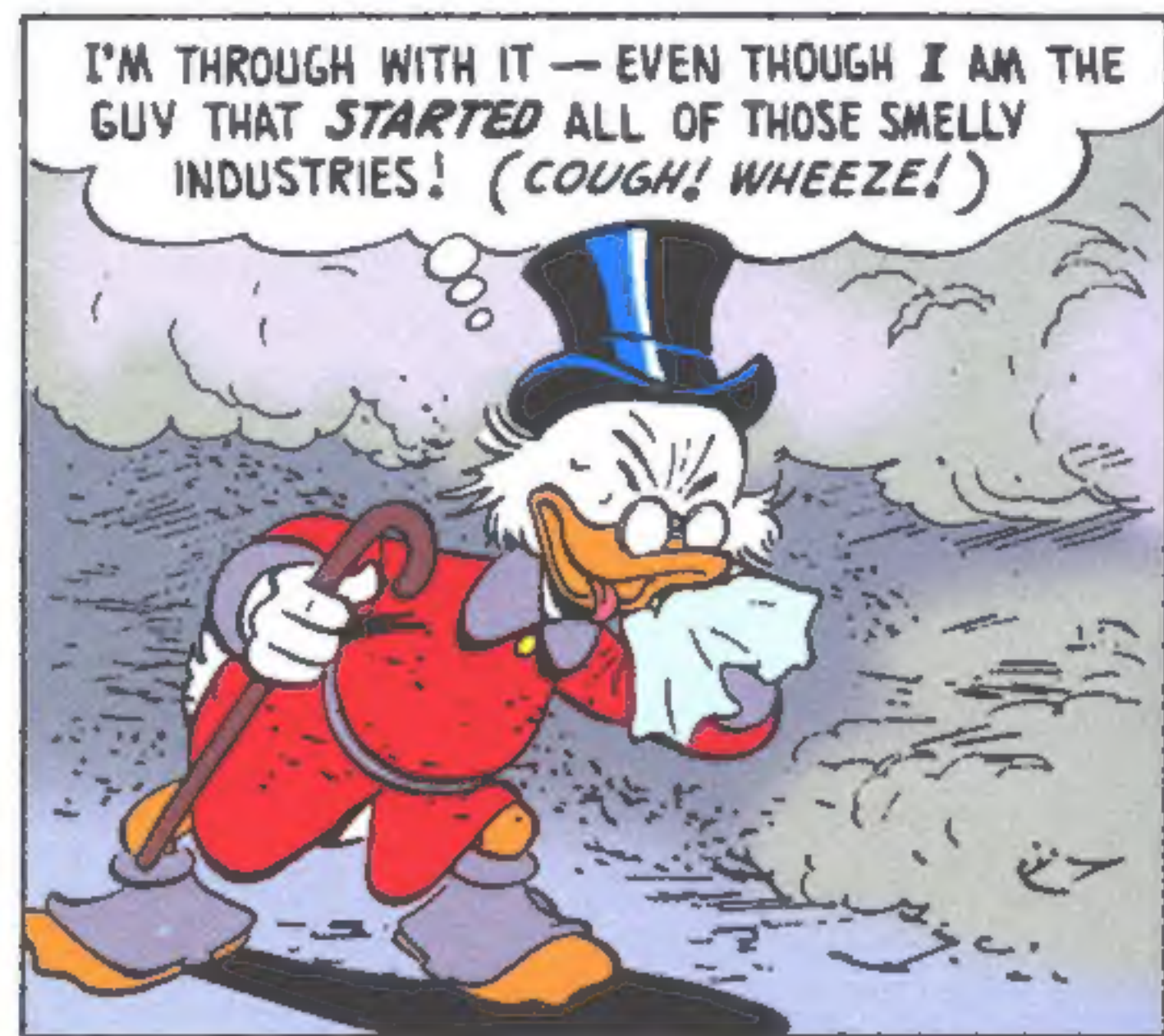
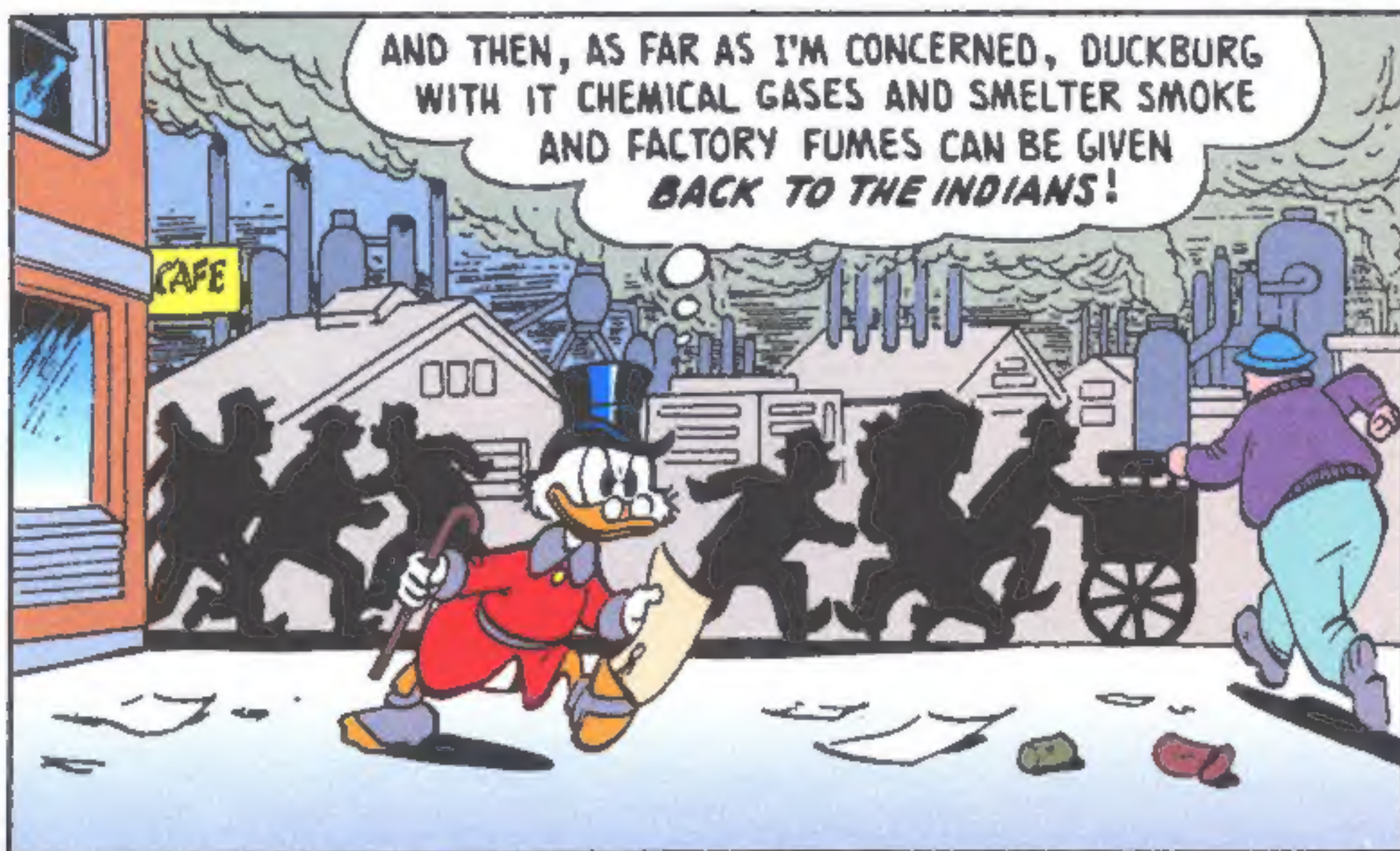
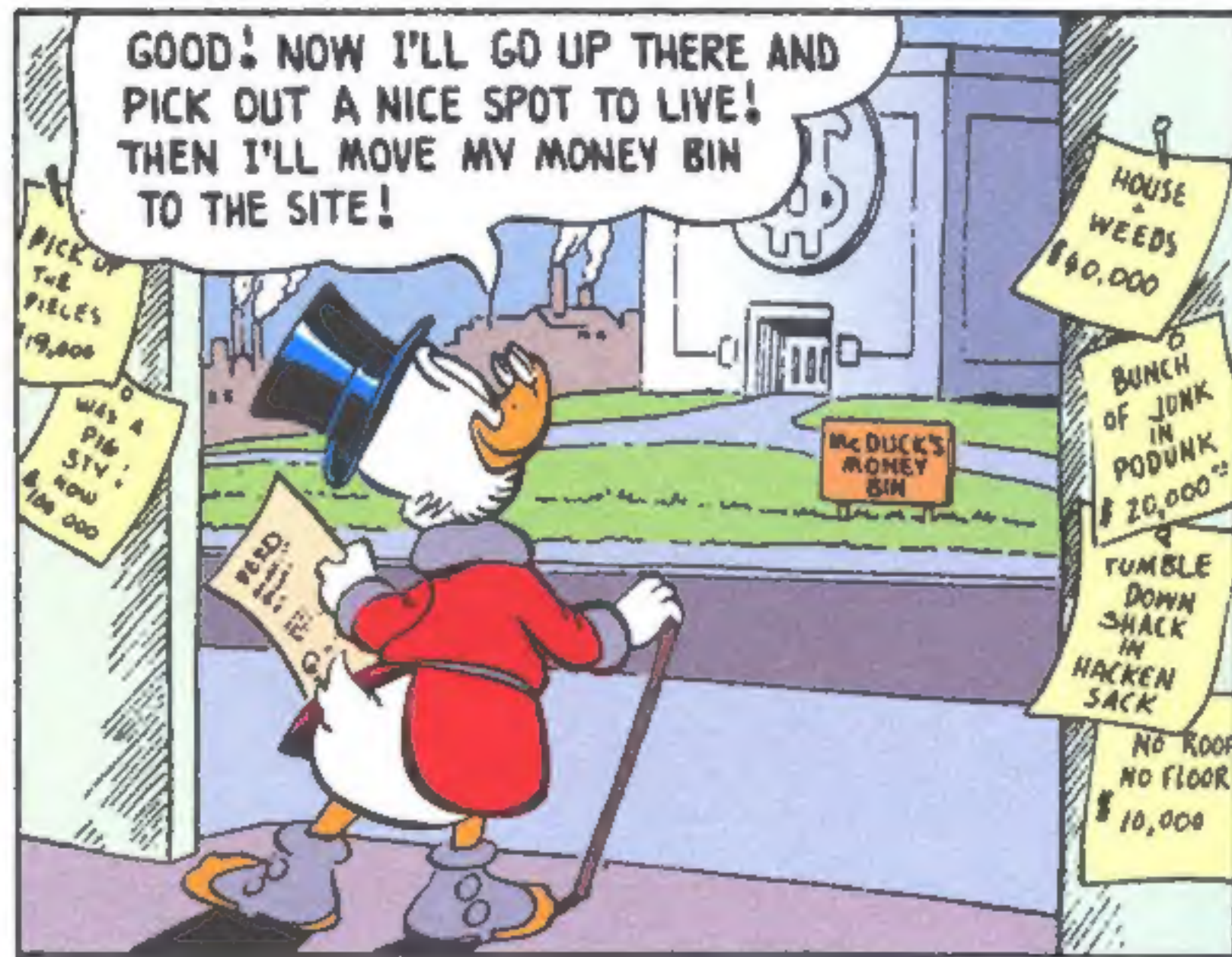
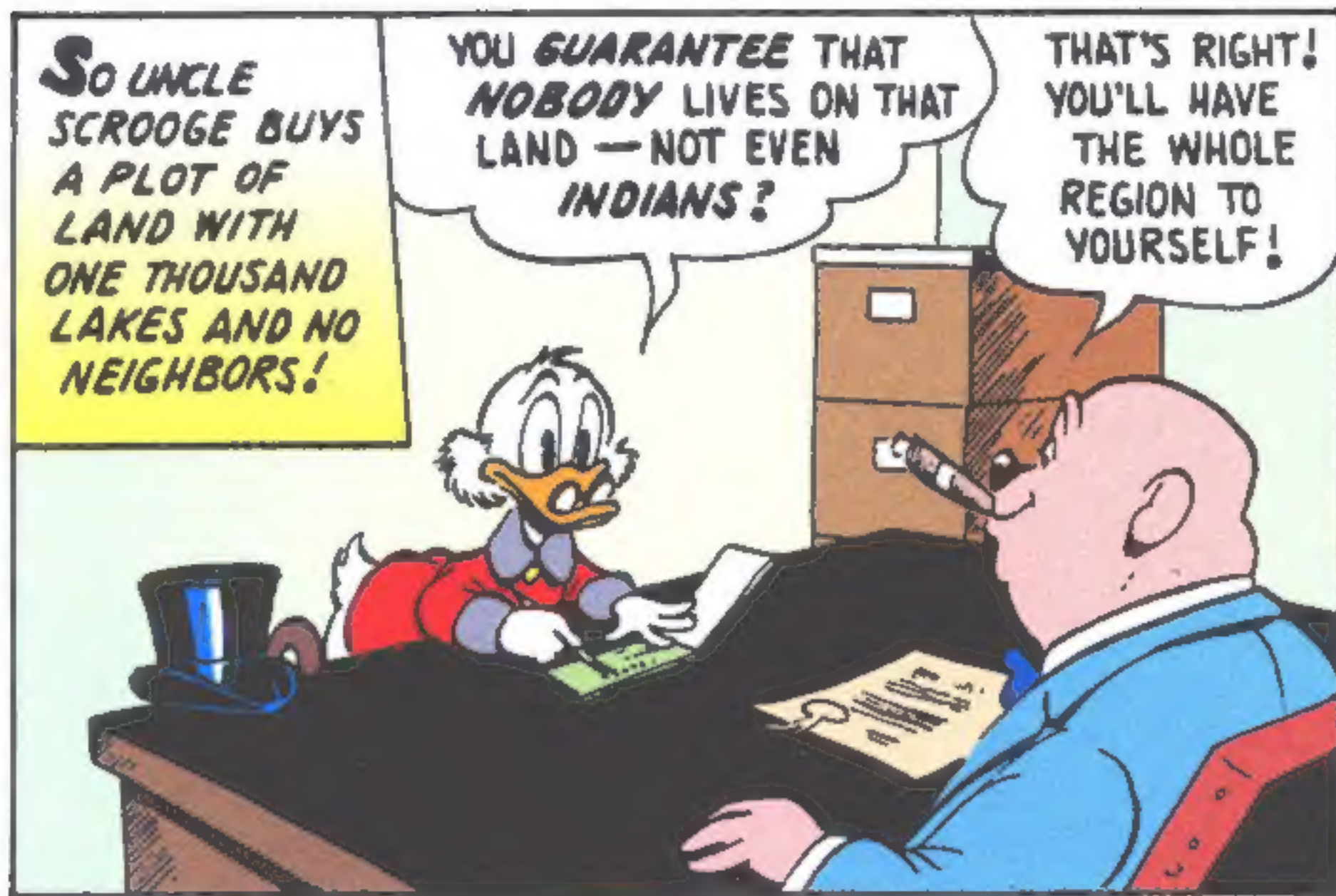
YOU MEAN THEY HAVE NO **ROADS**, NO **CITIES**, NO **FACTORIES**, NO **PEOPLE**?

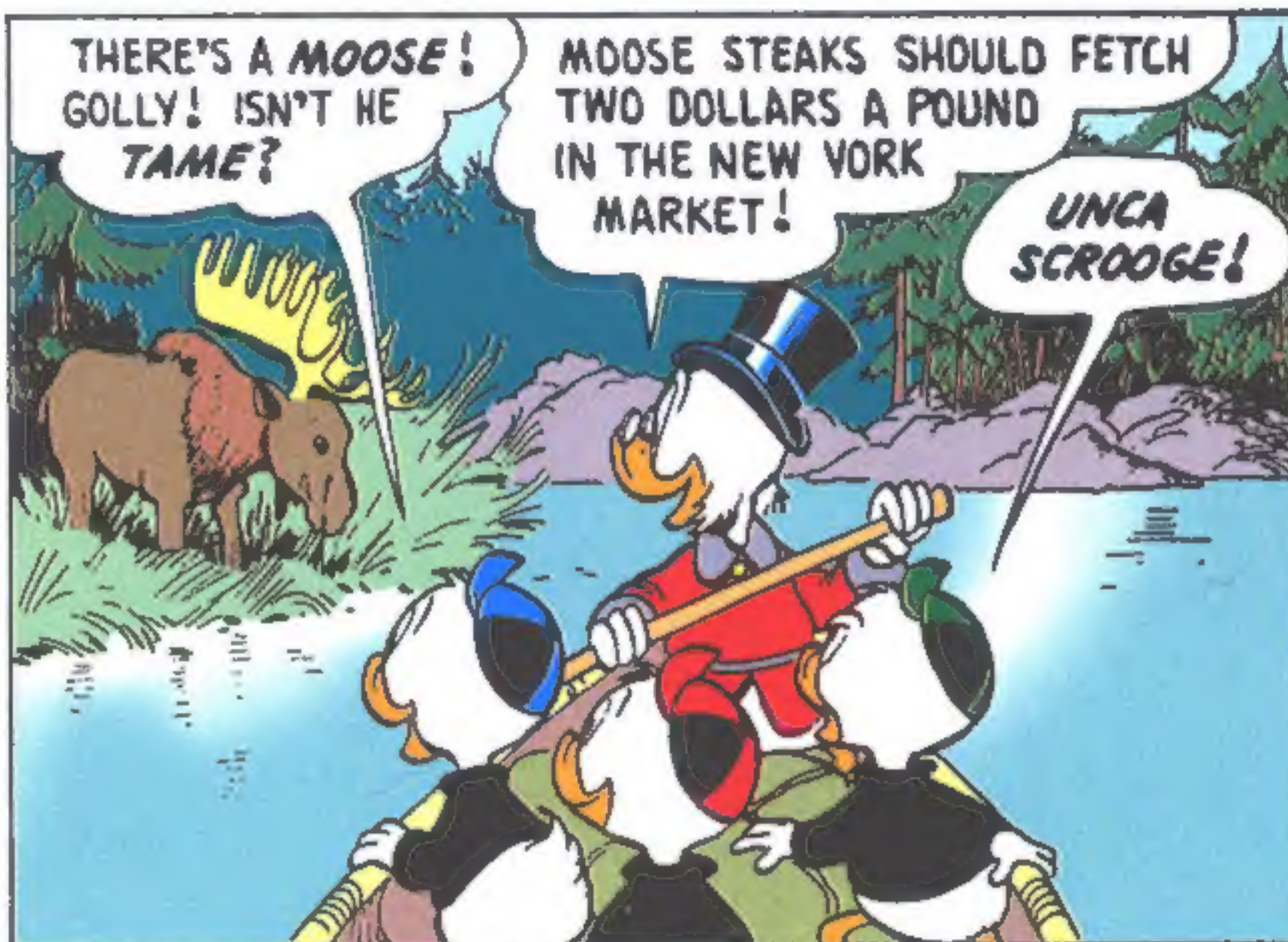
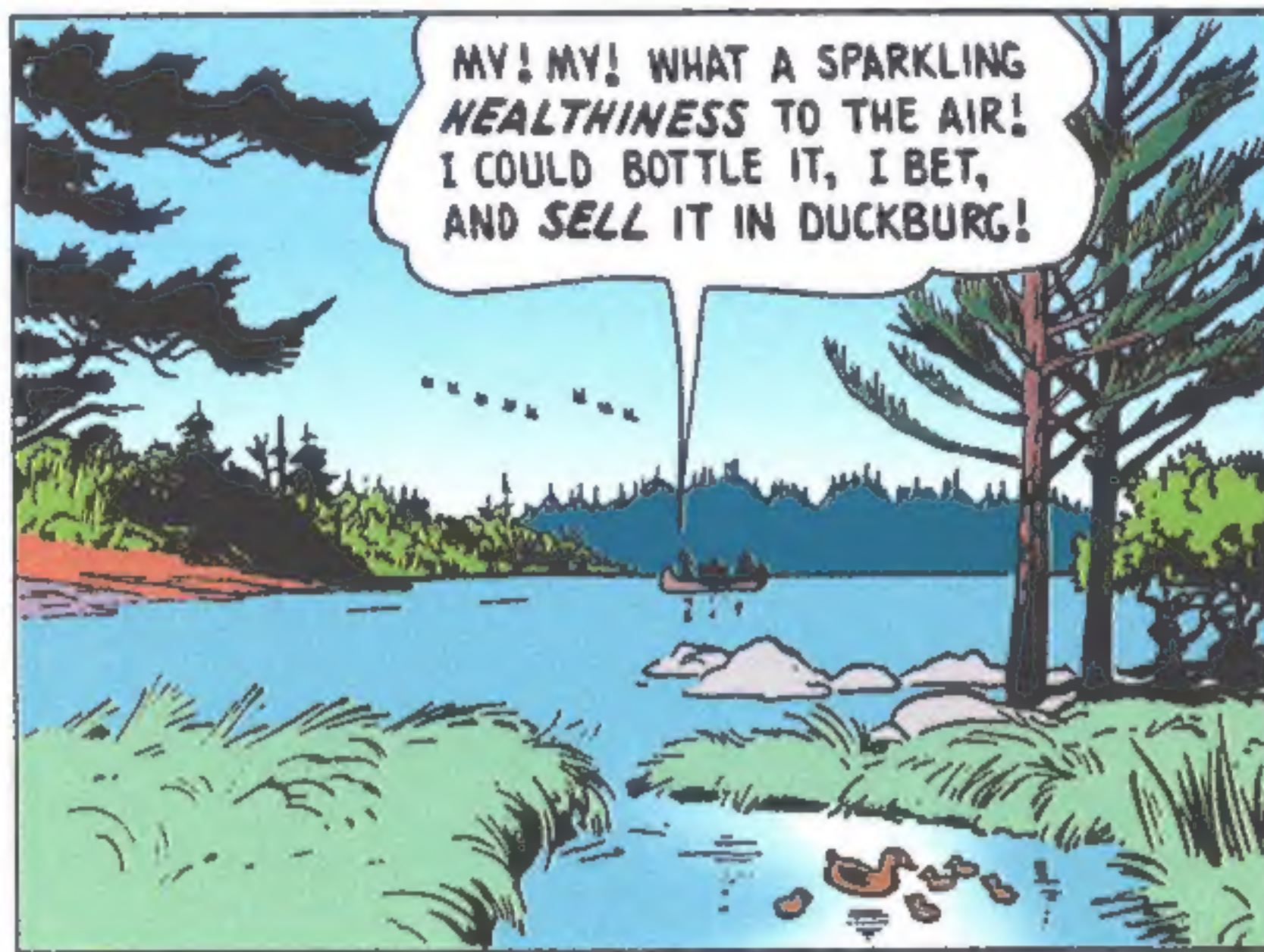
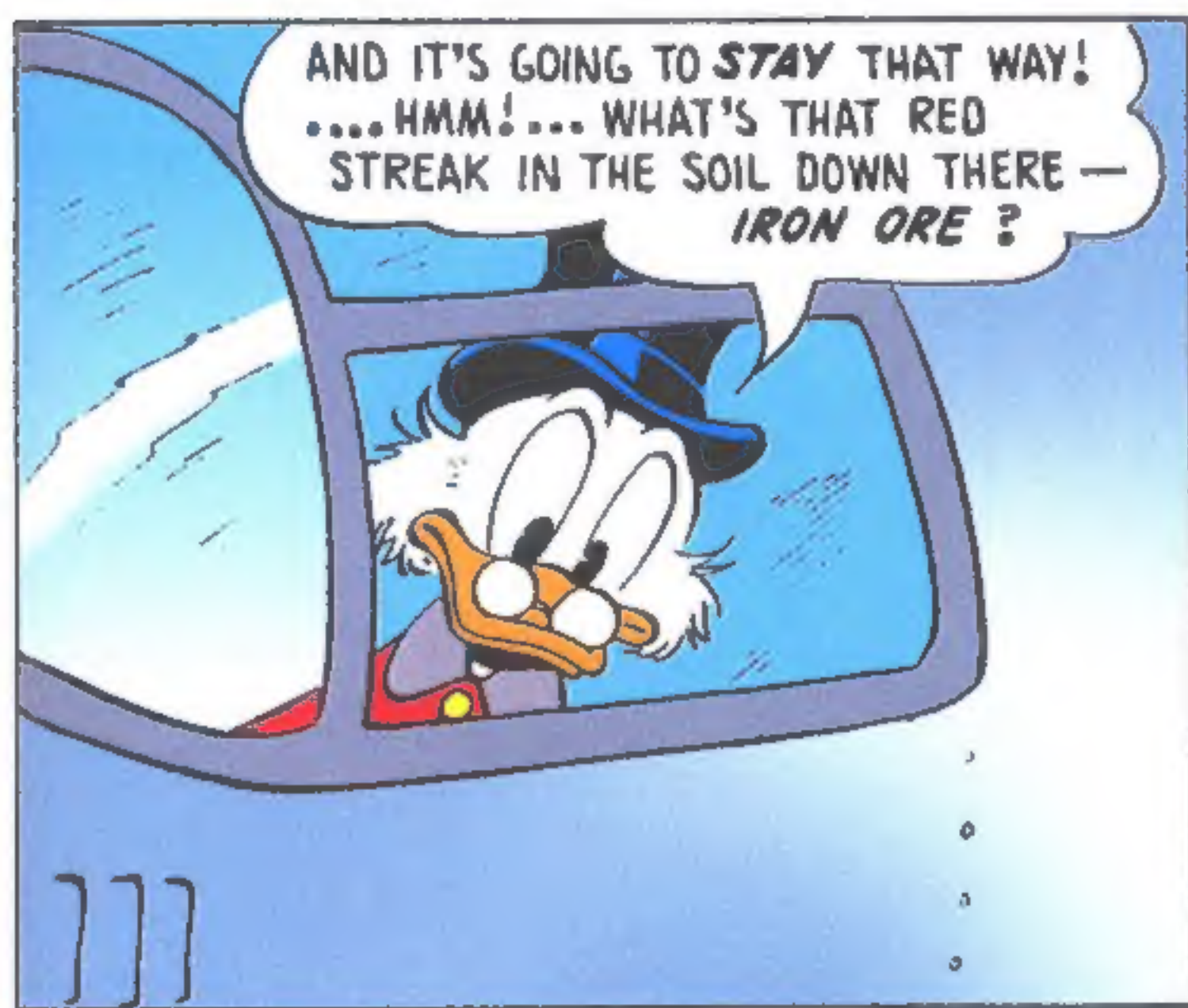
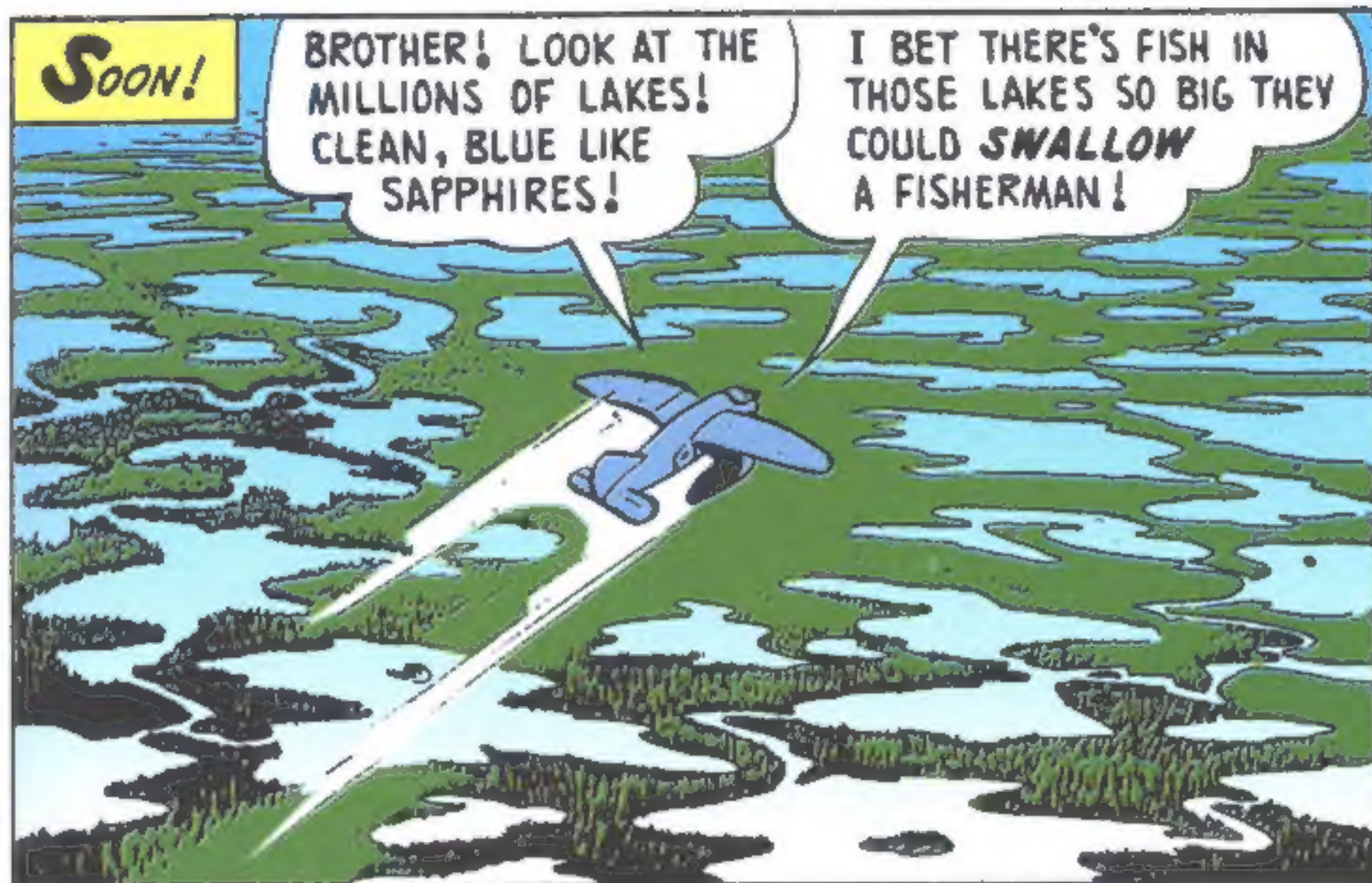
THAT'S RIGHT! NOT EVEN VISITING **FISHERMEN** ON THE **THOUSANDS** OF **LAKES**!

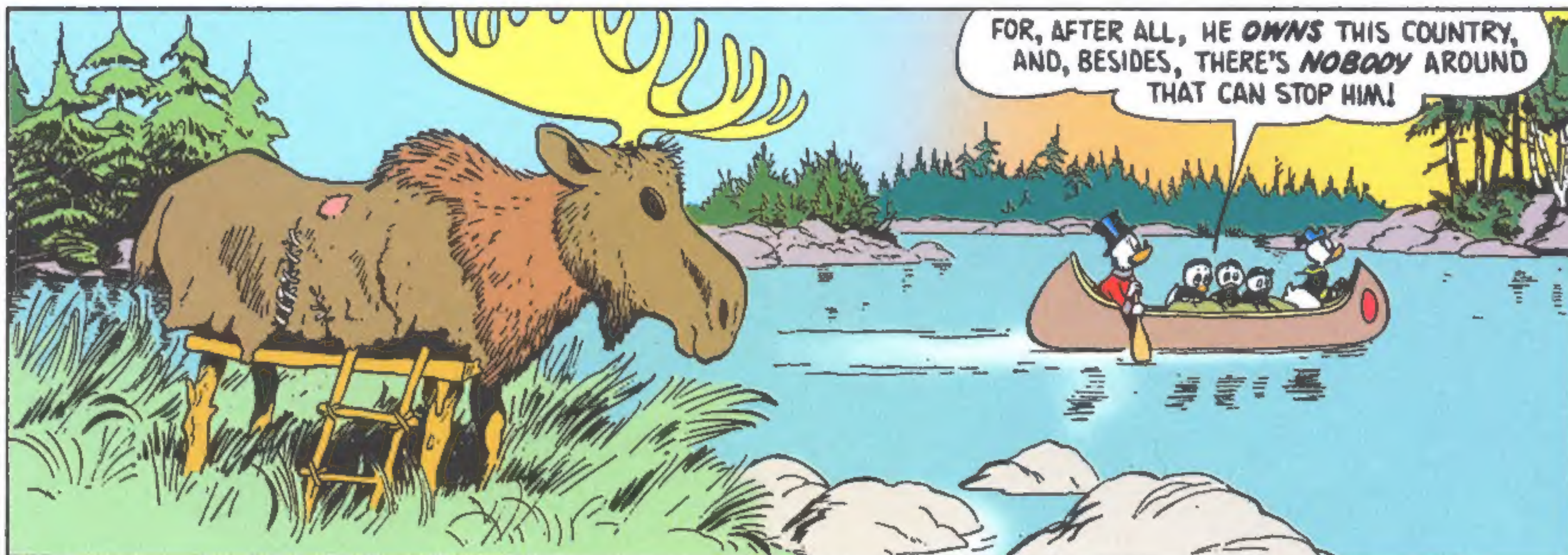
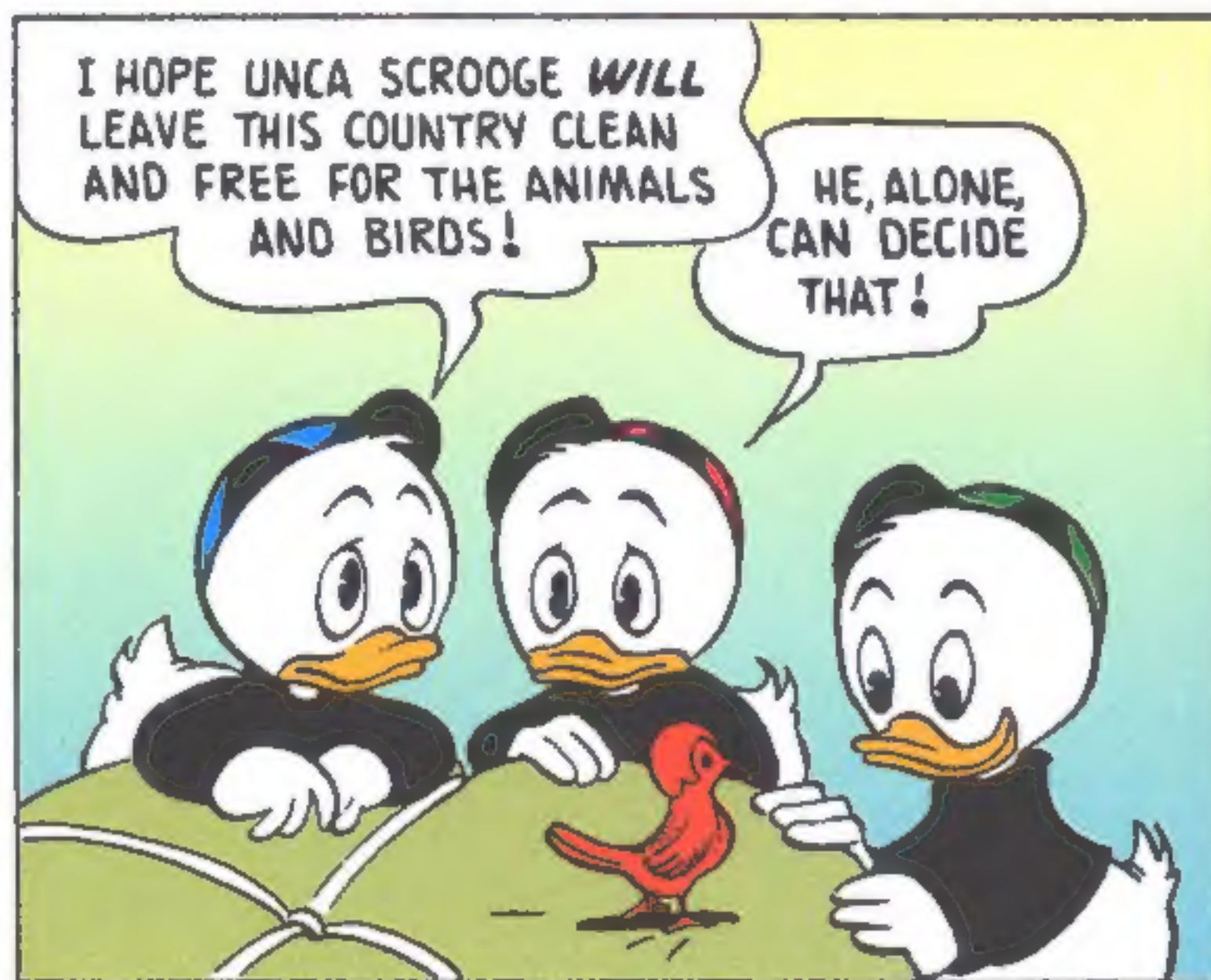
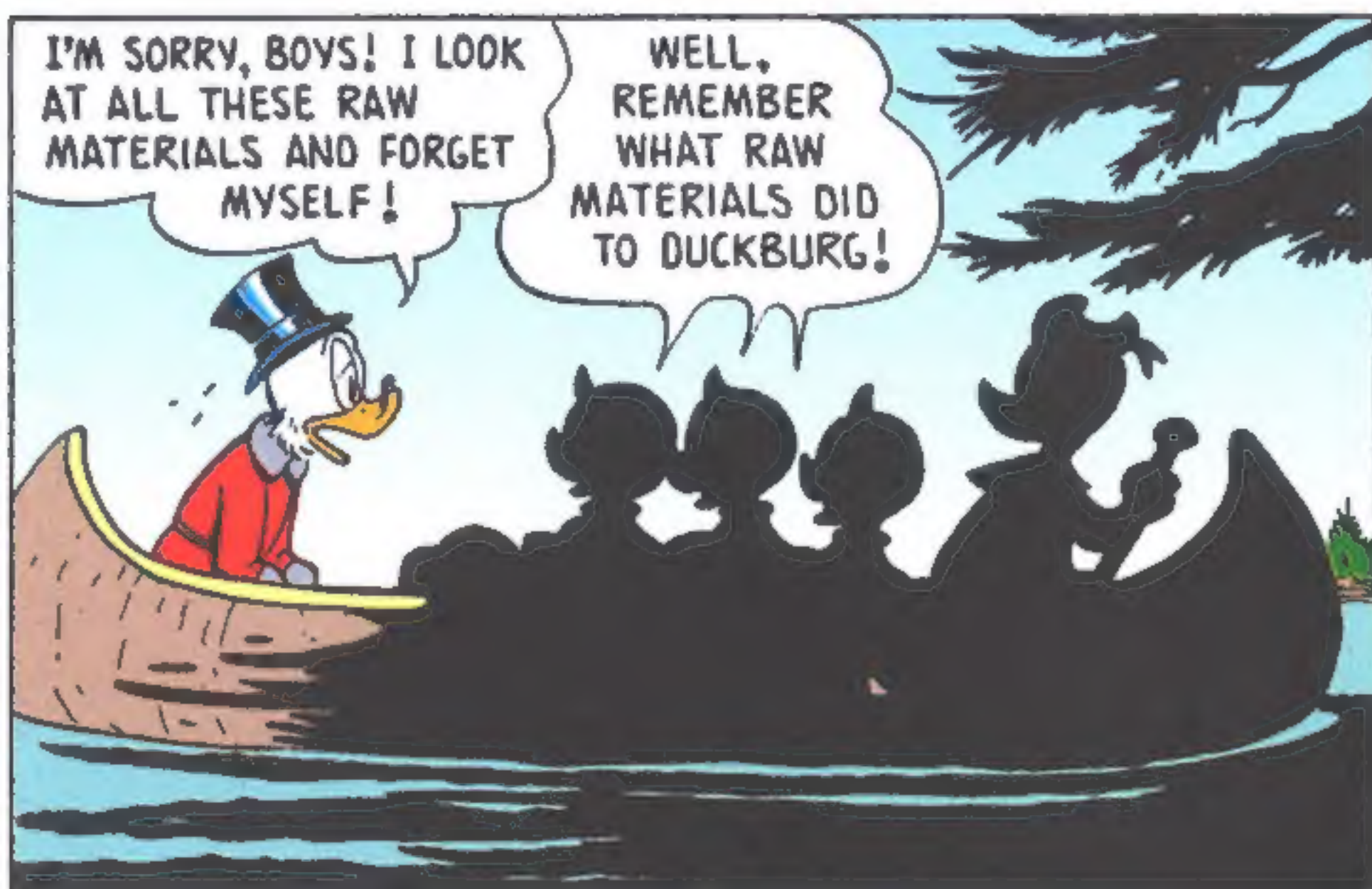
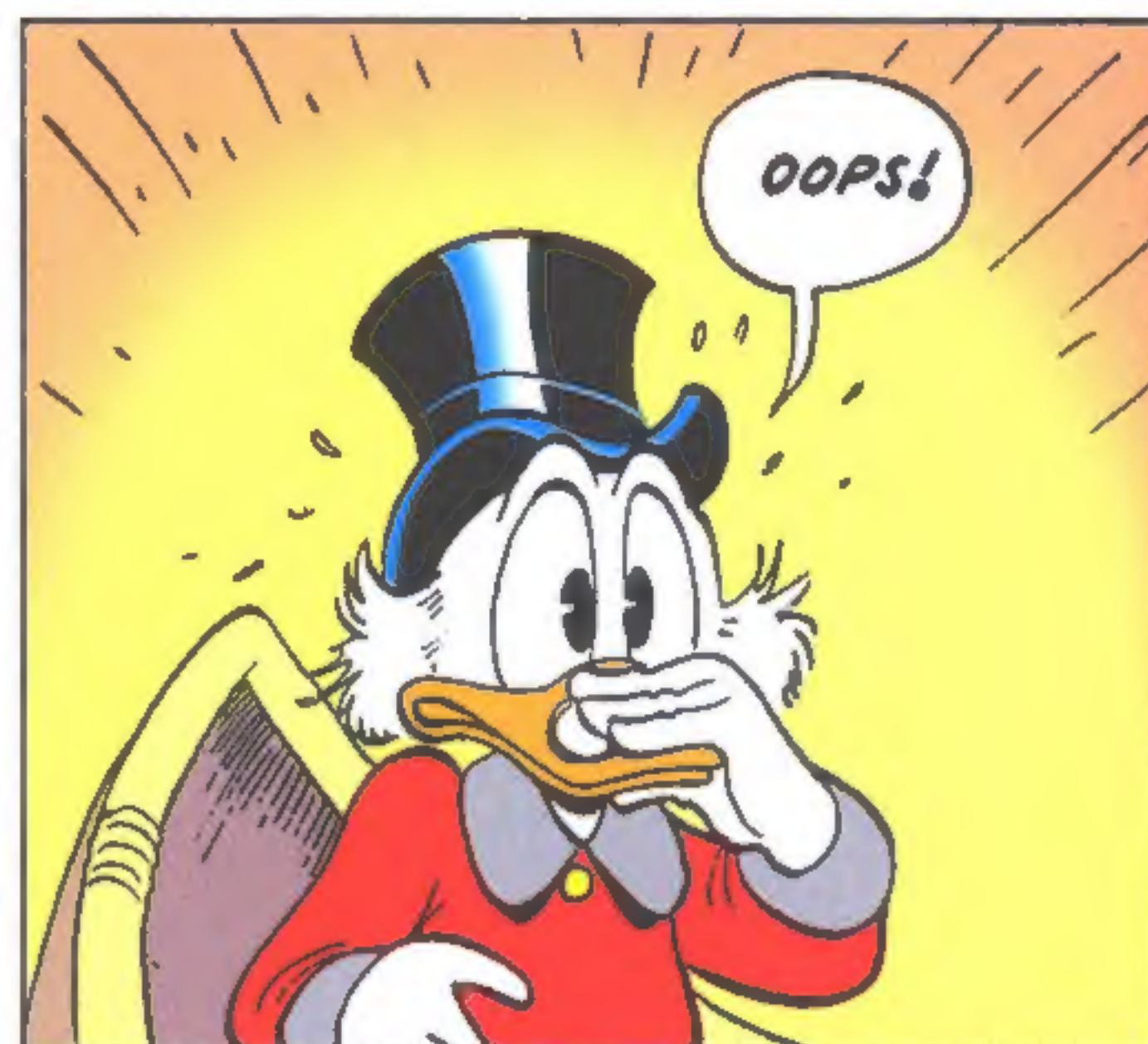
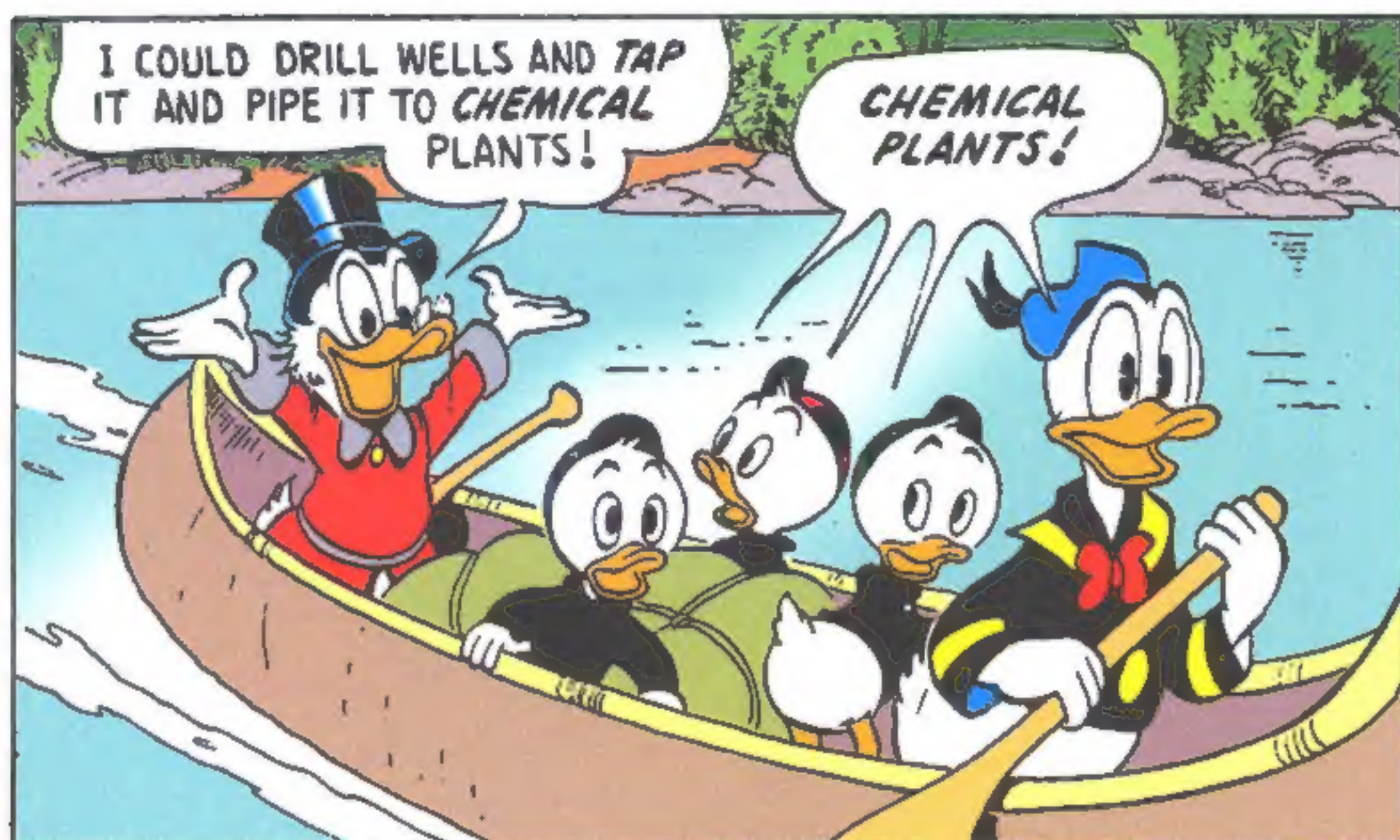
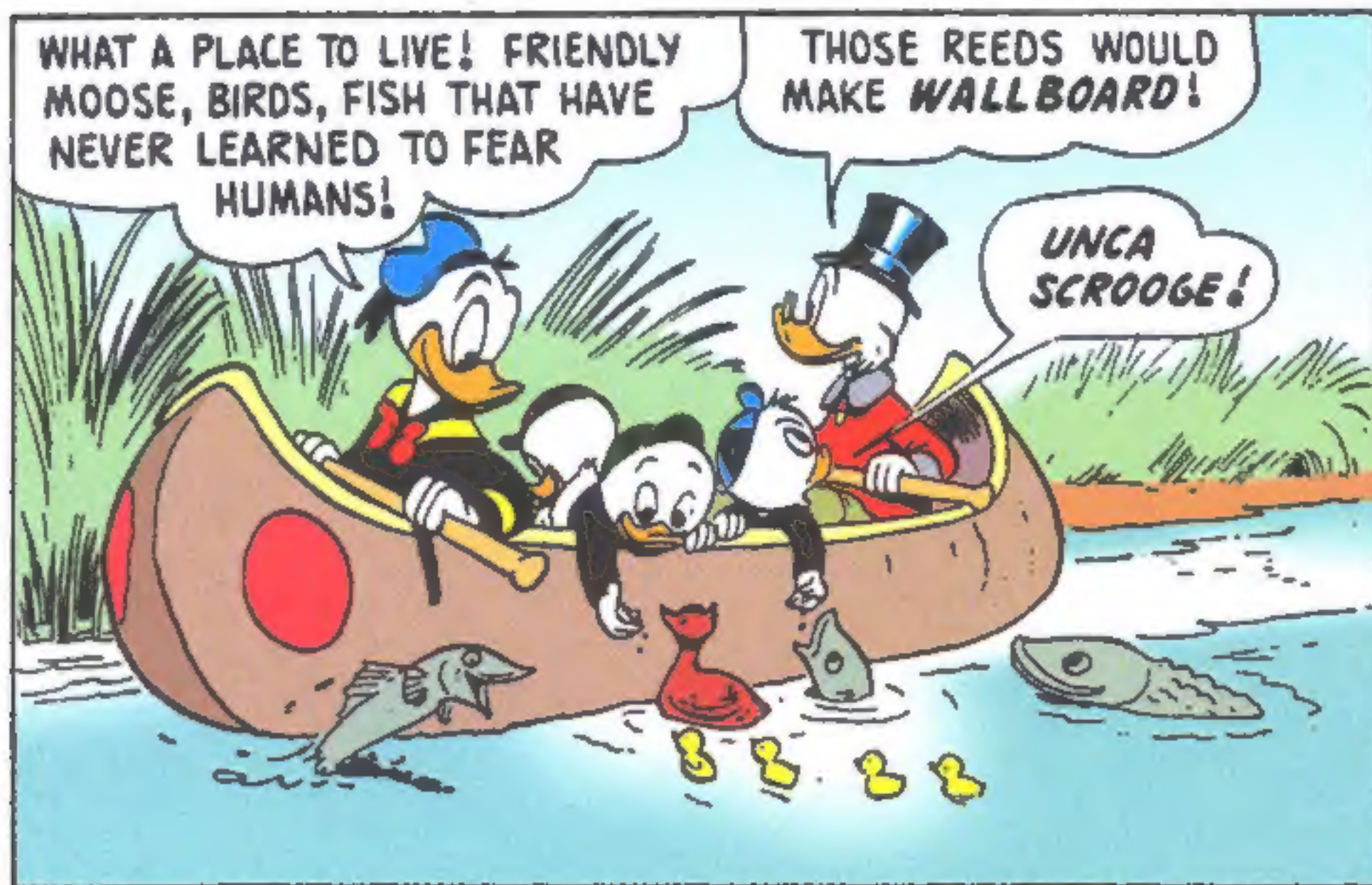
GLORY BE! I'LL TAKE ONE OF THOSE BLOCKS WITH A **THOUSAND**!

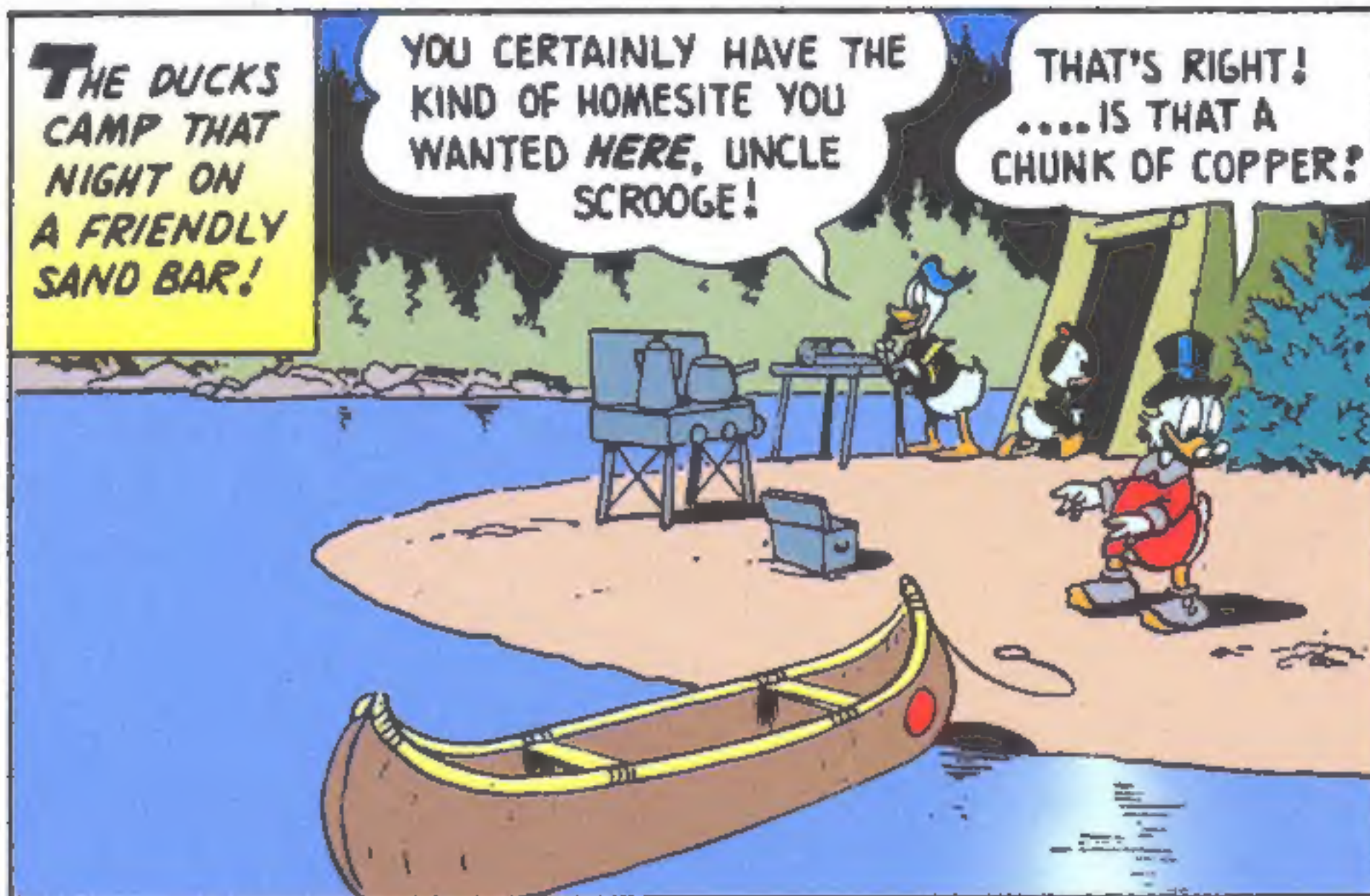
A **THOUSAND** ACRES!

NO! A **THOUSAND** LAKES!









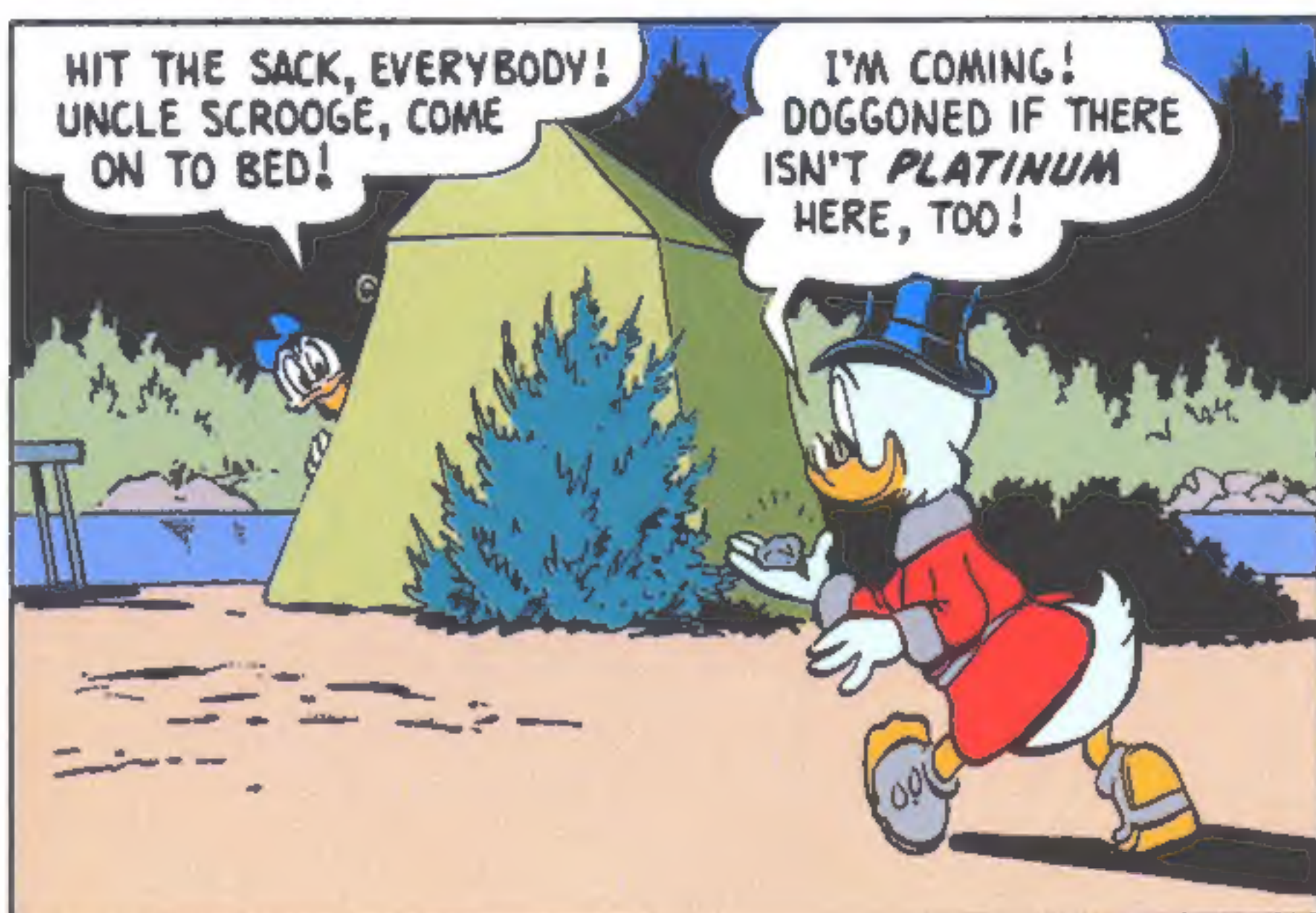
THE DUCKS CAMP THAT NIGHT ON A FRIENDLY SAND BAR!

YOU CERTAINLY HAVE THE KIND OF HOMESITE YOU WANTED *HERE*, UNCLE SCROOGE!

THAT'S RIGHT!IS THAT A CHUNK OF COPPER?

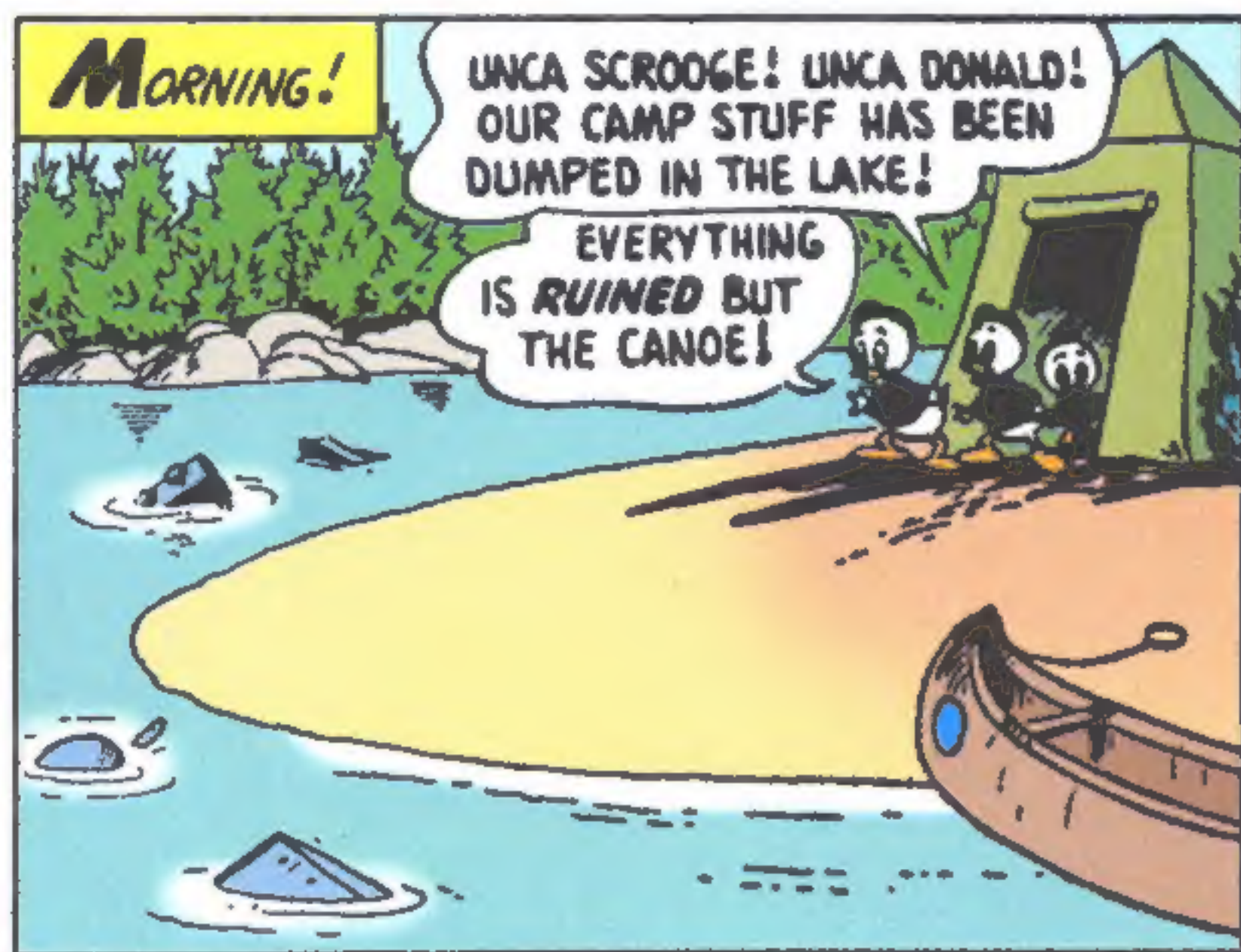


WE WON'T NEED TO GUARD OUR SUPPLIES TONIGHT! IN THIS EMPTY COUNTRY THERE ARE NO *PROWLERS*! ONLY NATURE AND *US*!



HIT THE SACK, EVERYBODY! UNCLE SCROOGE, COME ON TO BED!

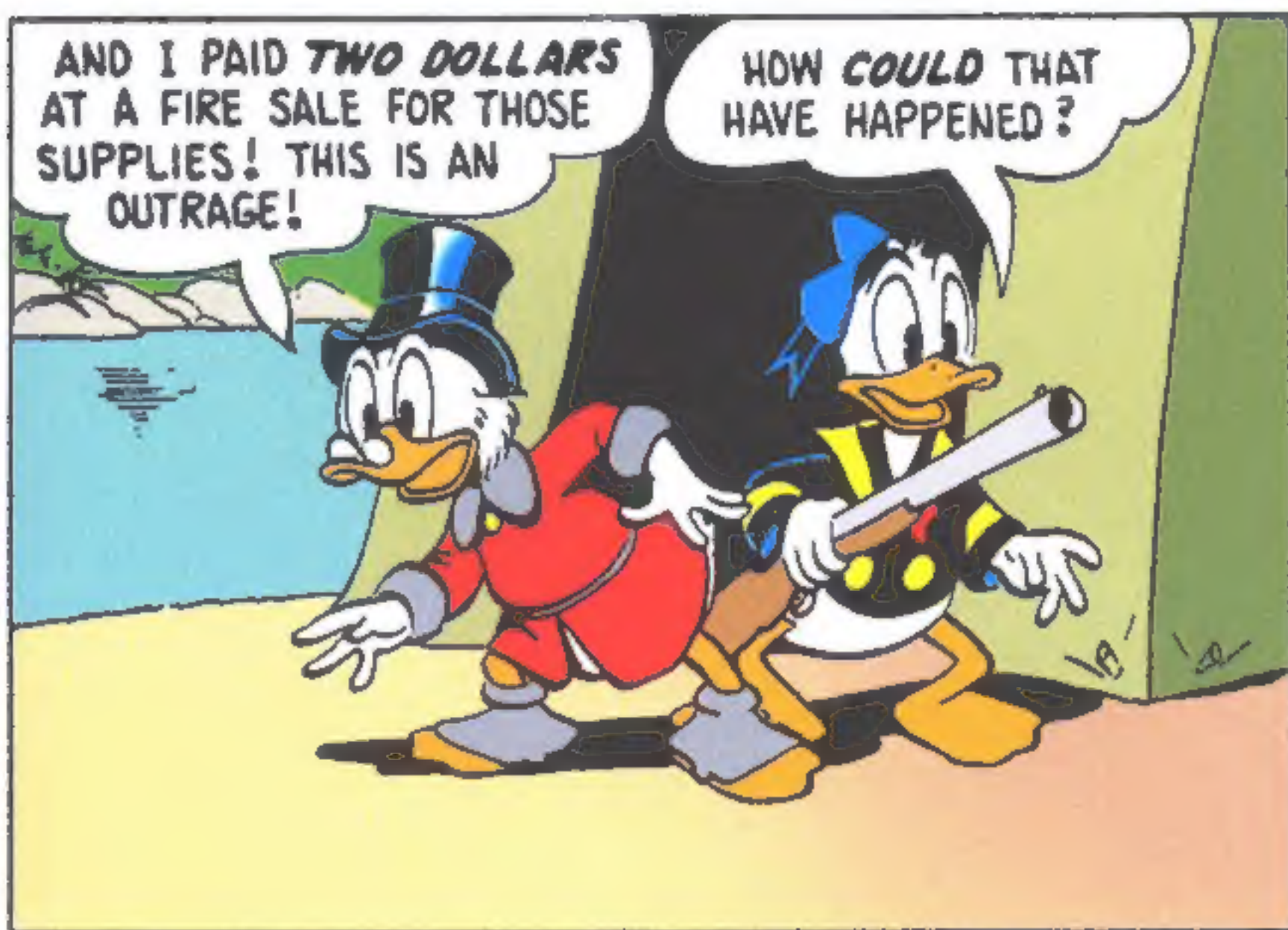
I'M COMING! DOGGONED IF THERE ISN'T *PLATINUM* HERE, TOO!



MORNING!

UNCA SCROOGE! UNCA DONALD! OUR CAMP STUFF HAS BEEN DUMPED IN THE LAKE!

EVERYTHING IS *RUINED* BUT THE CANOE!

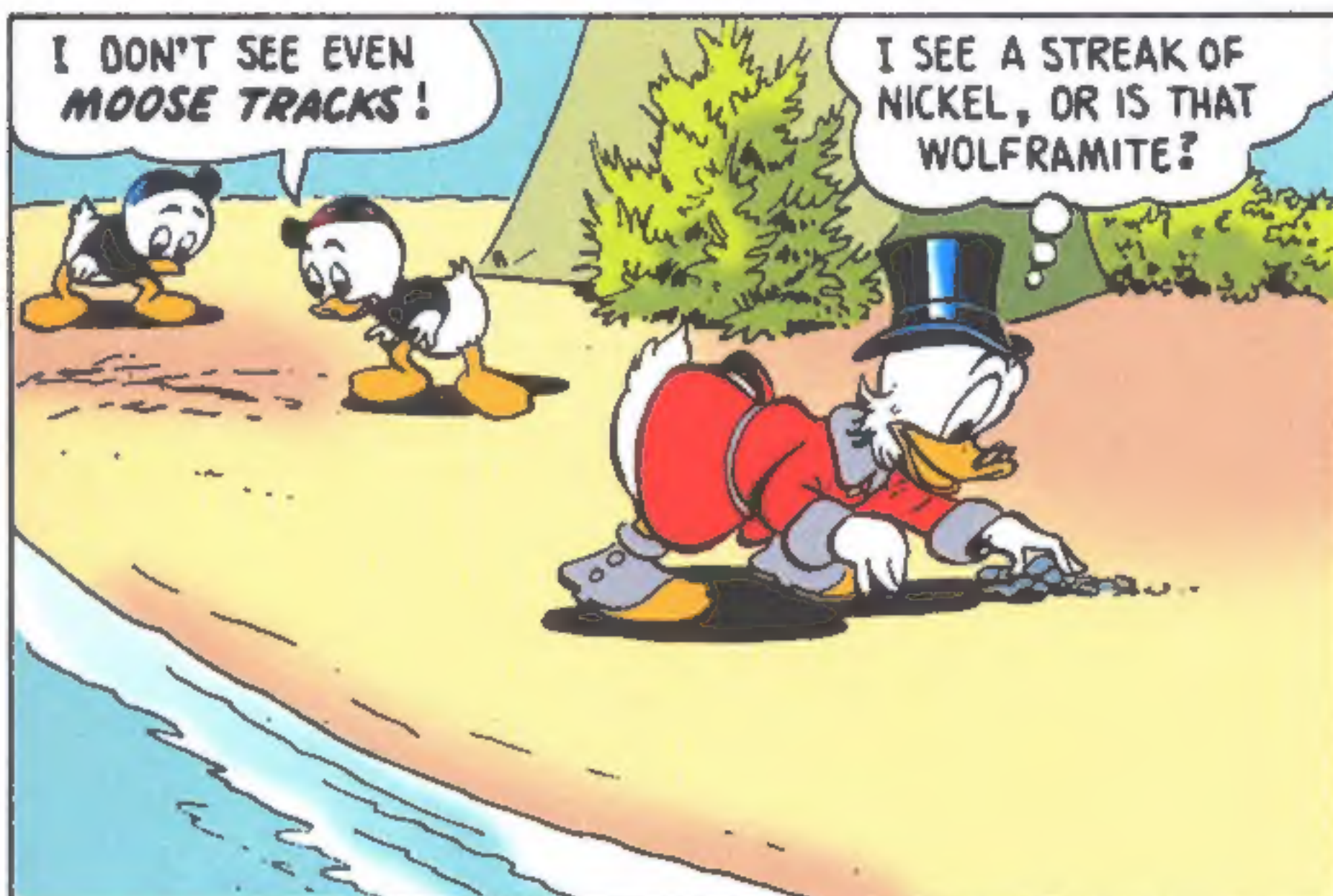


AND I PAID *TWO DOLLARS* AT A FIRE SALE FOR THOSE SUPPLIES! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

HOW *COULD* THAT HAVE HAPPENED?

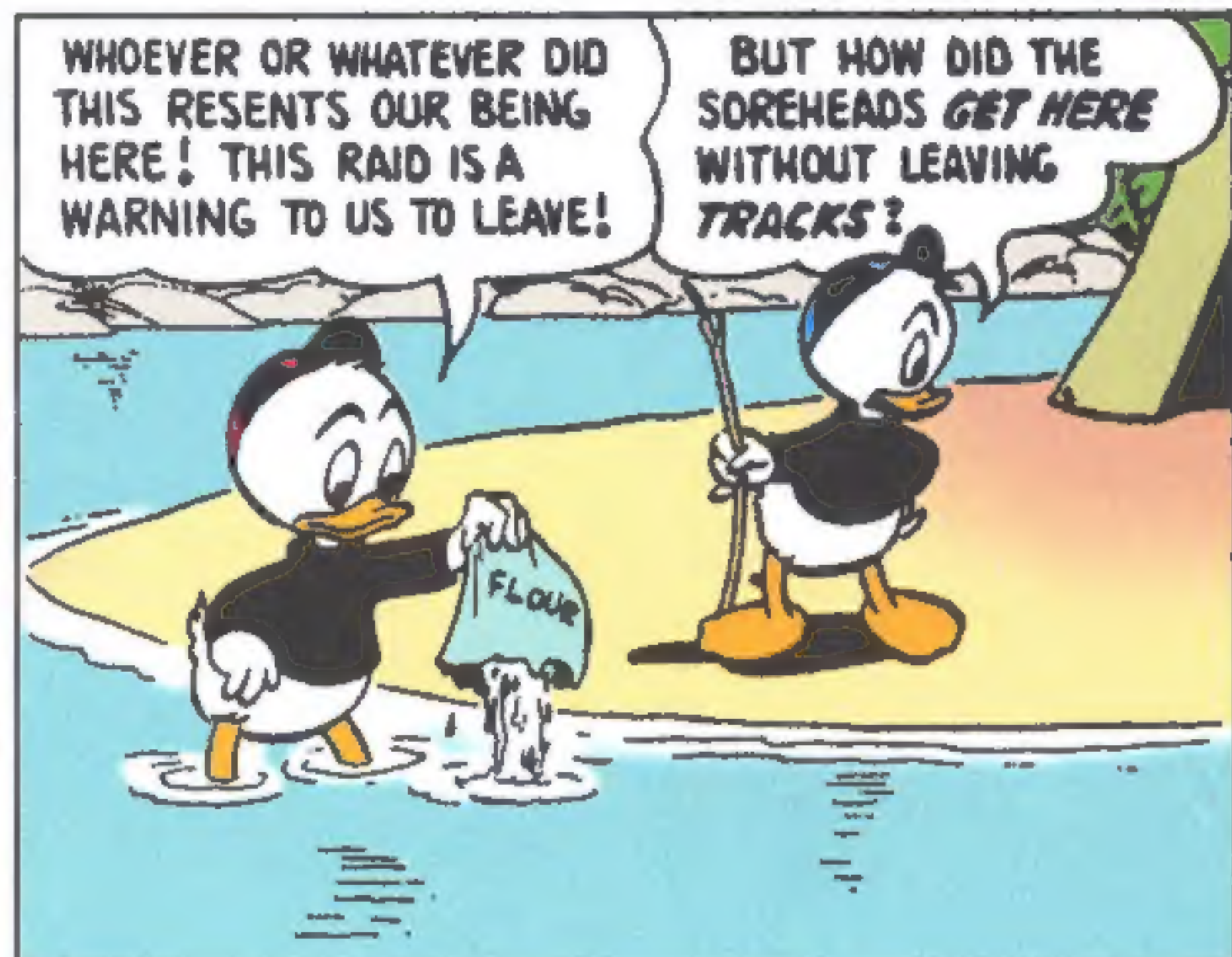


THERE'S NOBODY TO DO THE DEED BUT *MOOSE*, AND *MOOSE* WOULDN'T PICK ON STOVES AND TABLES!



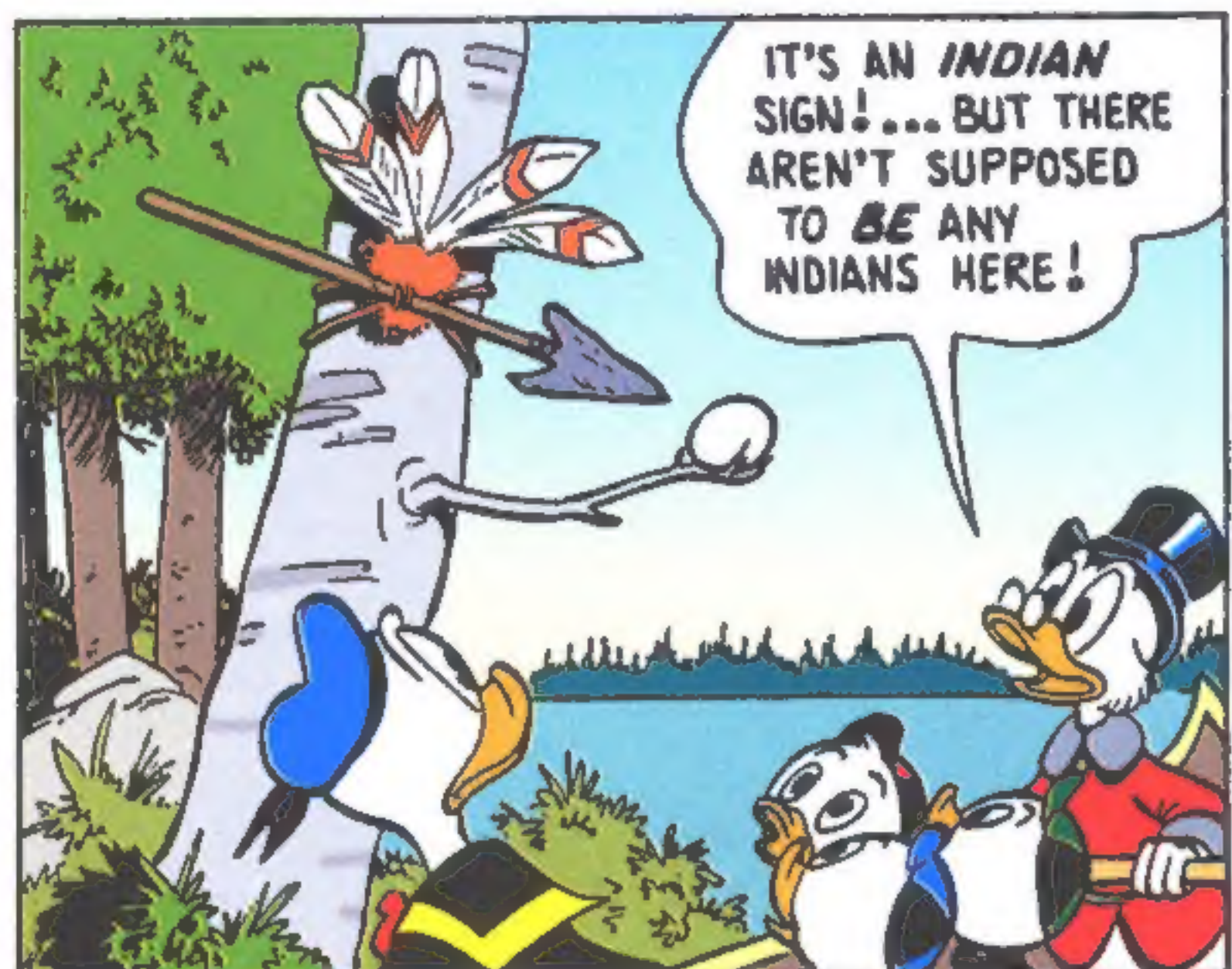
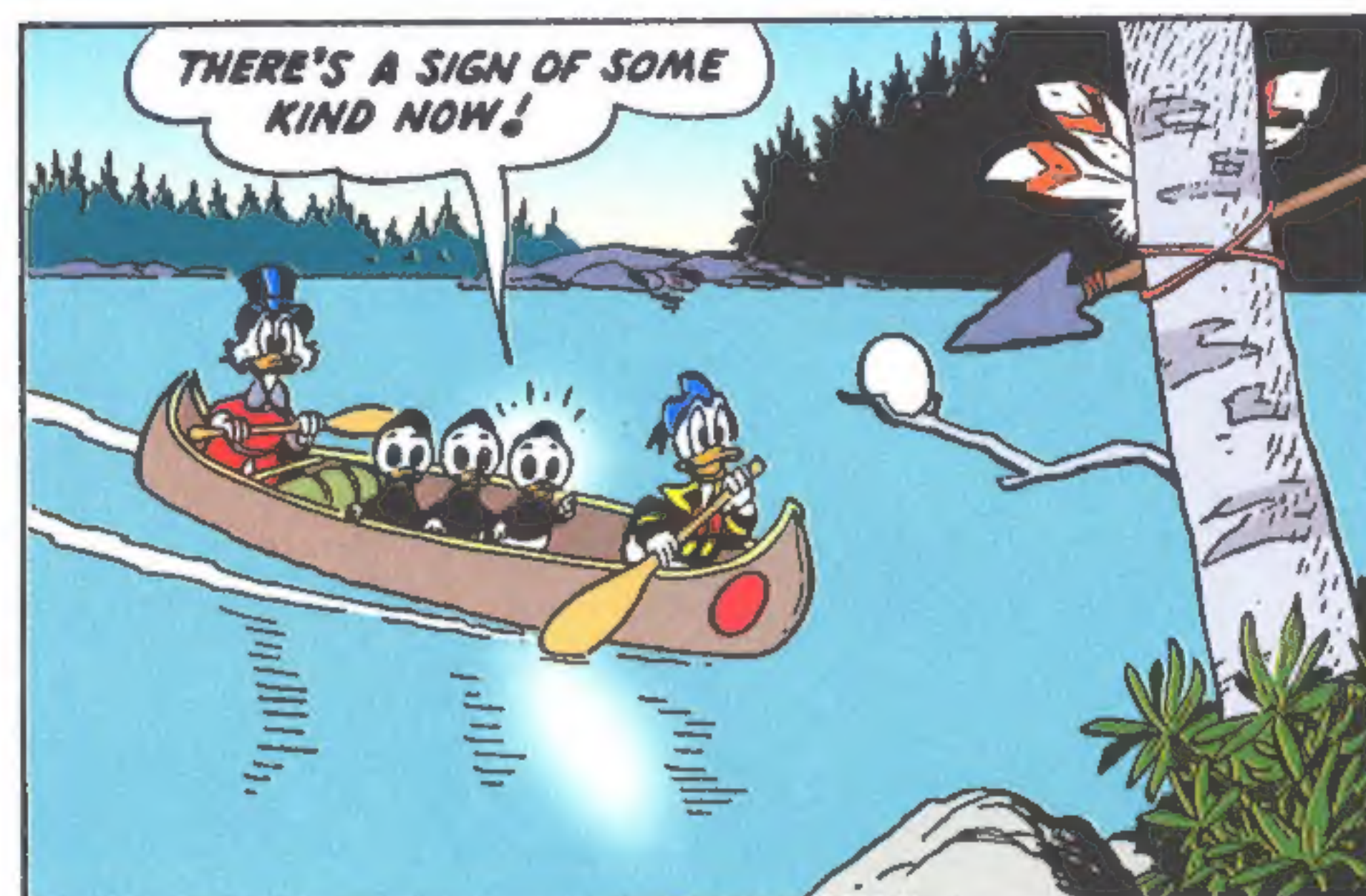
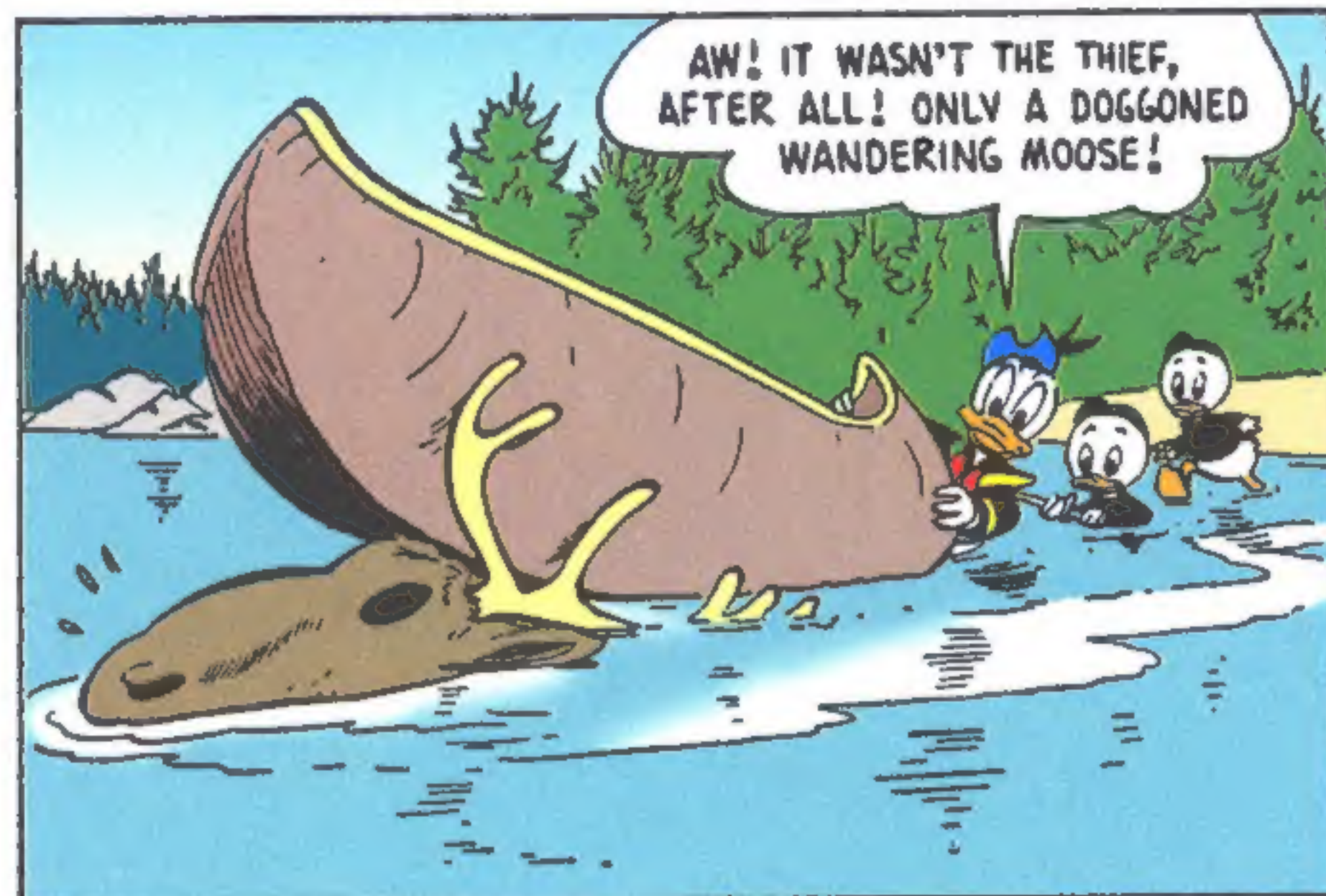
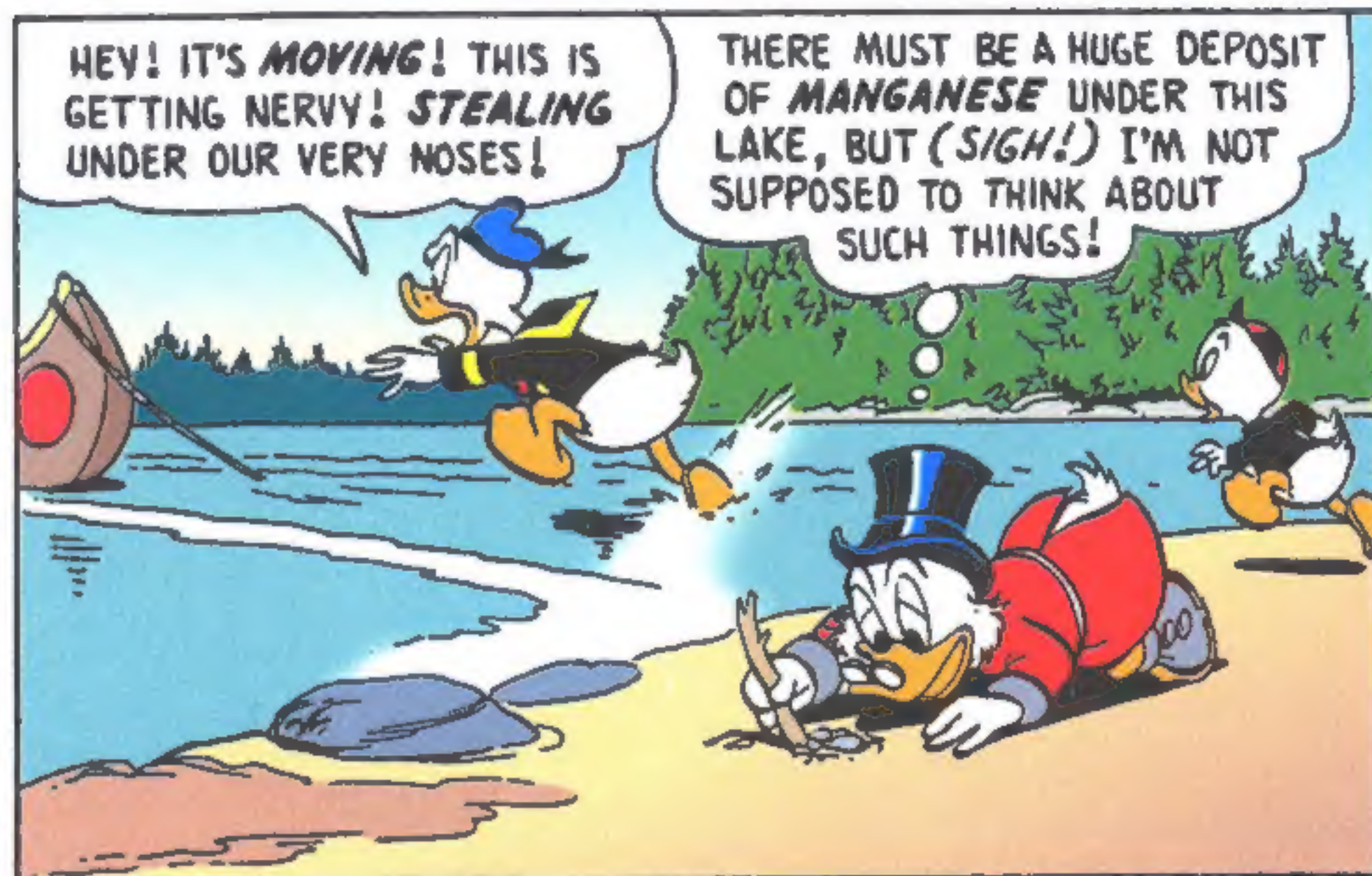
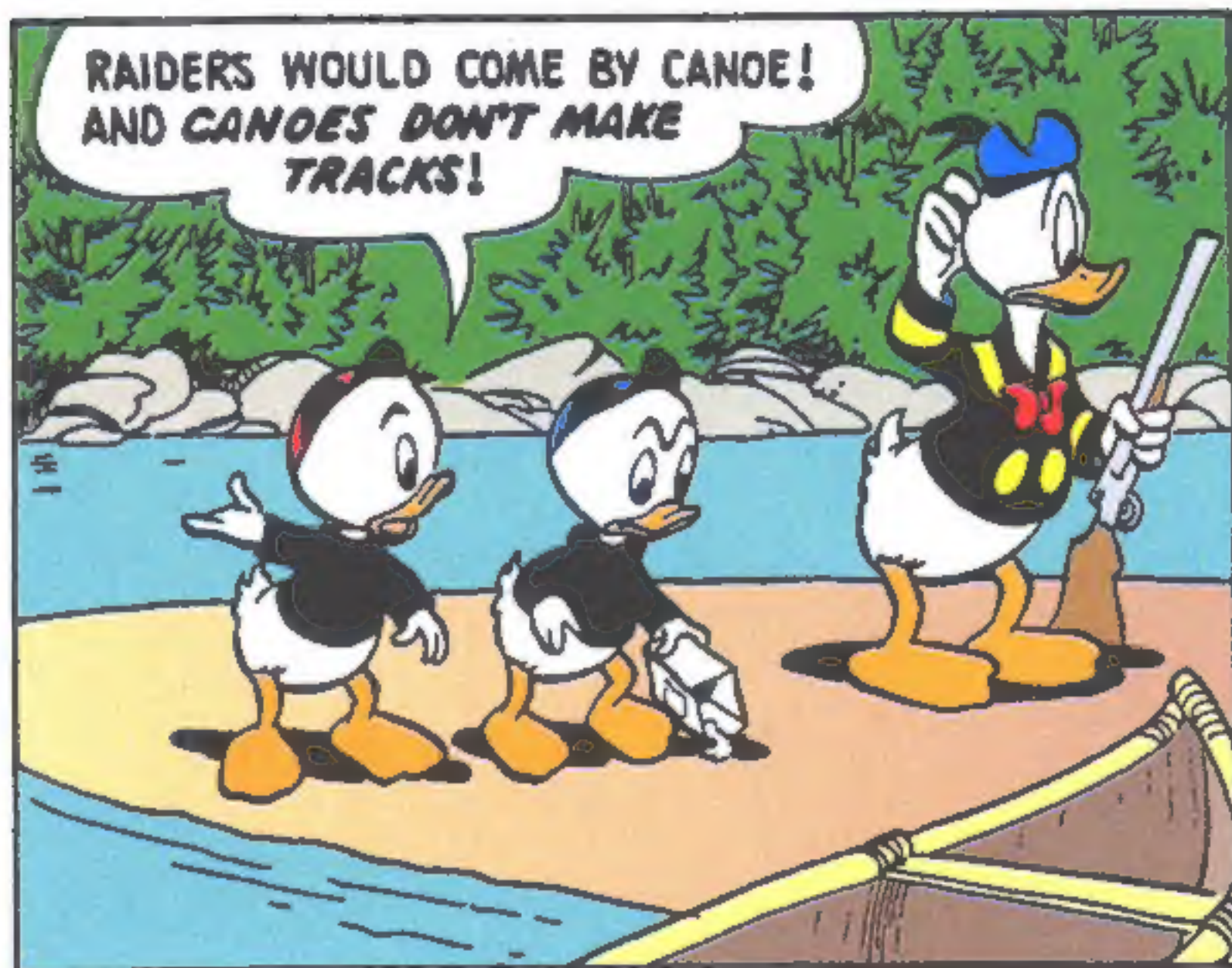
I DON'T SEE EVEN *MOOSE TRACKS*!

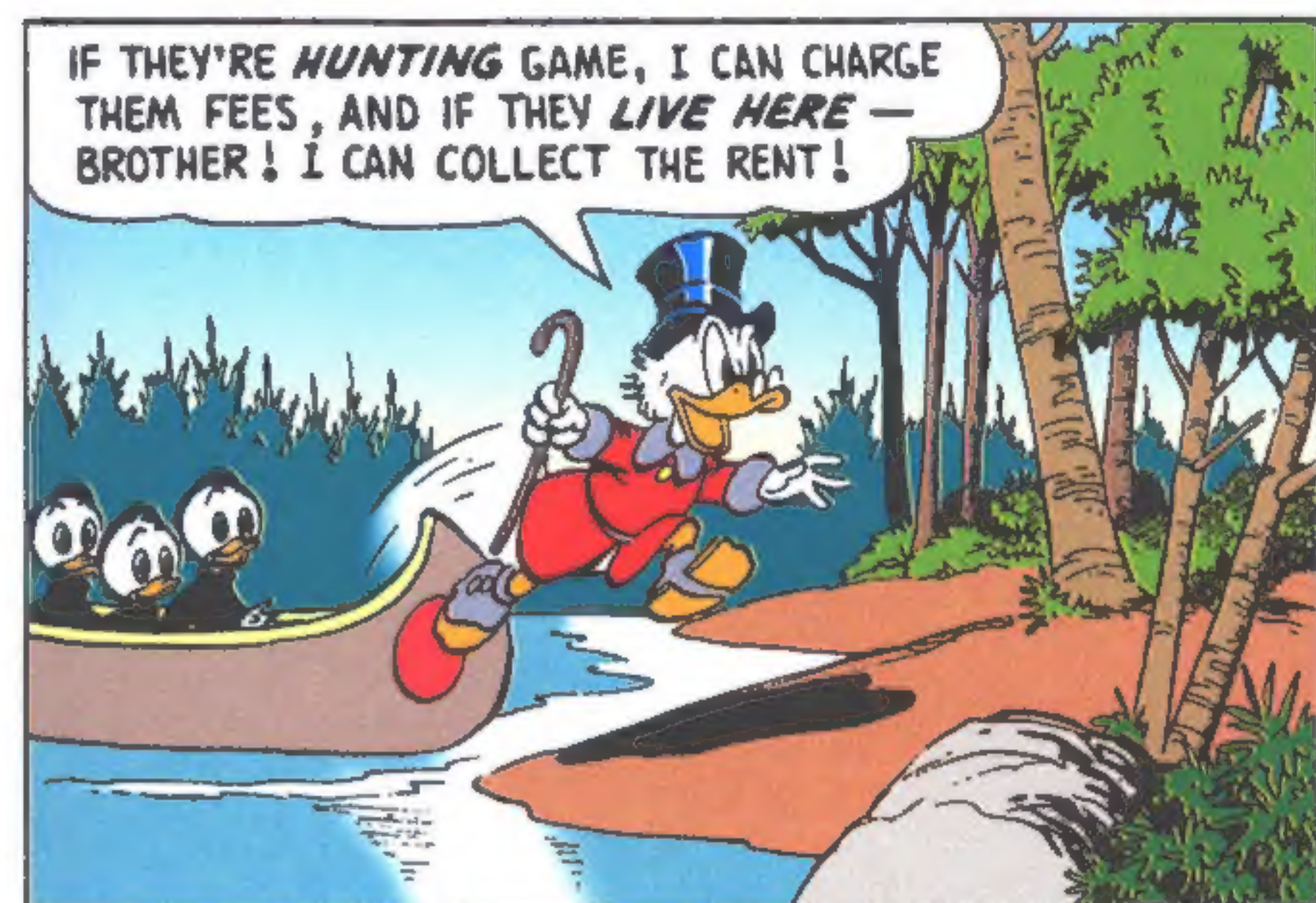
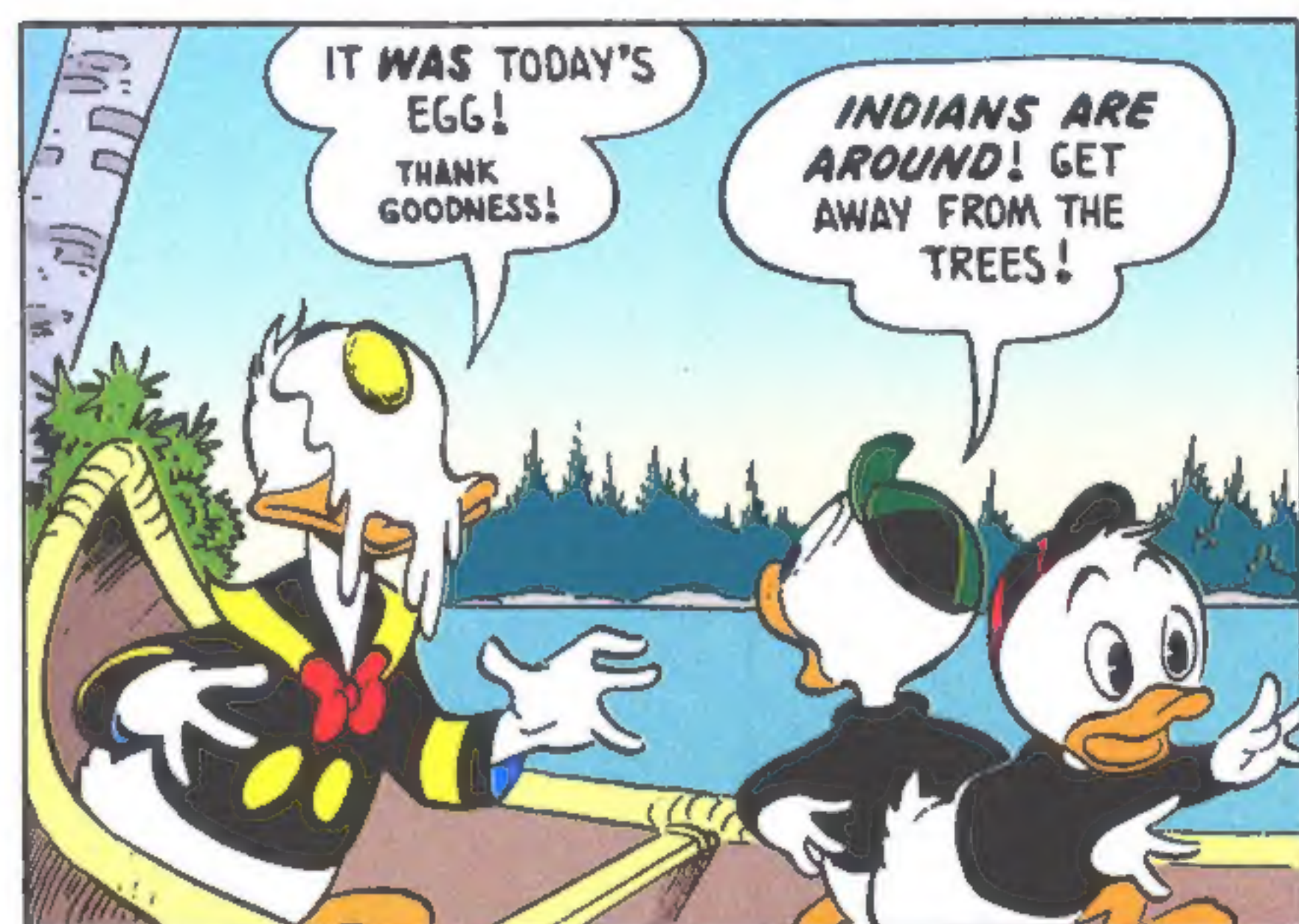
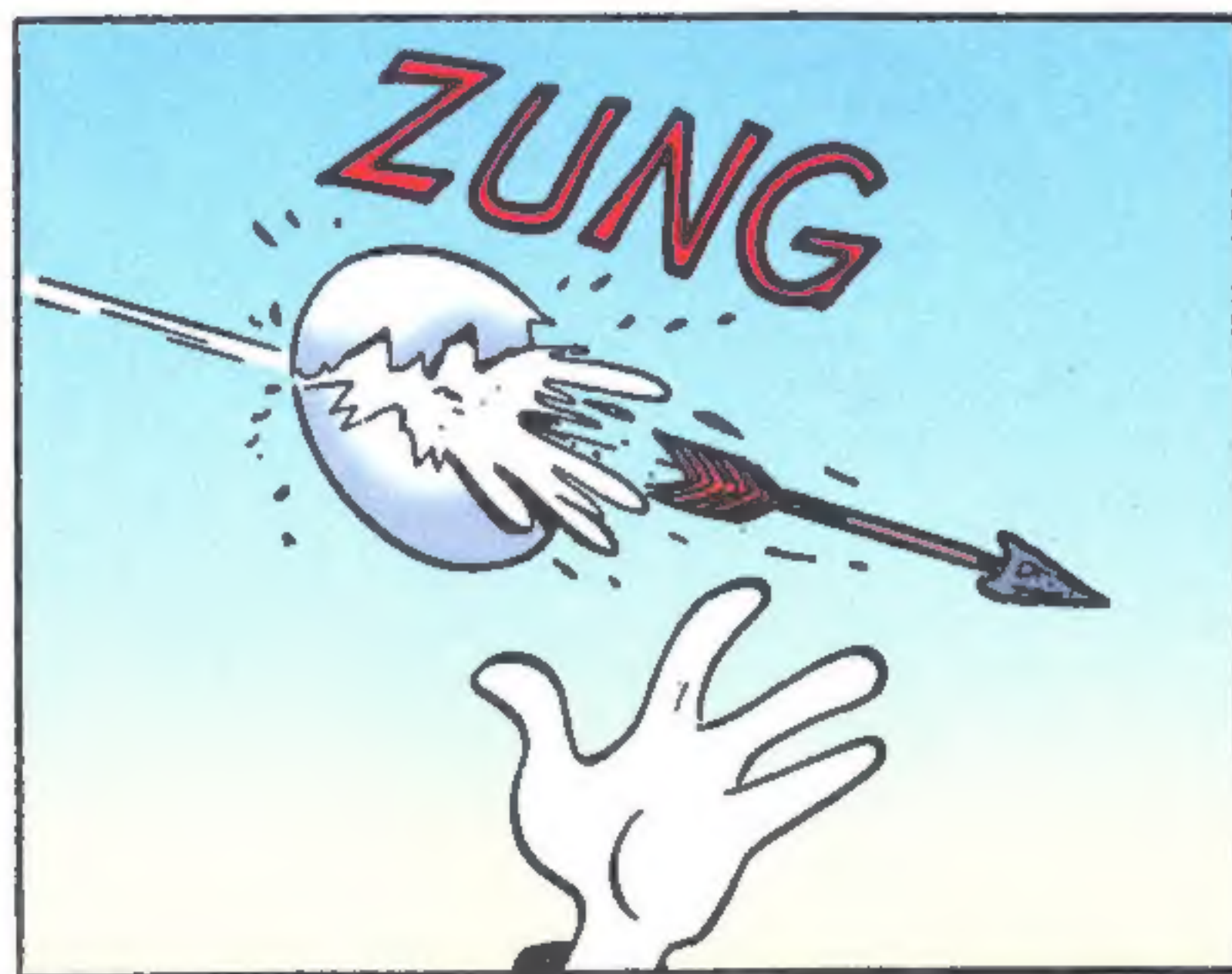
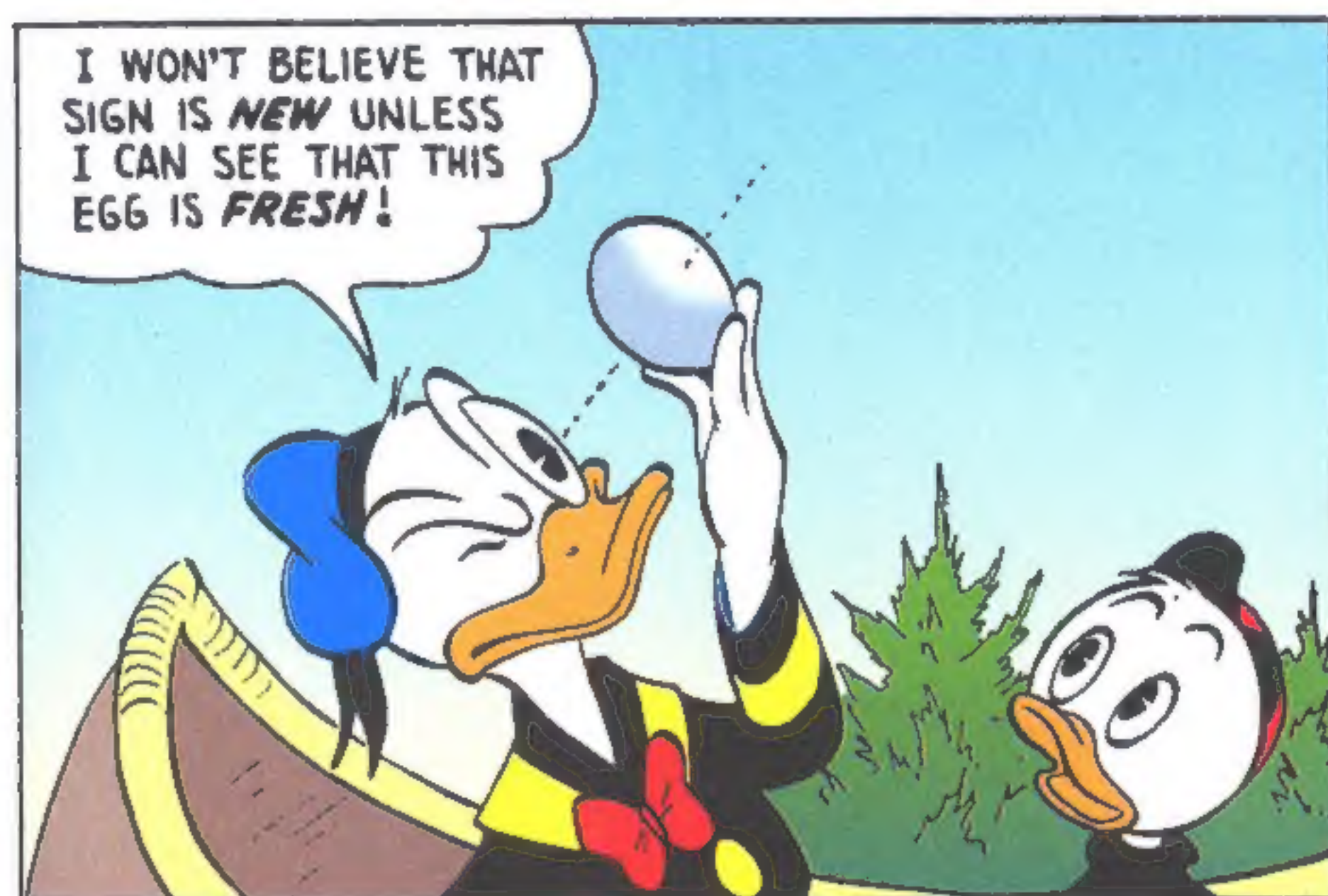
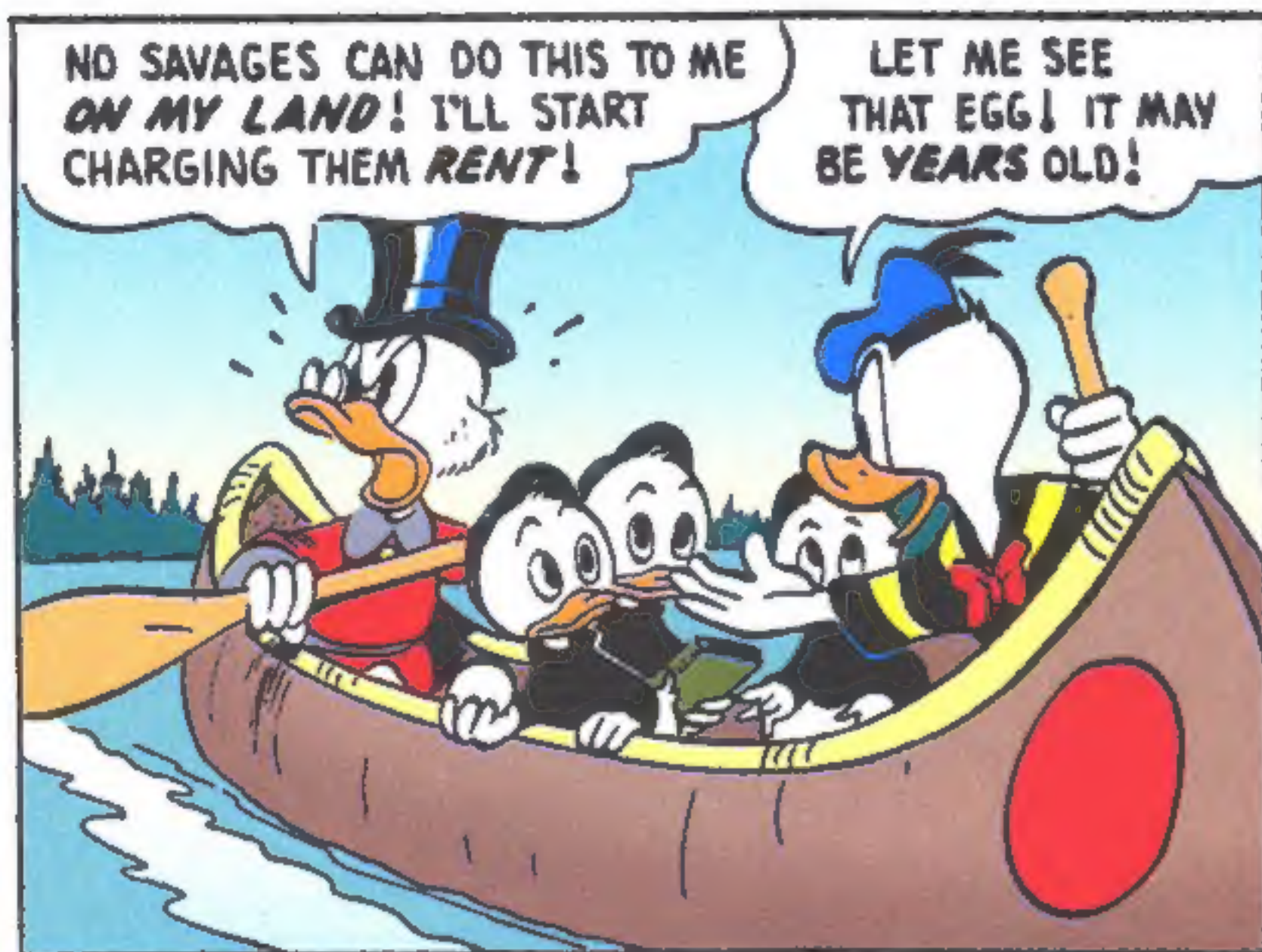
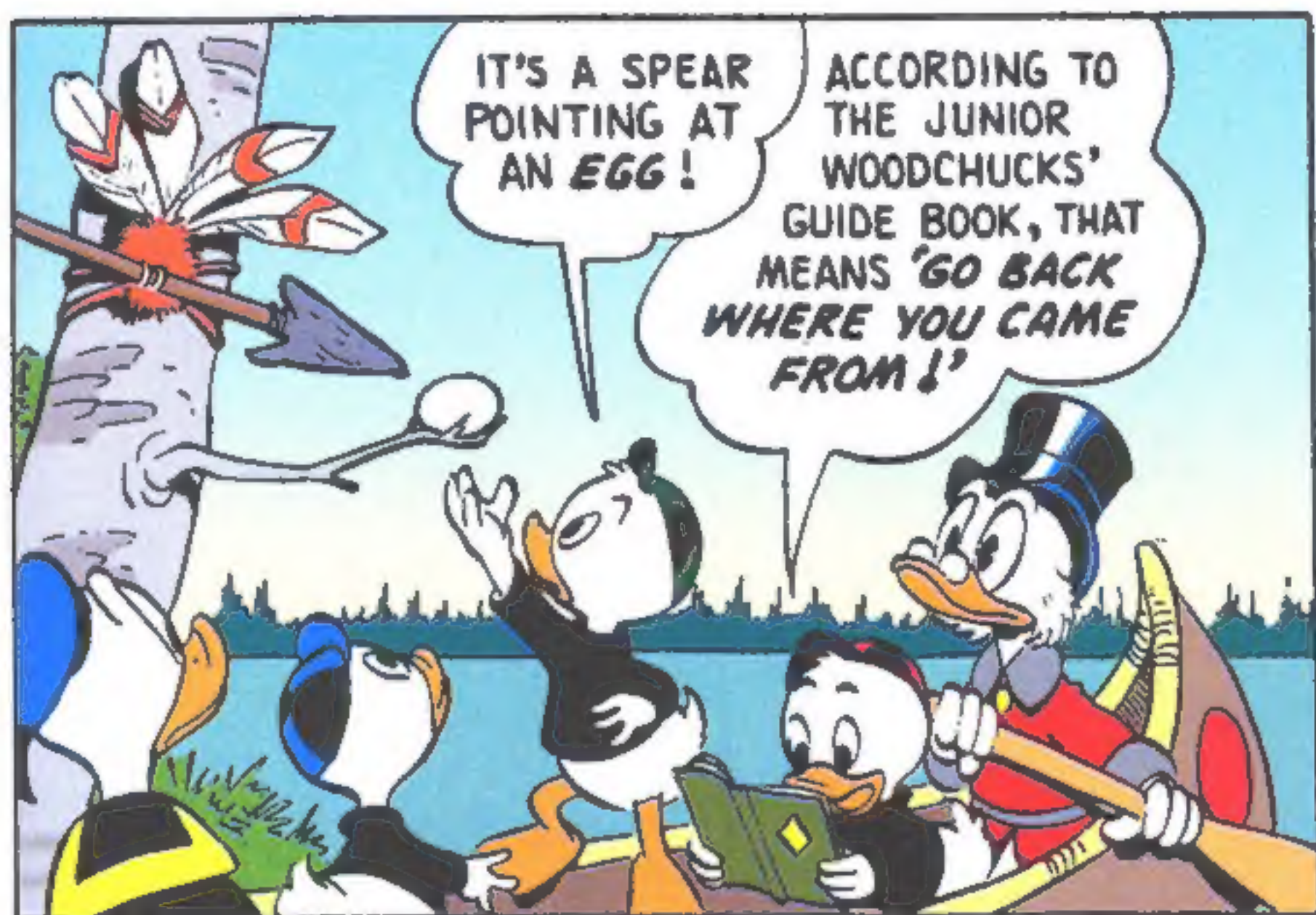
I SEE A STREAK OF NICKEL, OR IS THAT WOLFRAMITE?

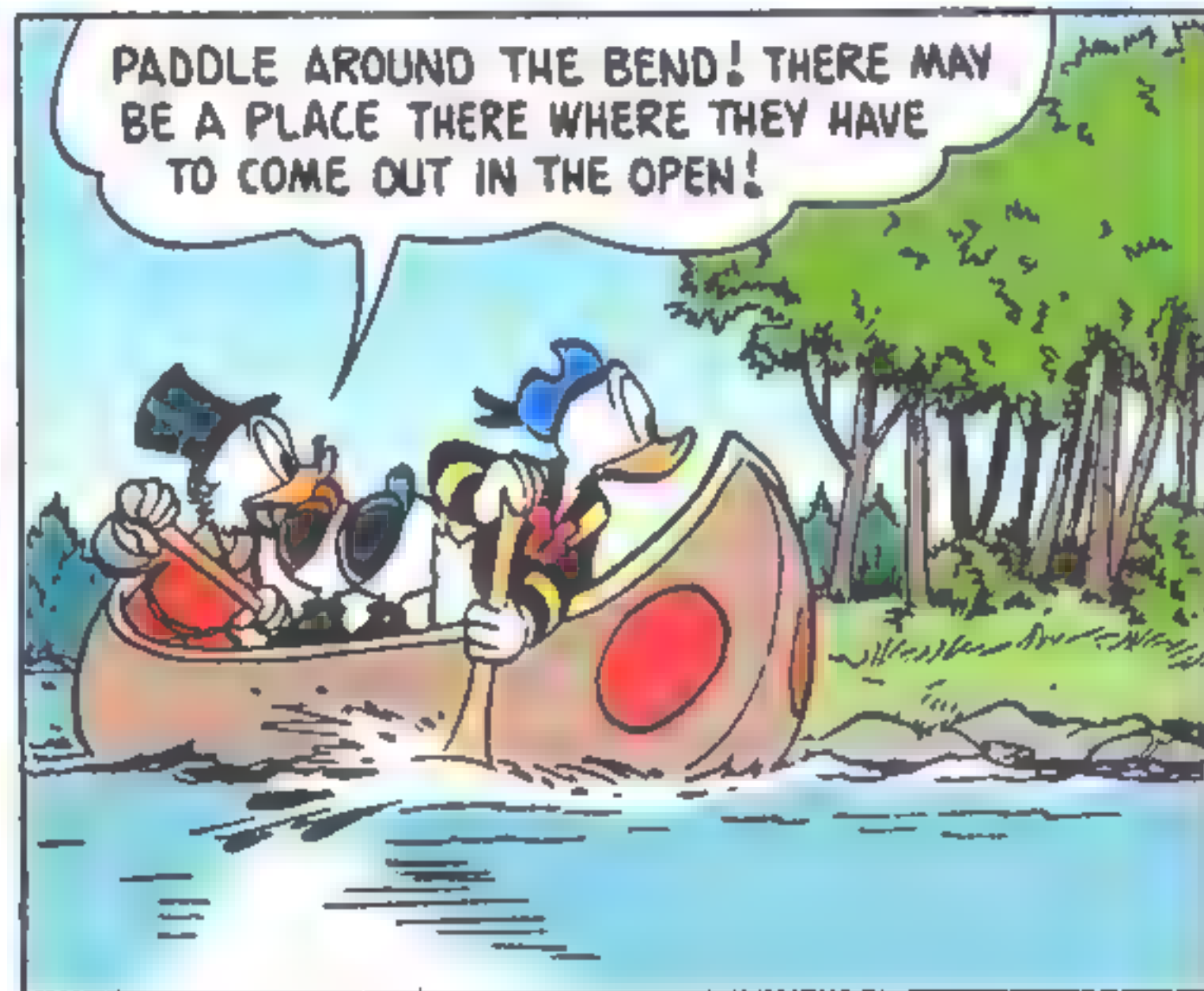
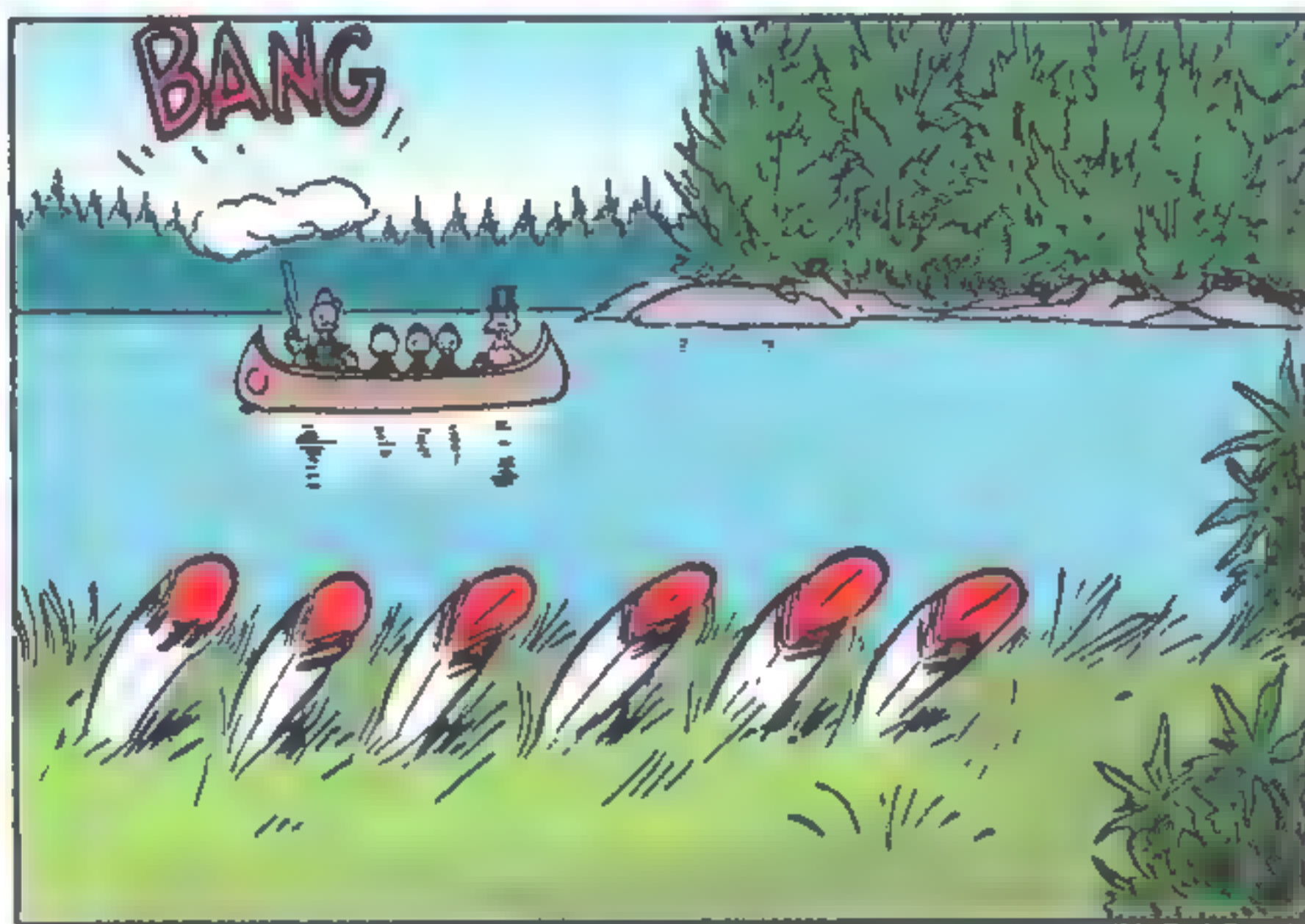
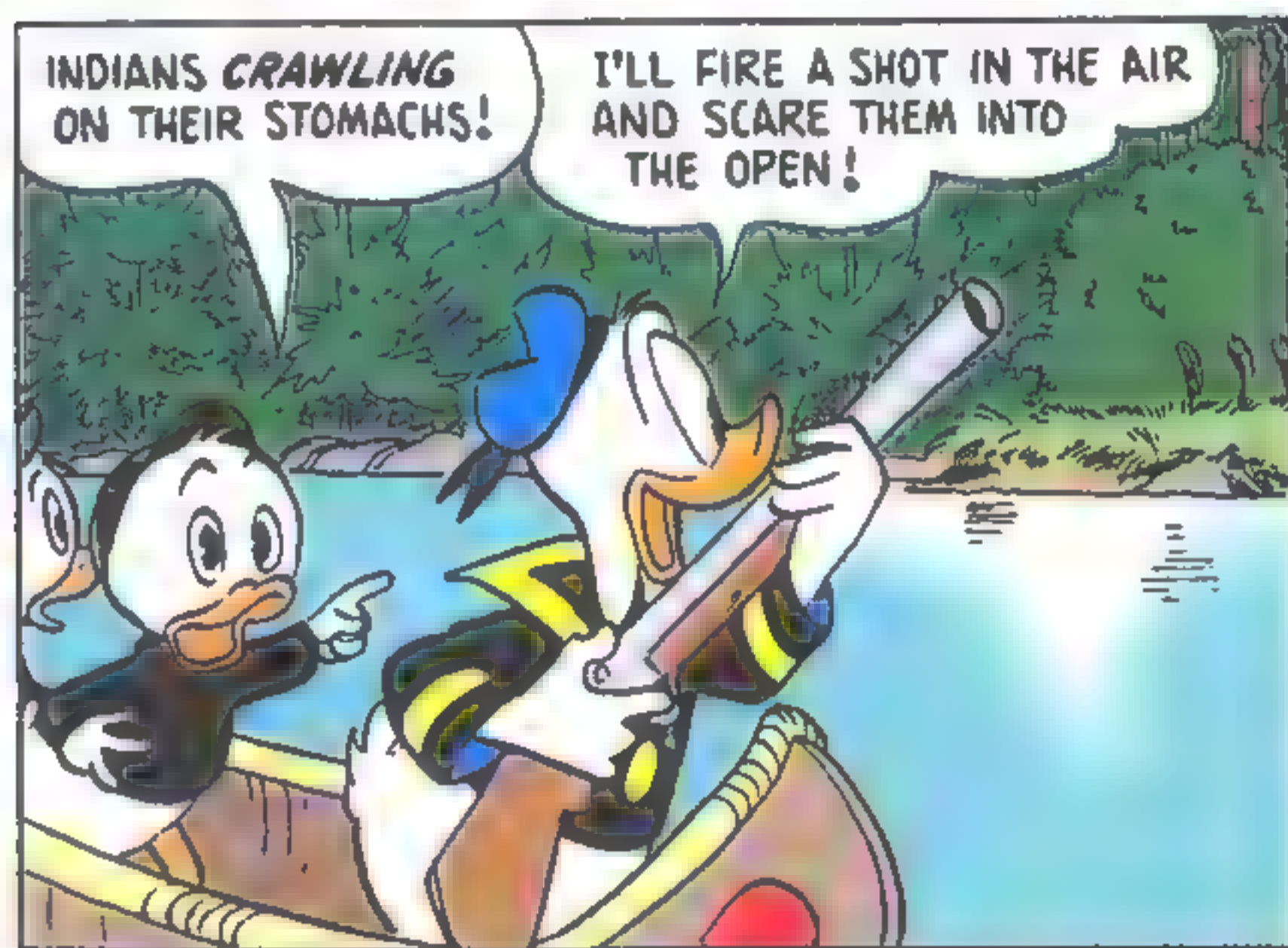
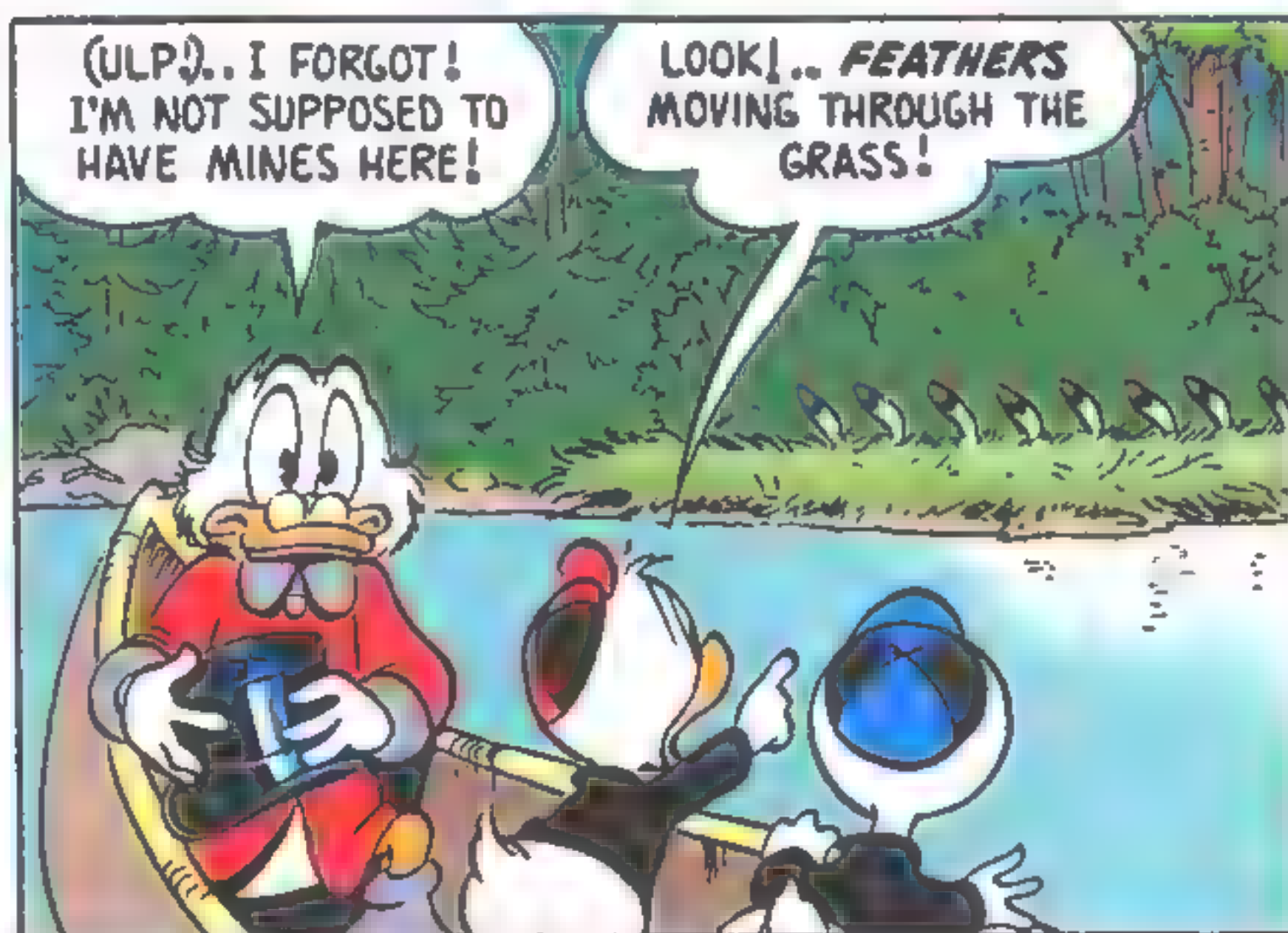
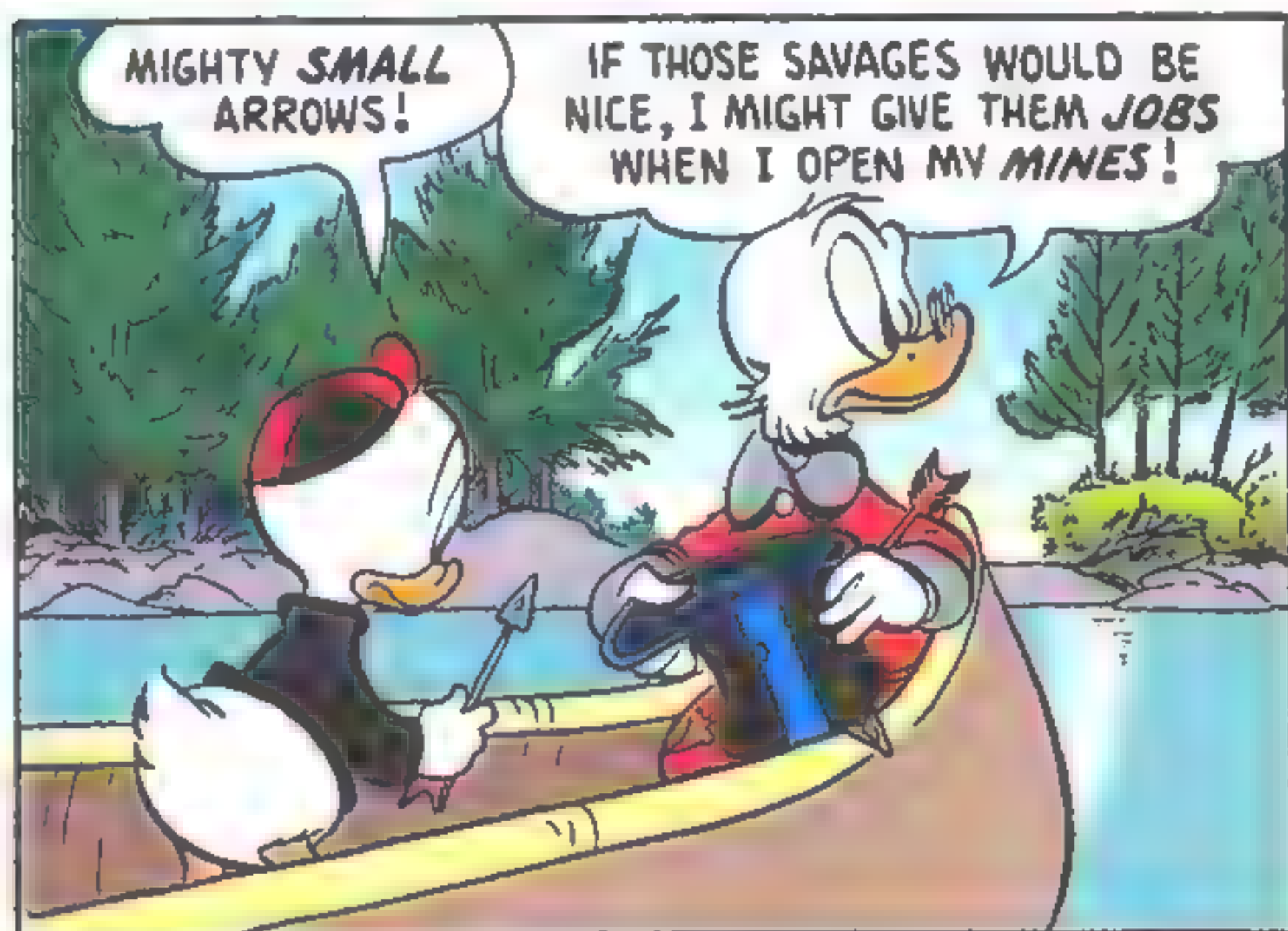


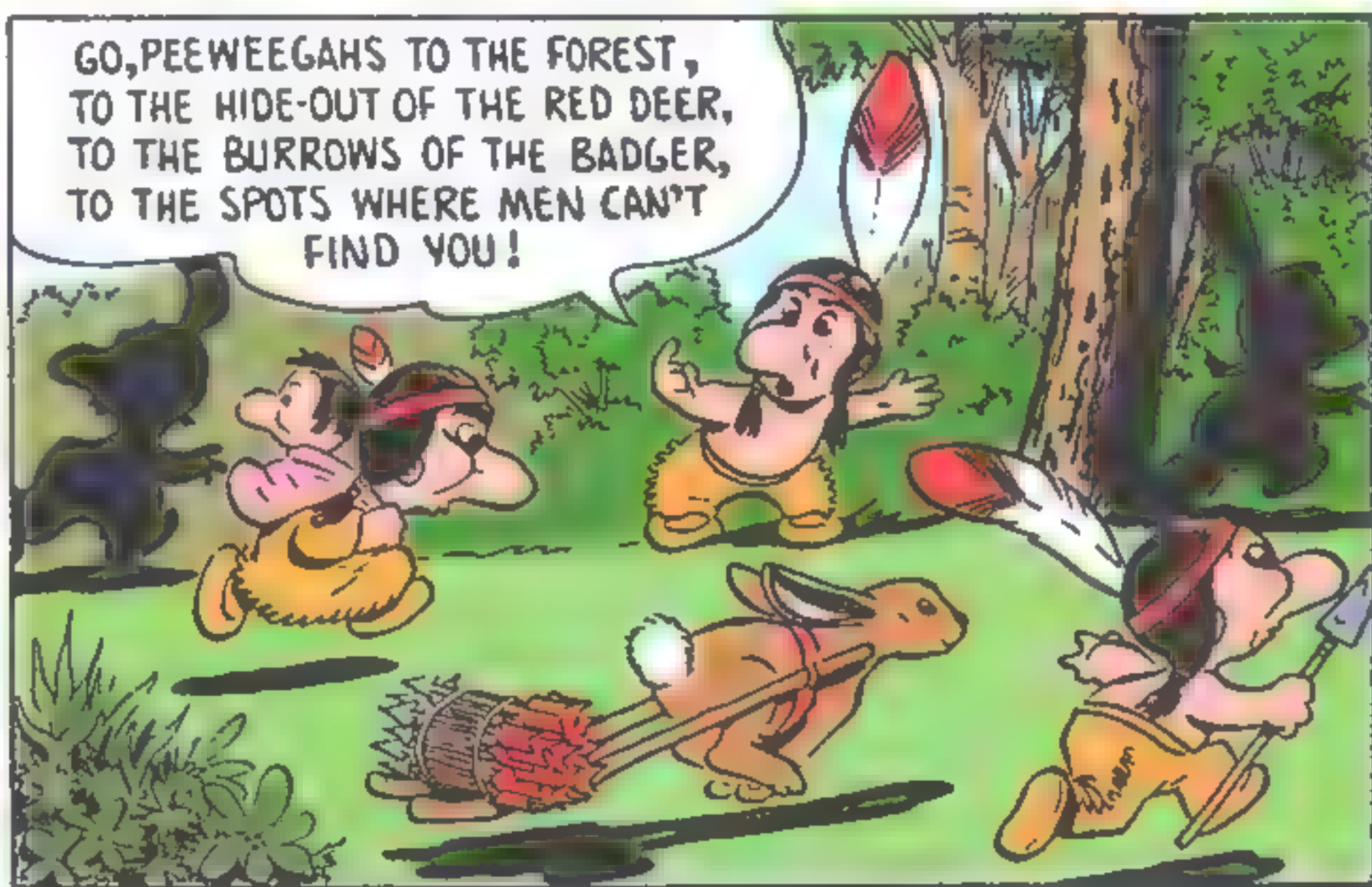
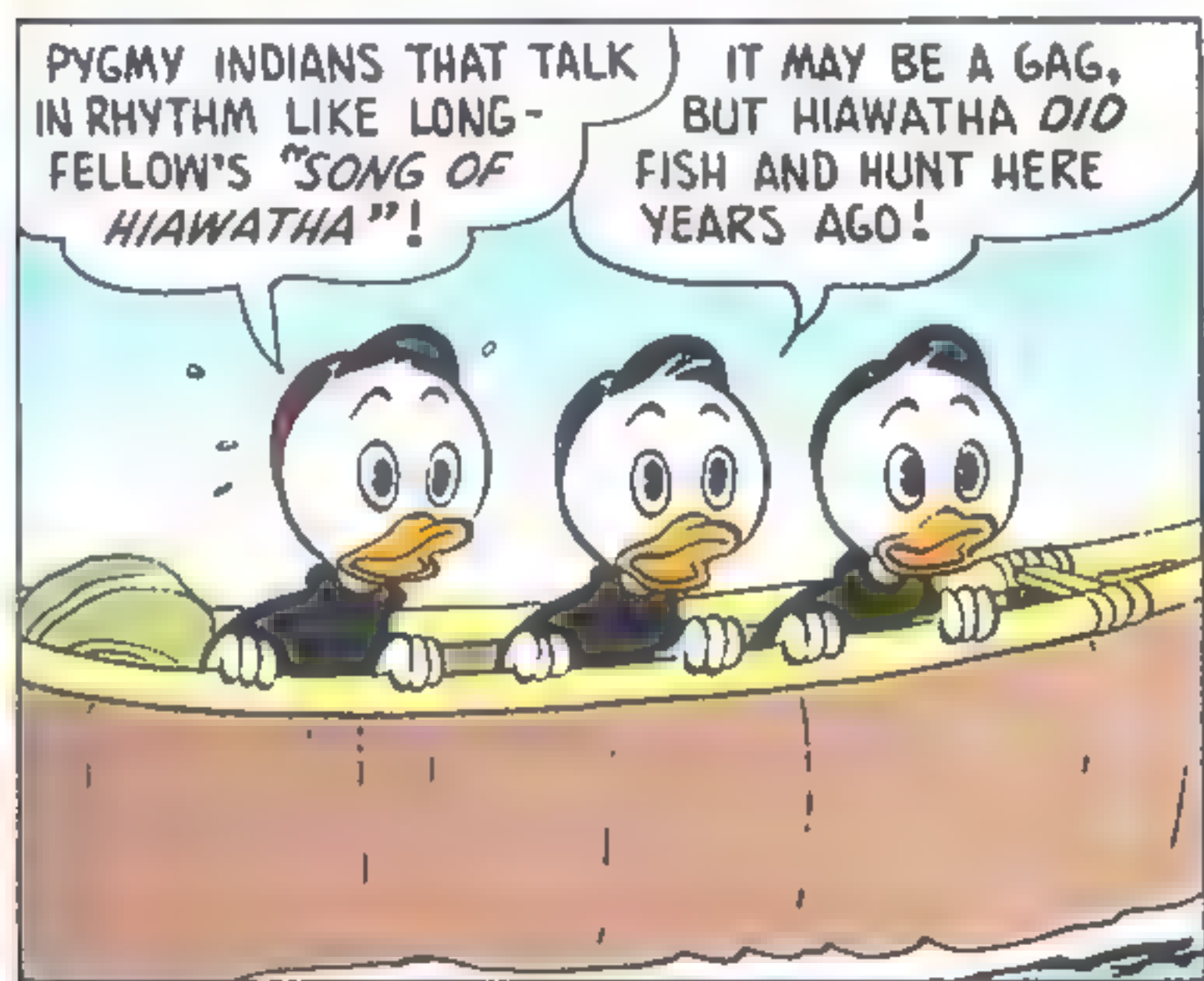
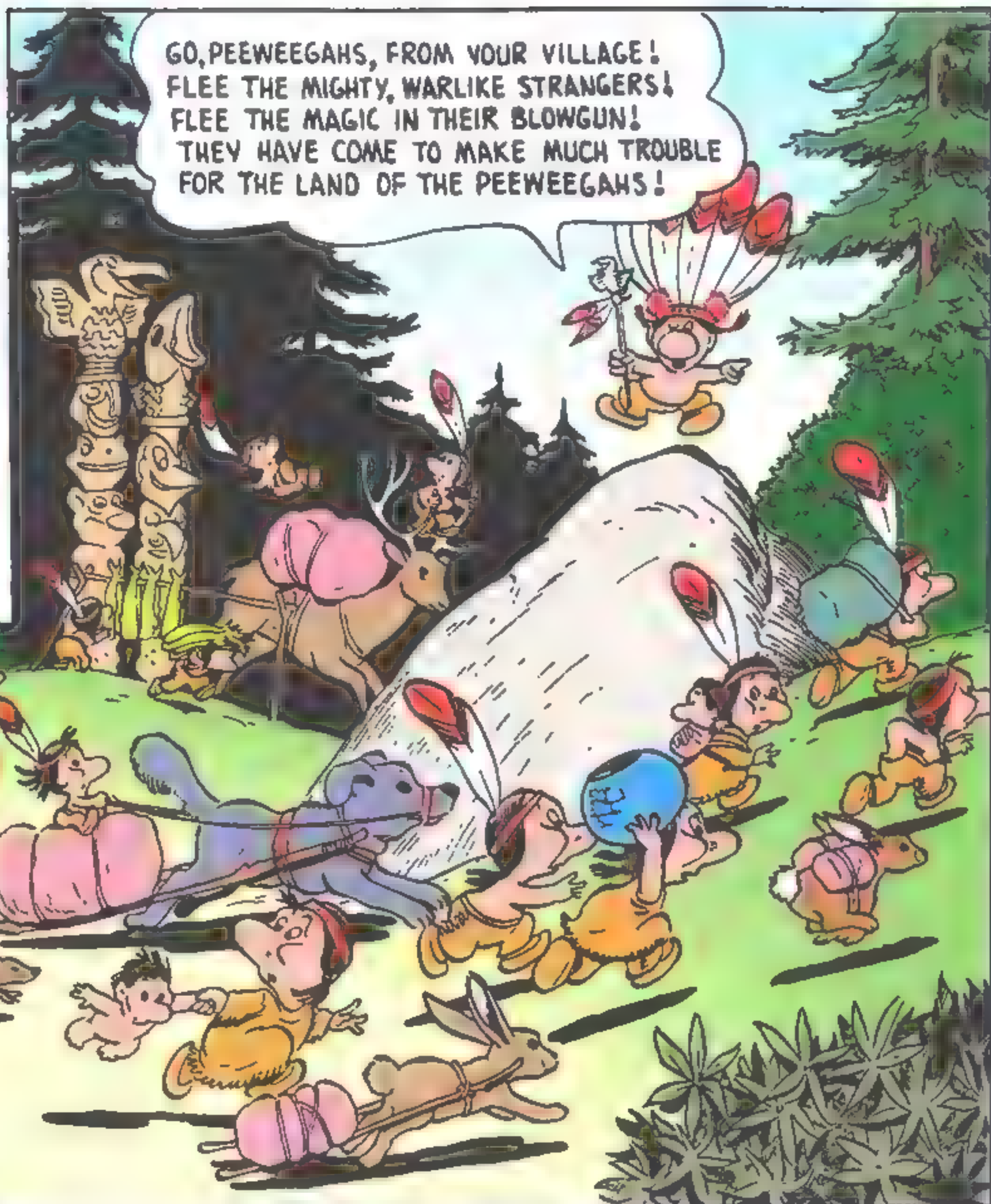
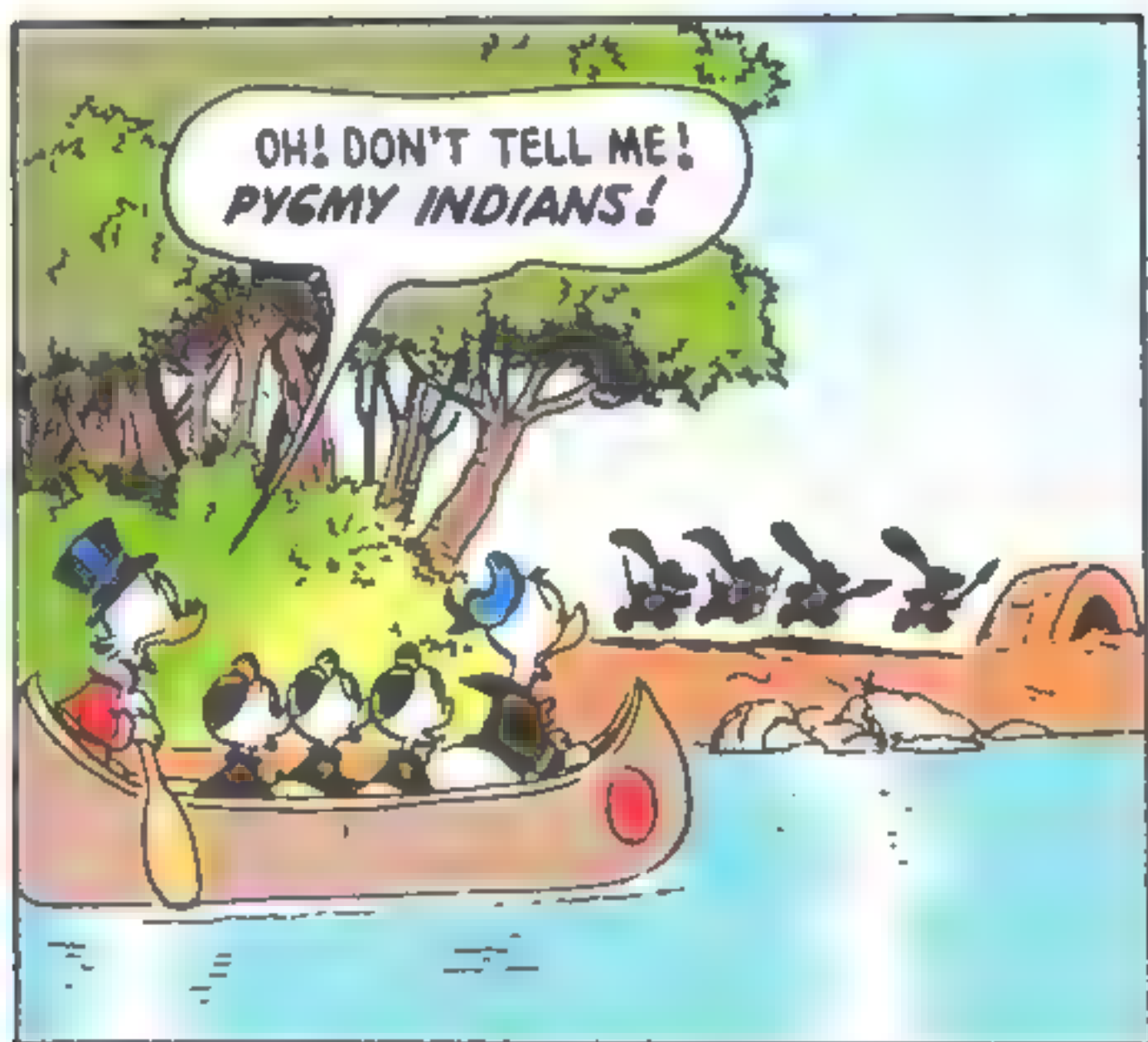
WHOEVER OR WHATEVER DID THIS RESENTS OUR BEING HERE! THIS RAID IS A WARNING TO US TO LEAVE!

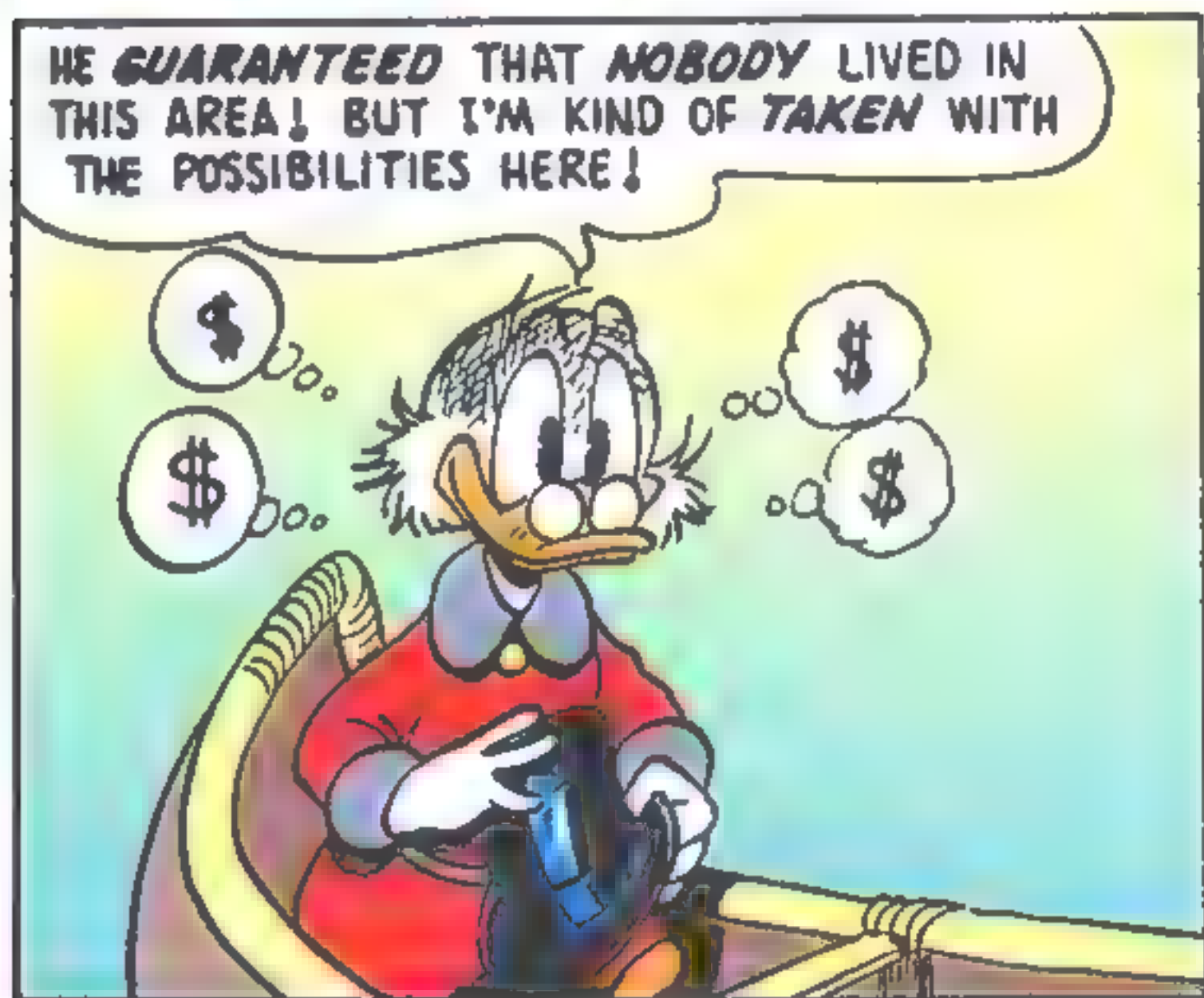
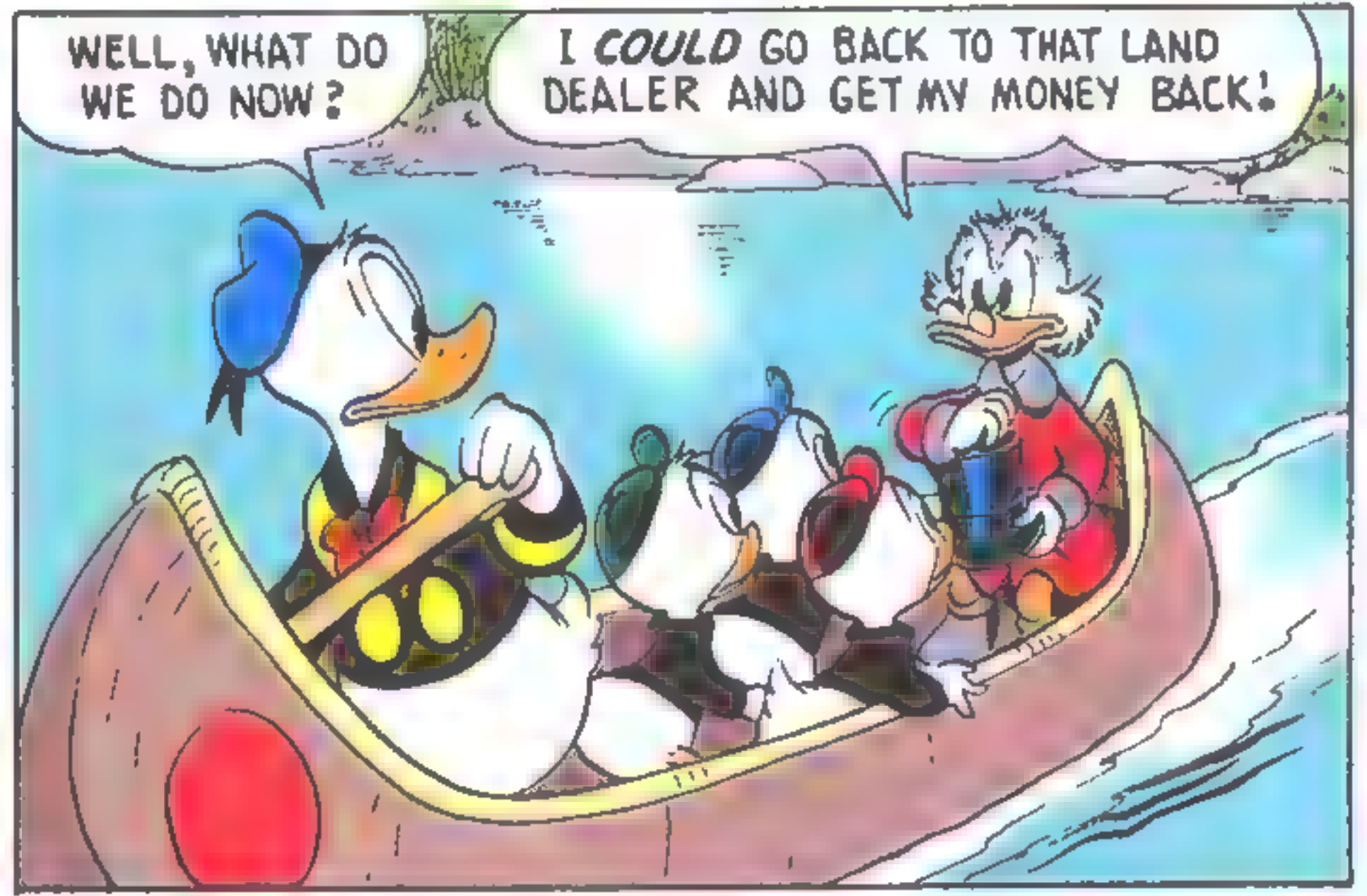
BUT HOW DID THE SOREHEADS *GET HERE* WITHOUT LEAVING *TRACKS*?

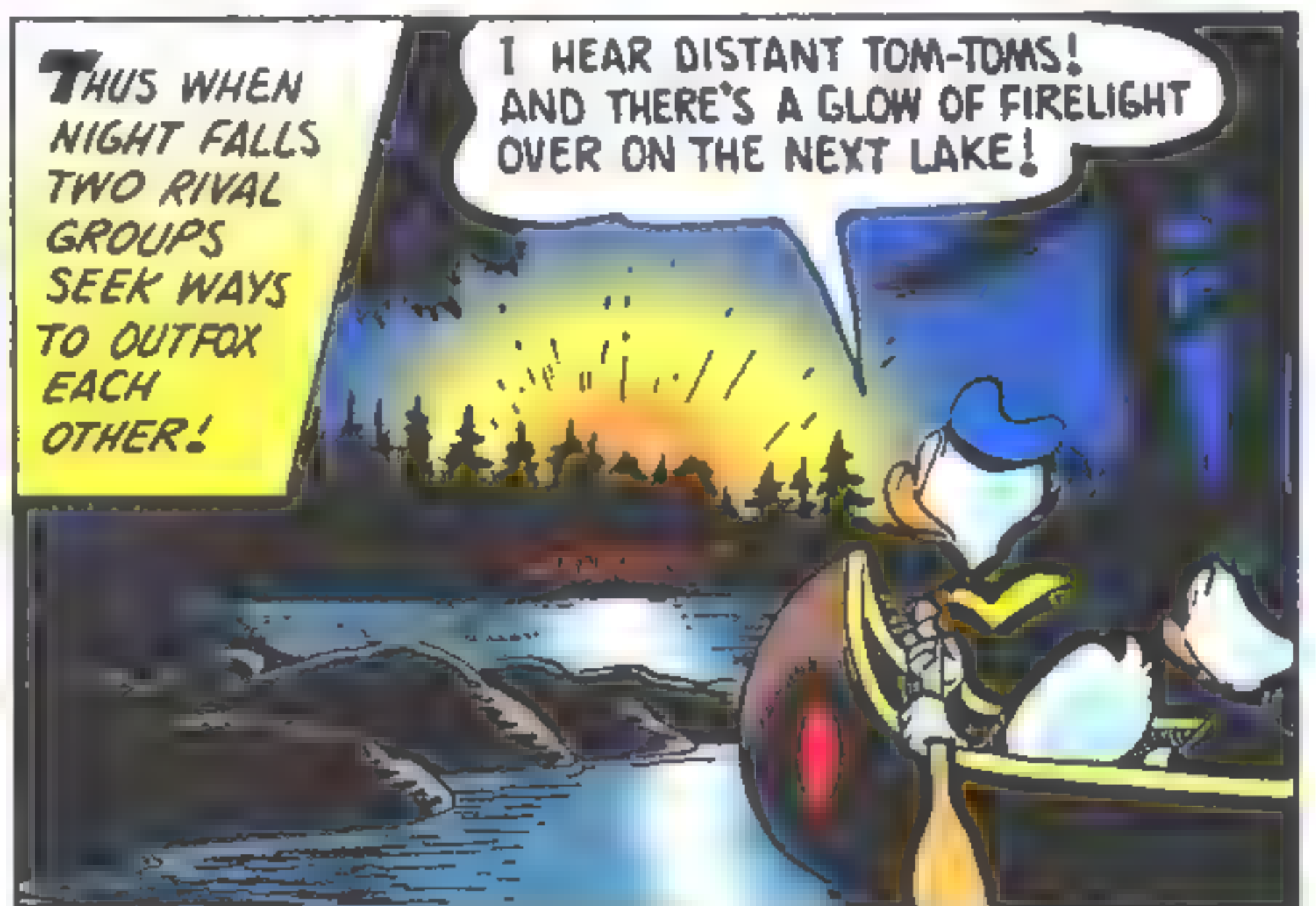
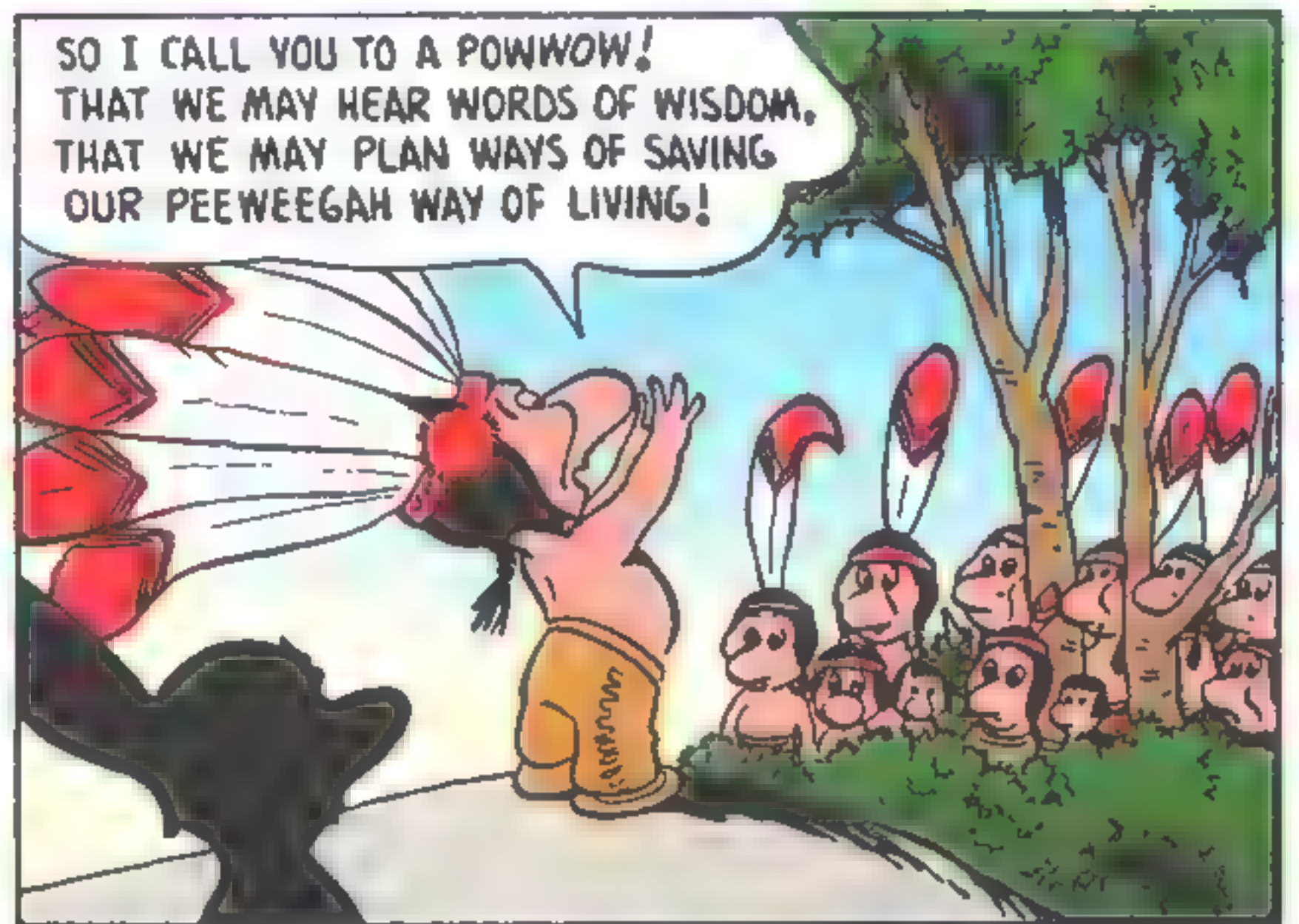
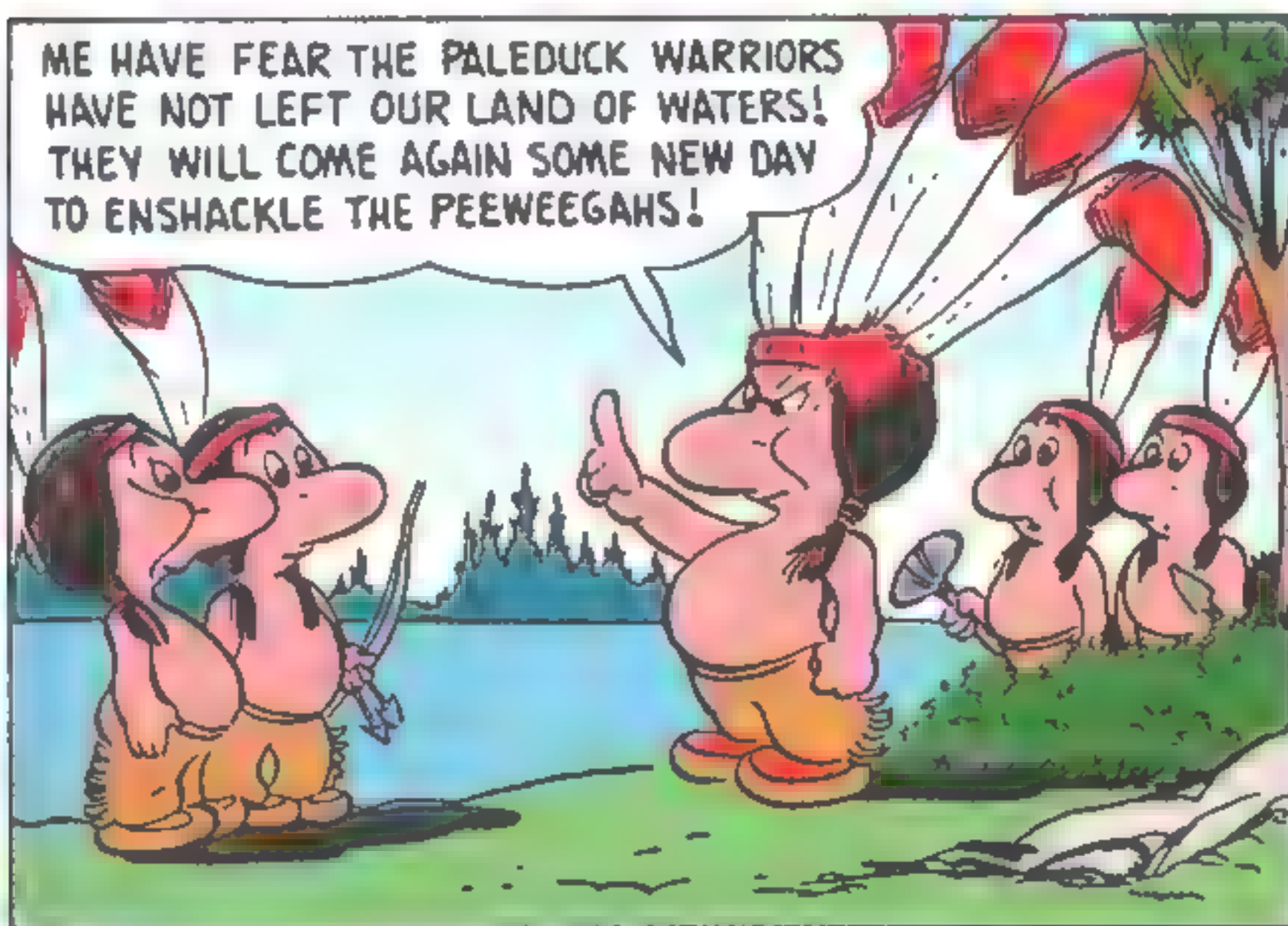
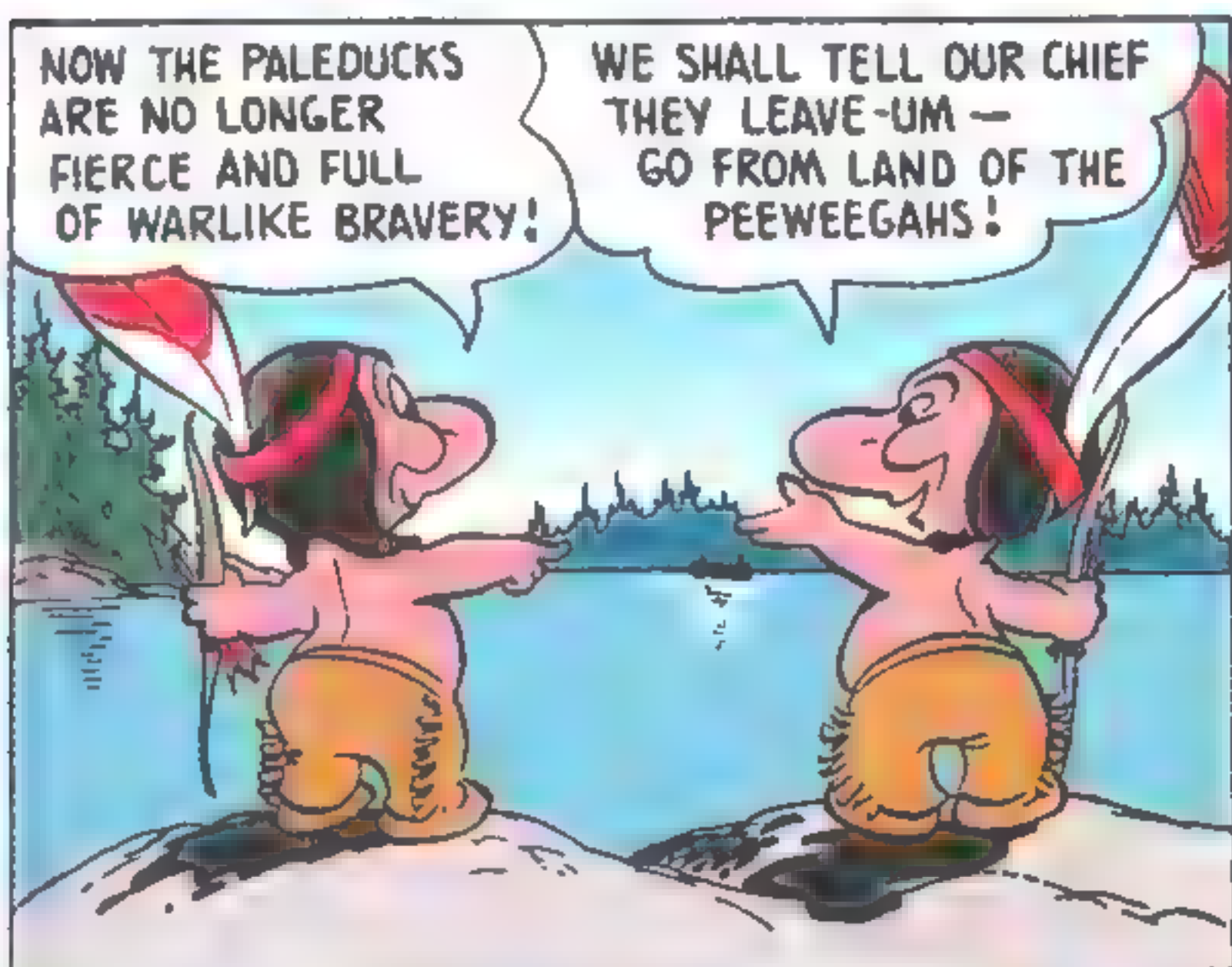
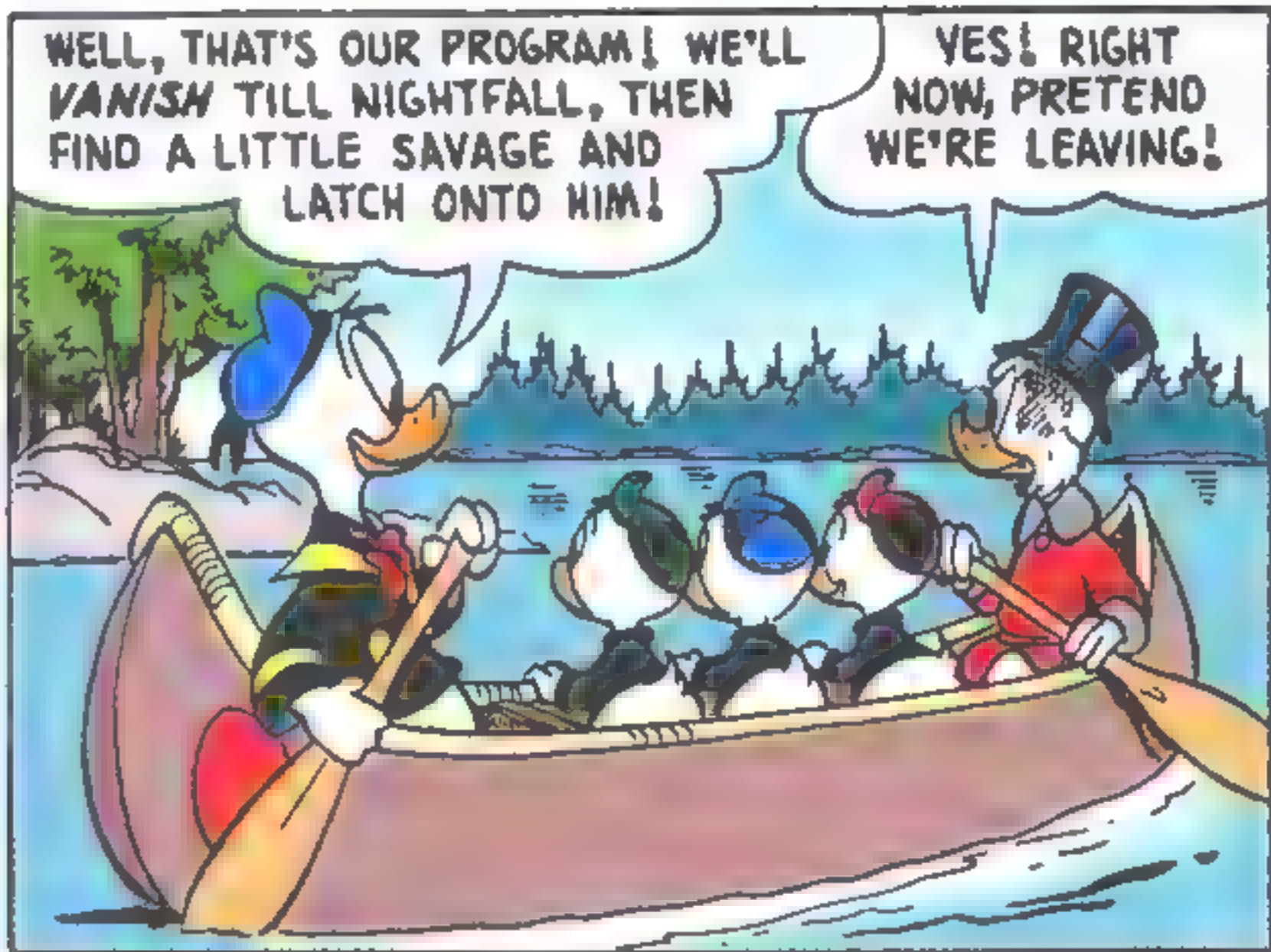


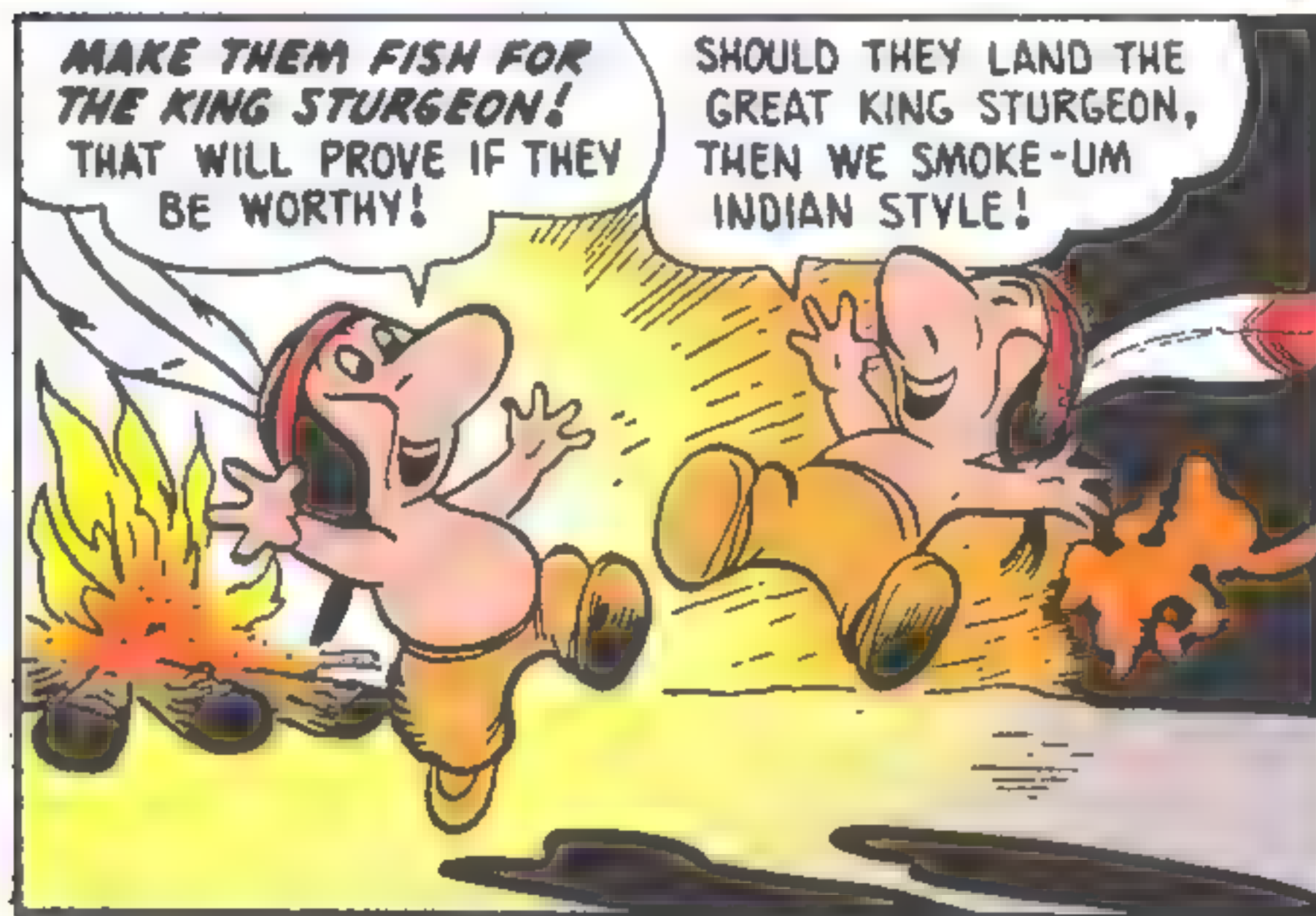


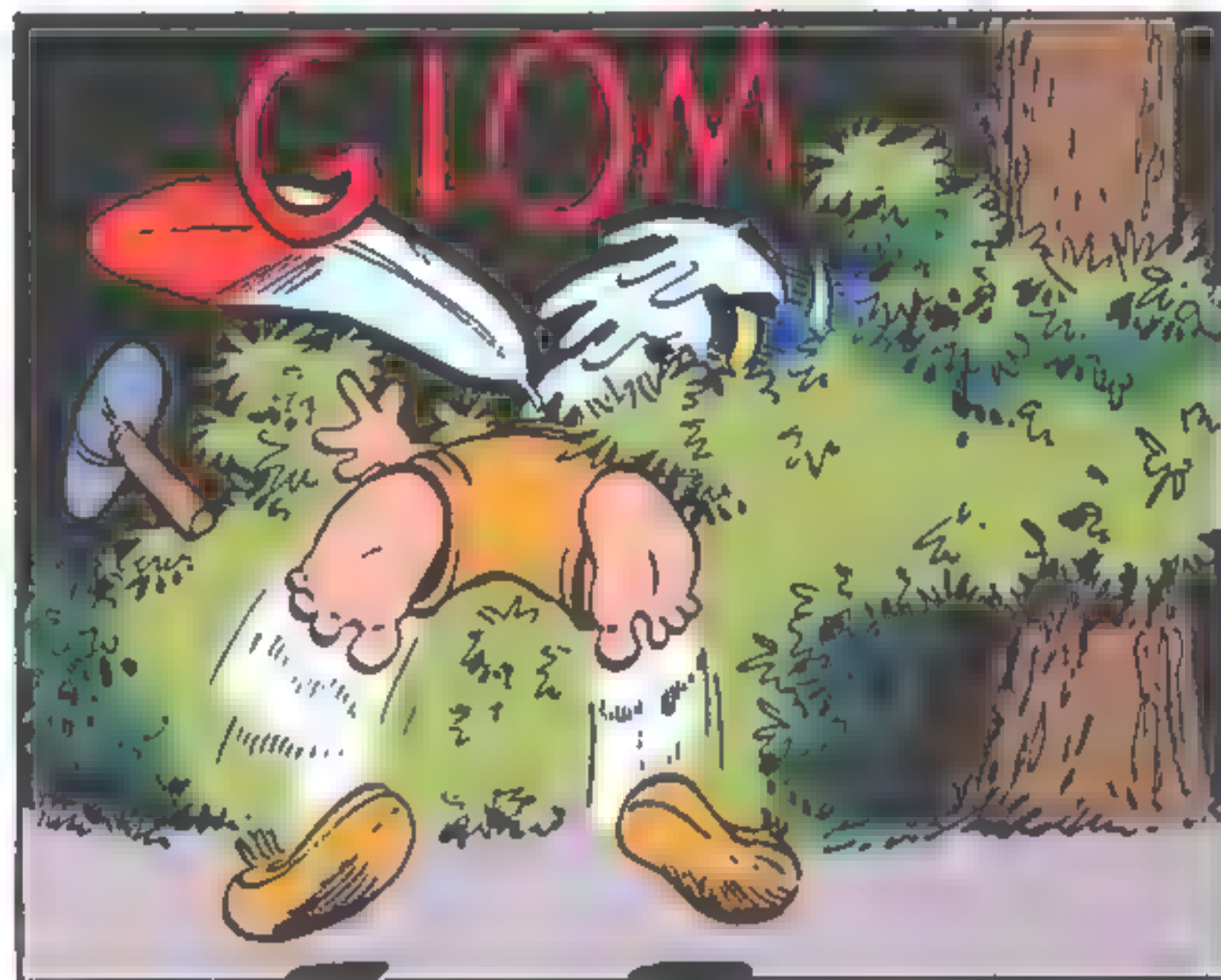
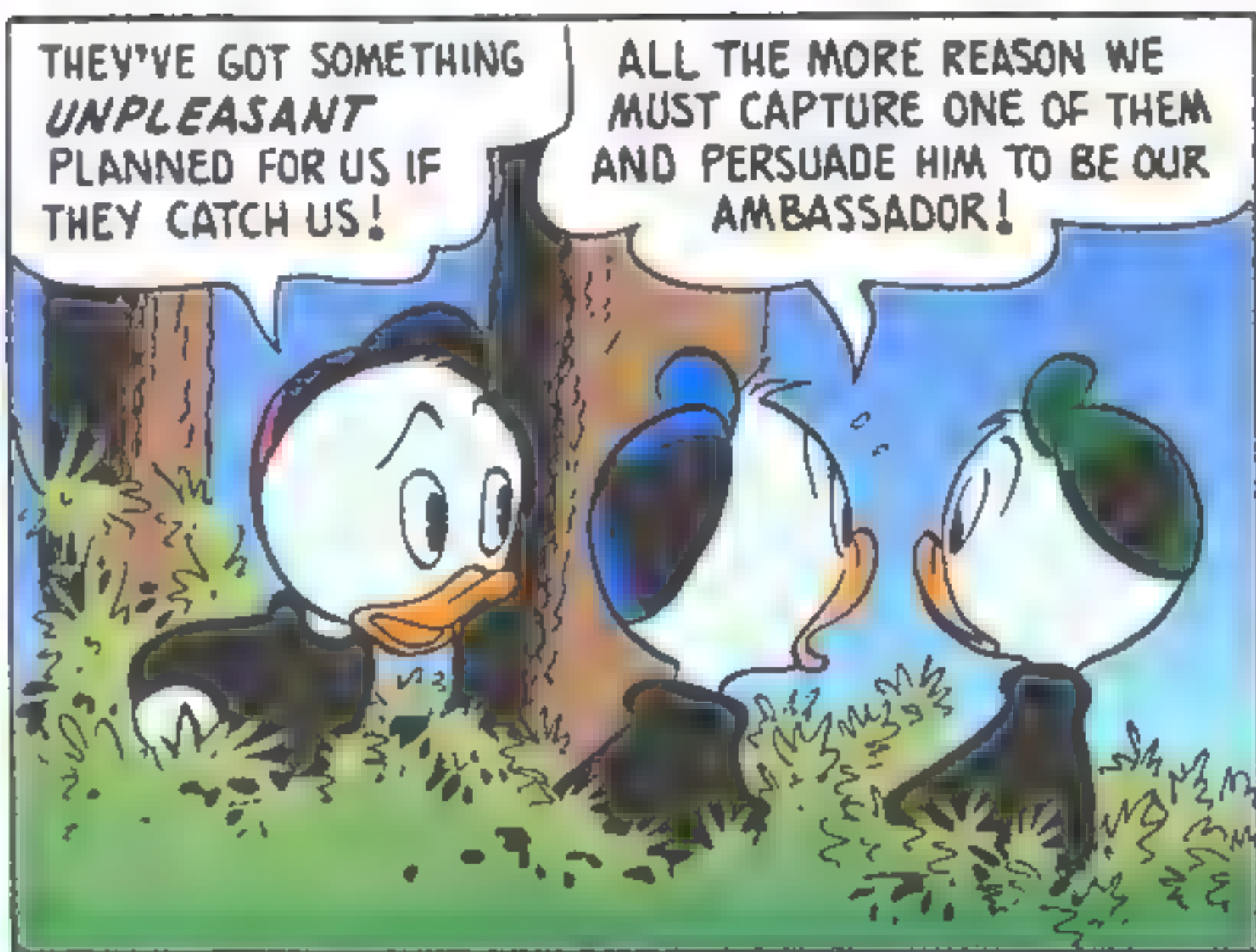


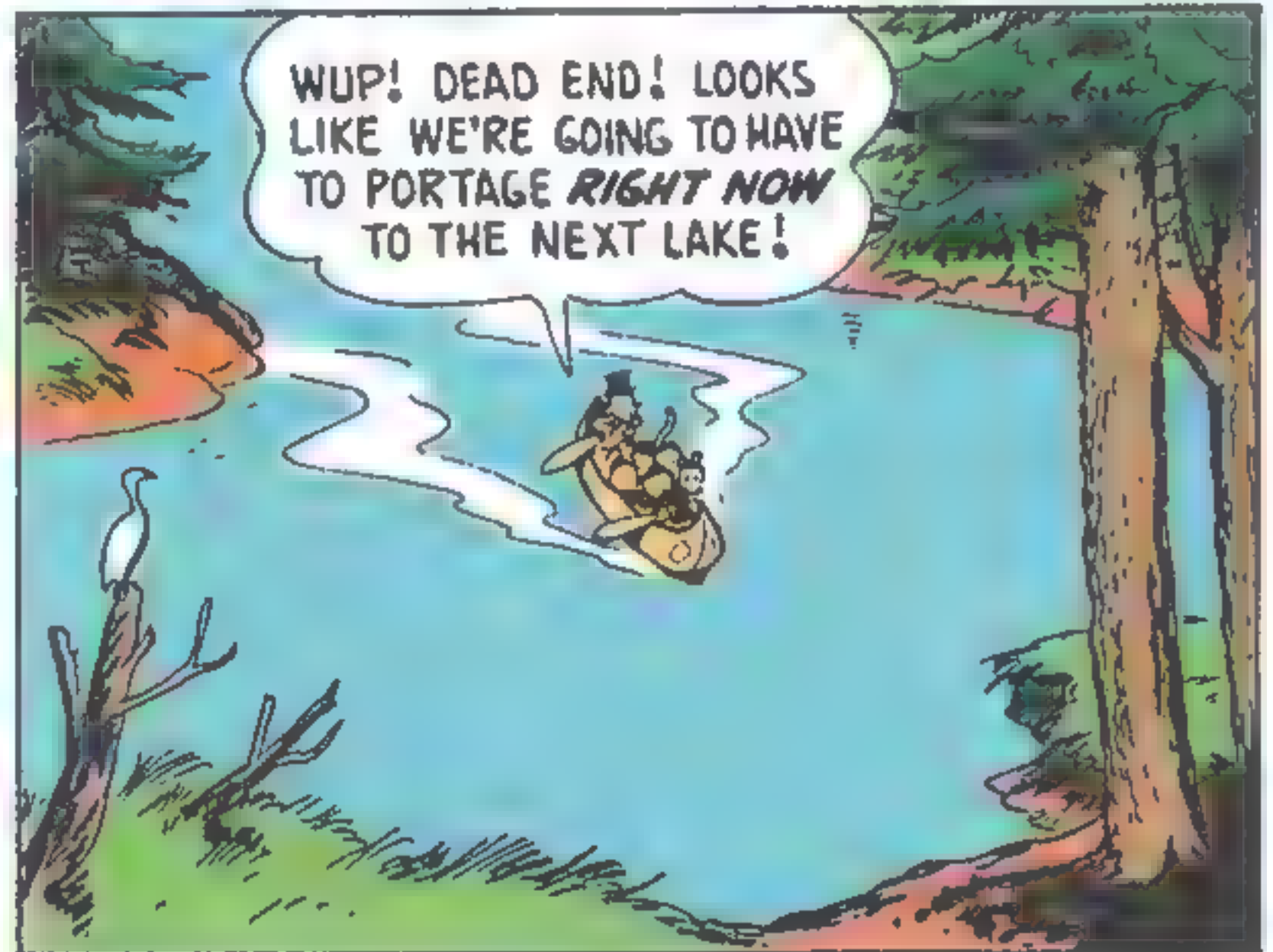
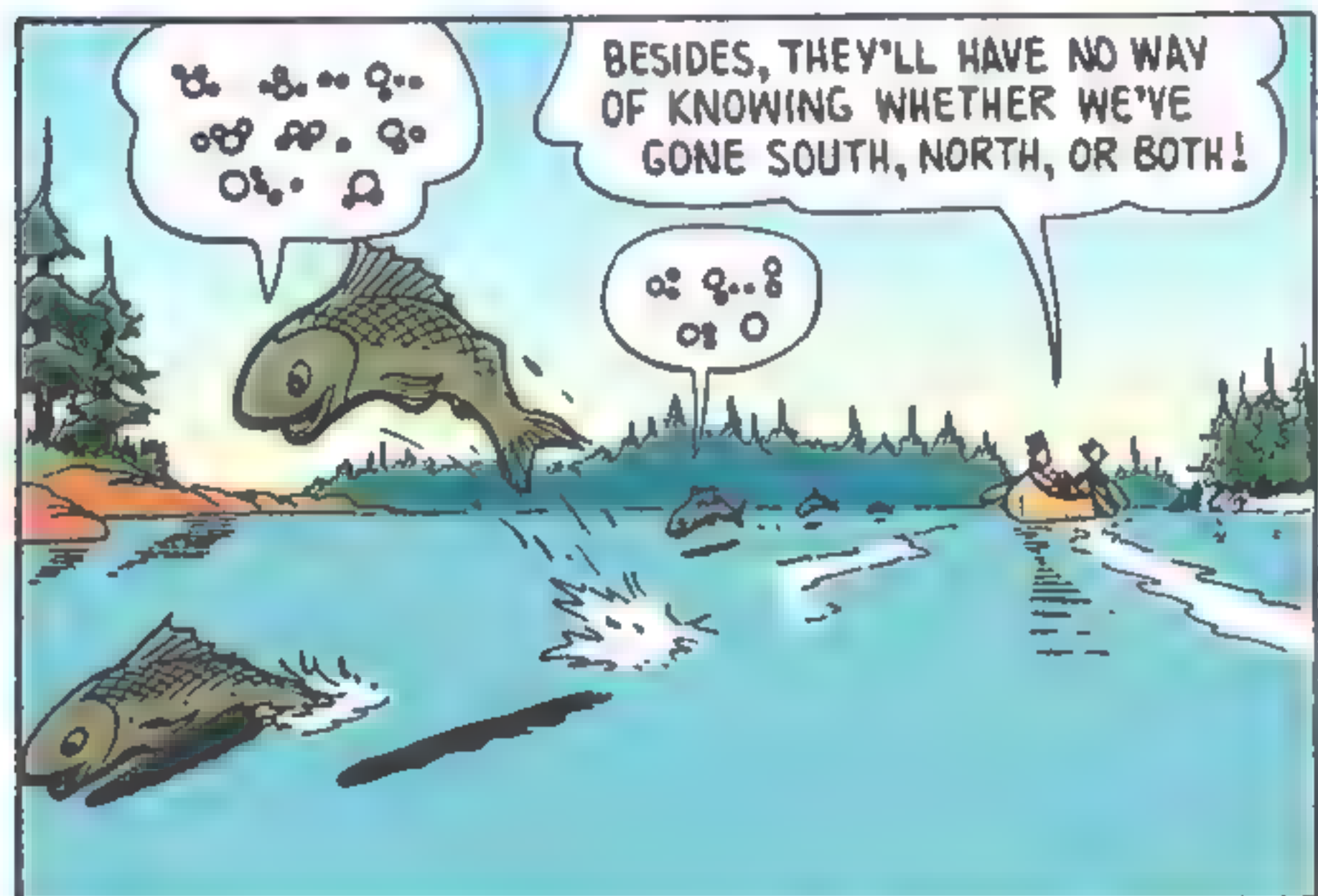
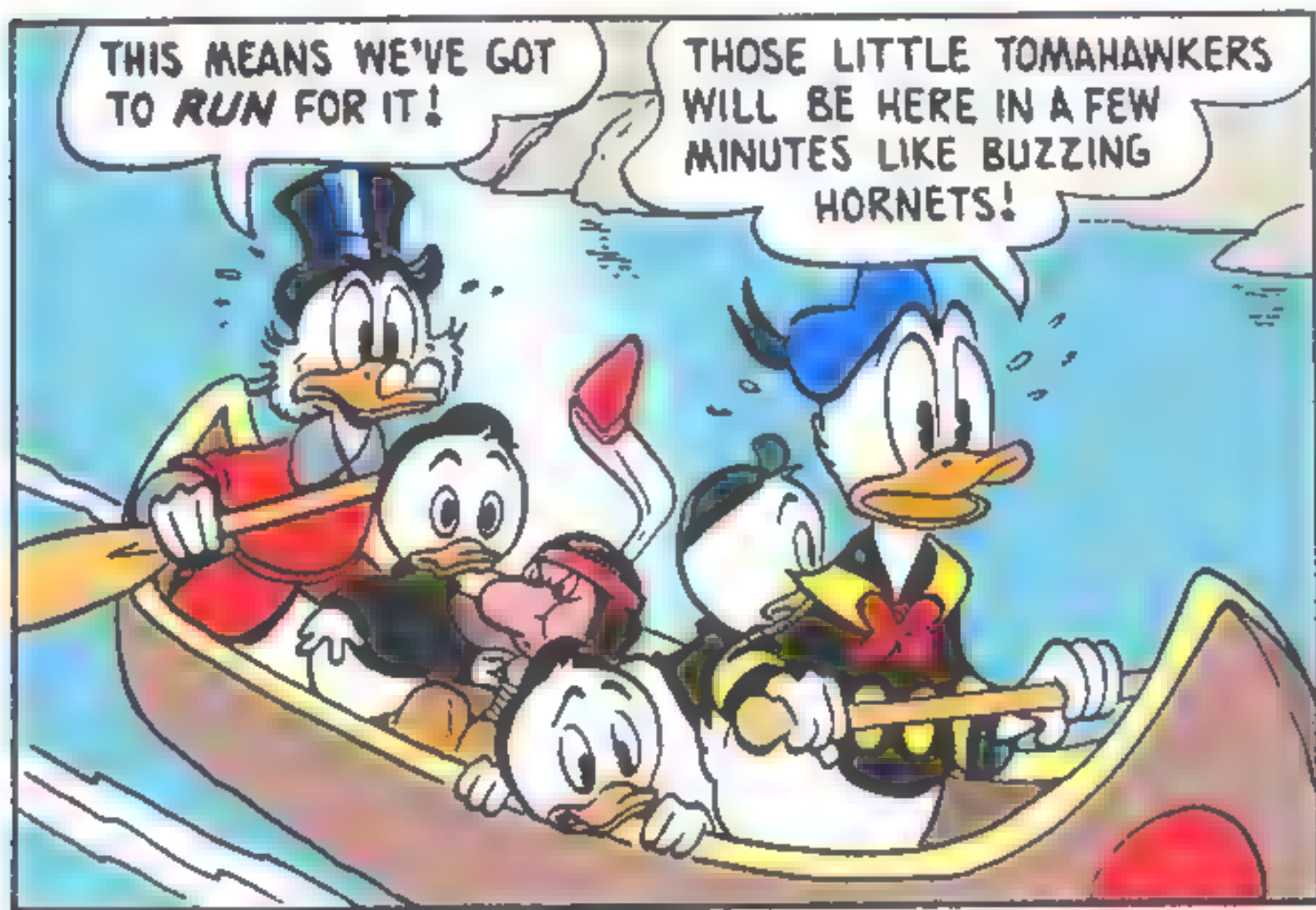


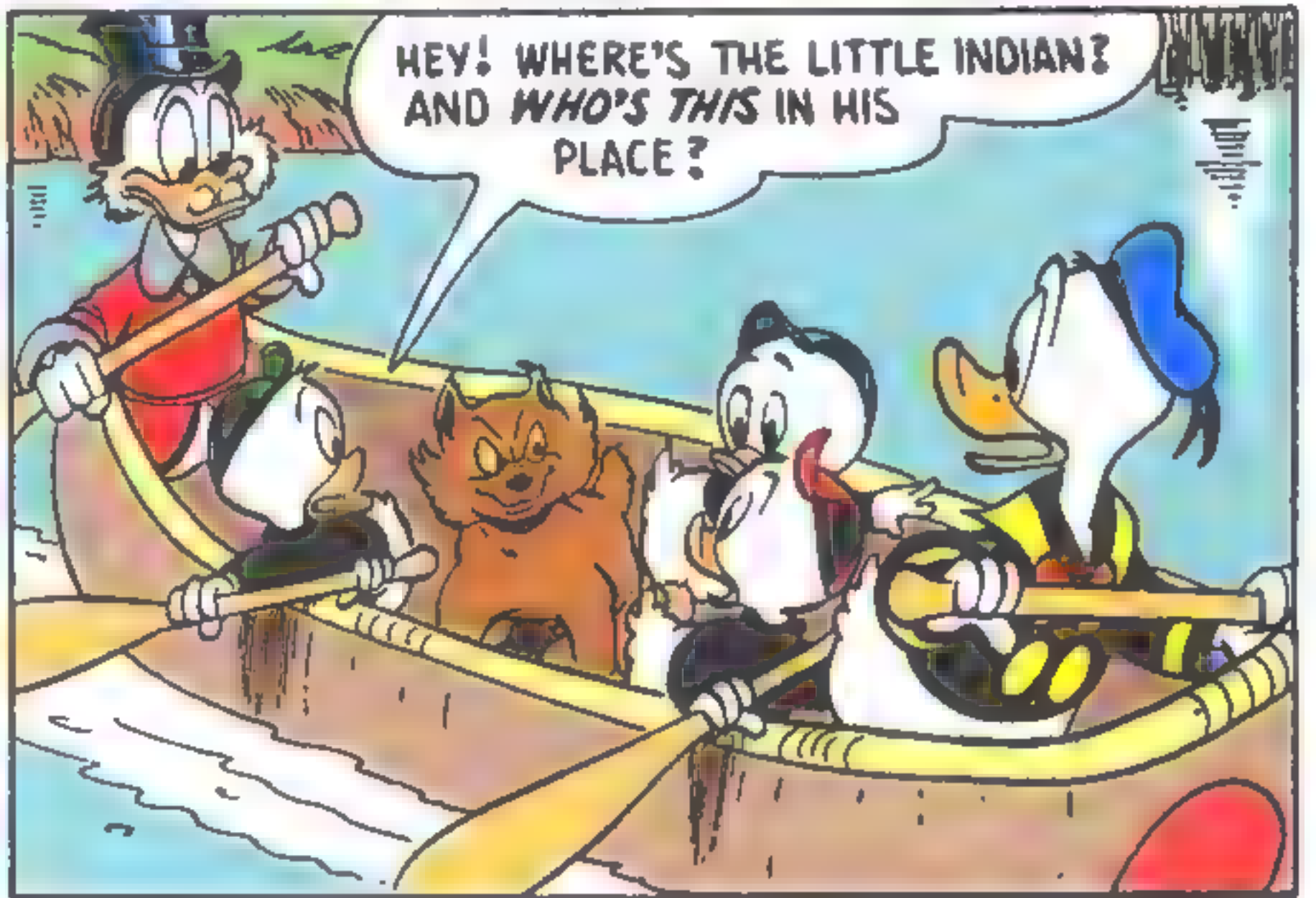
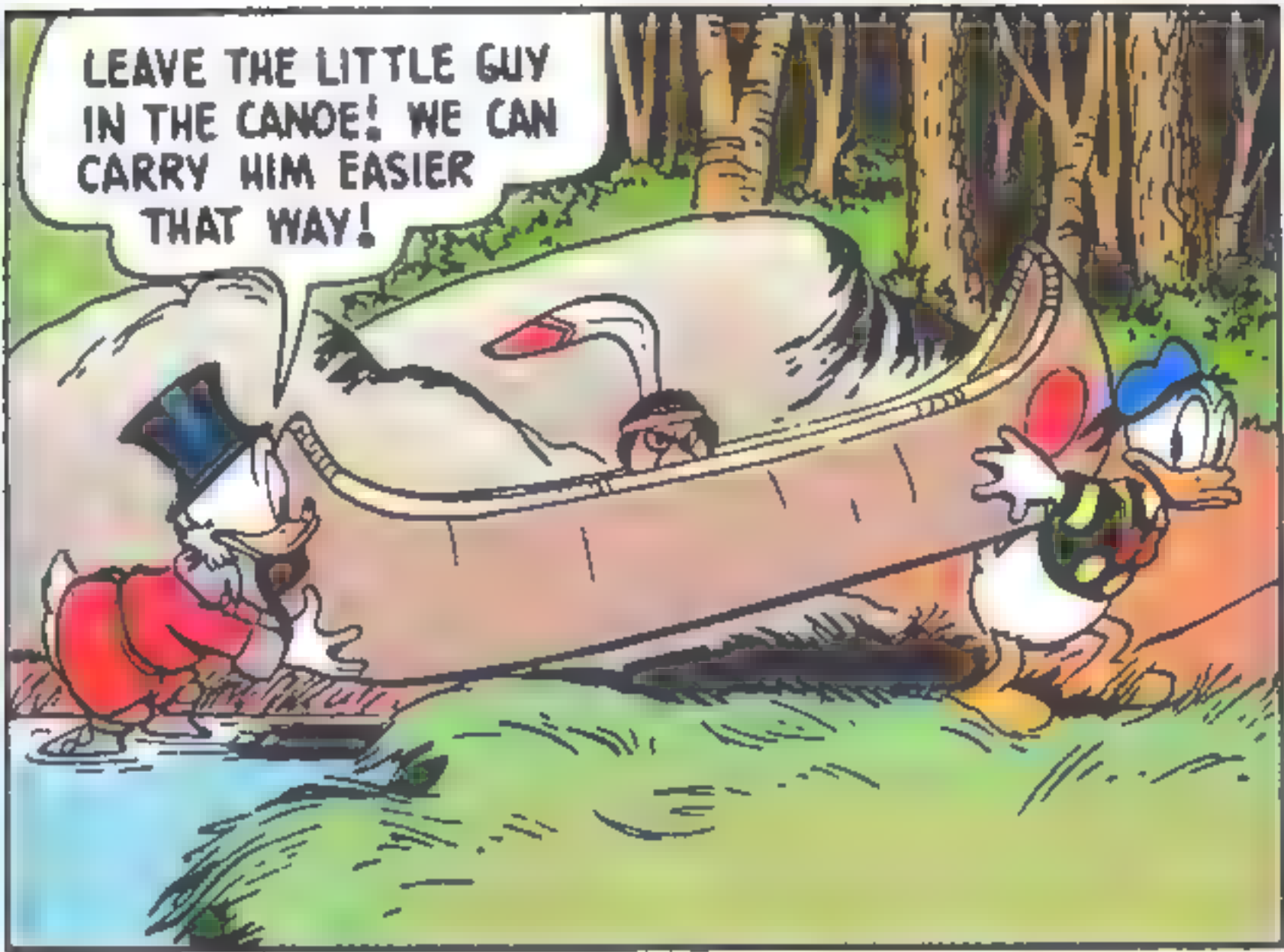


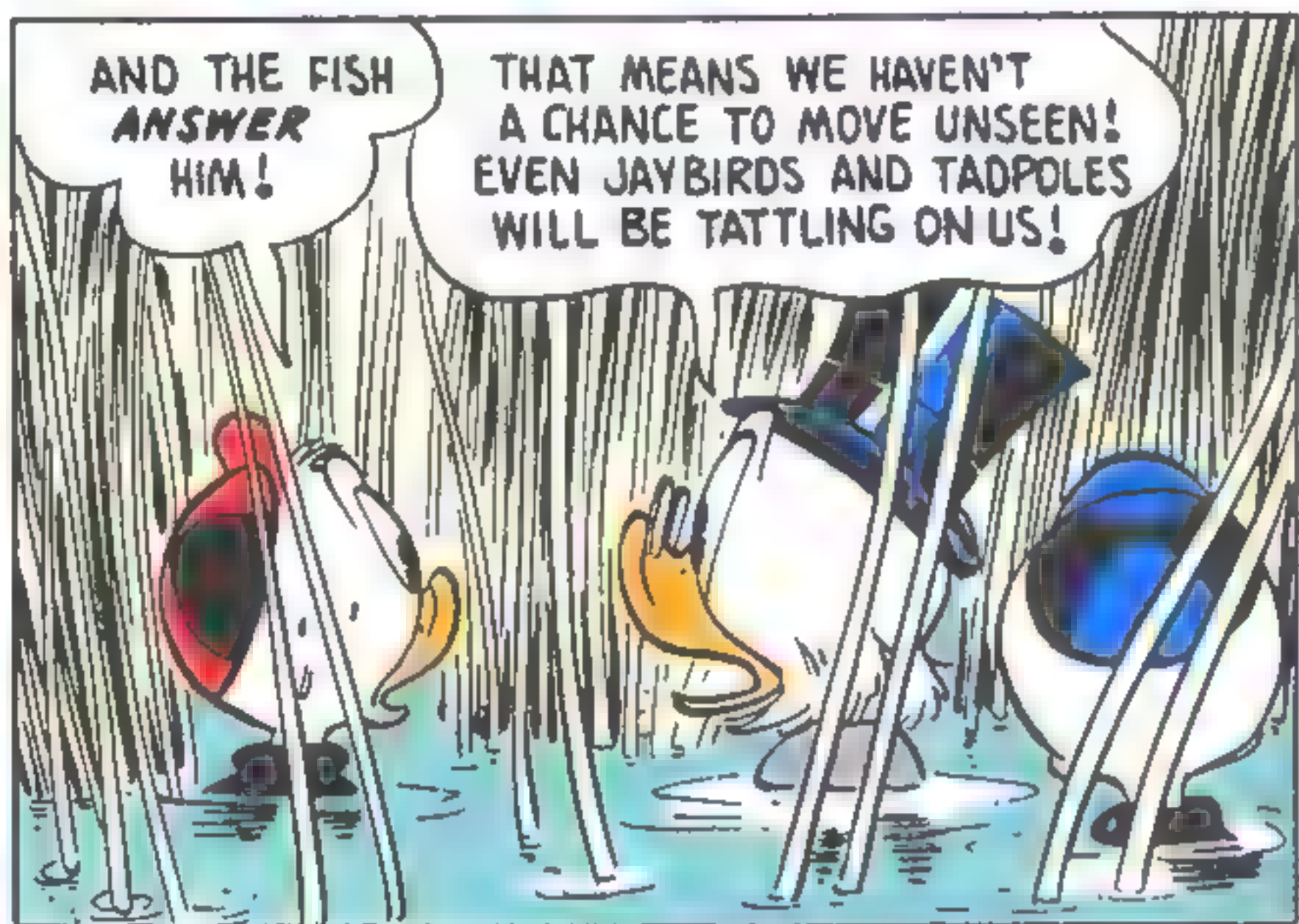
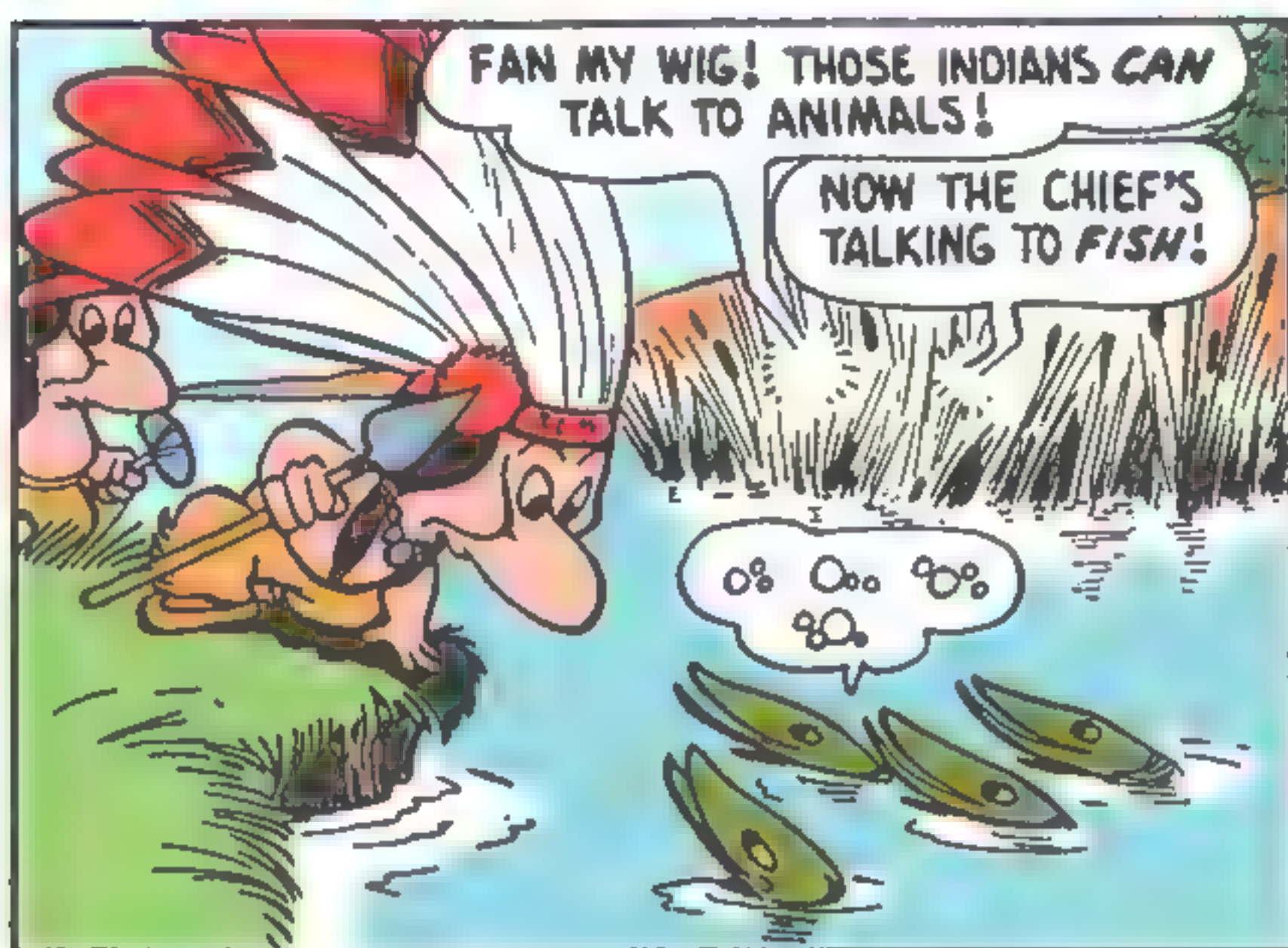
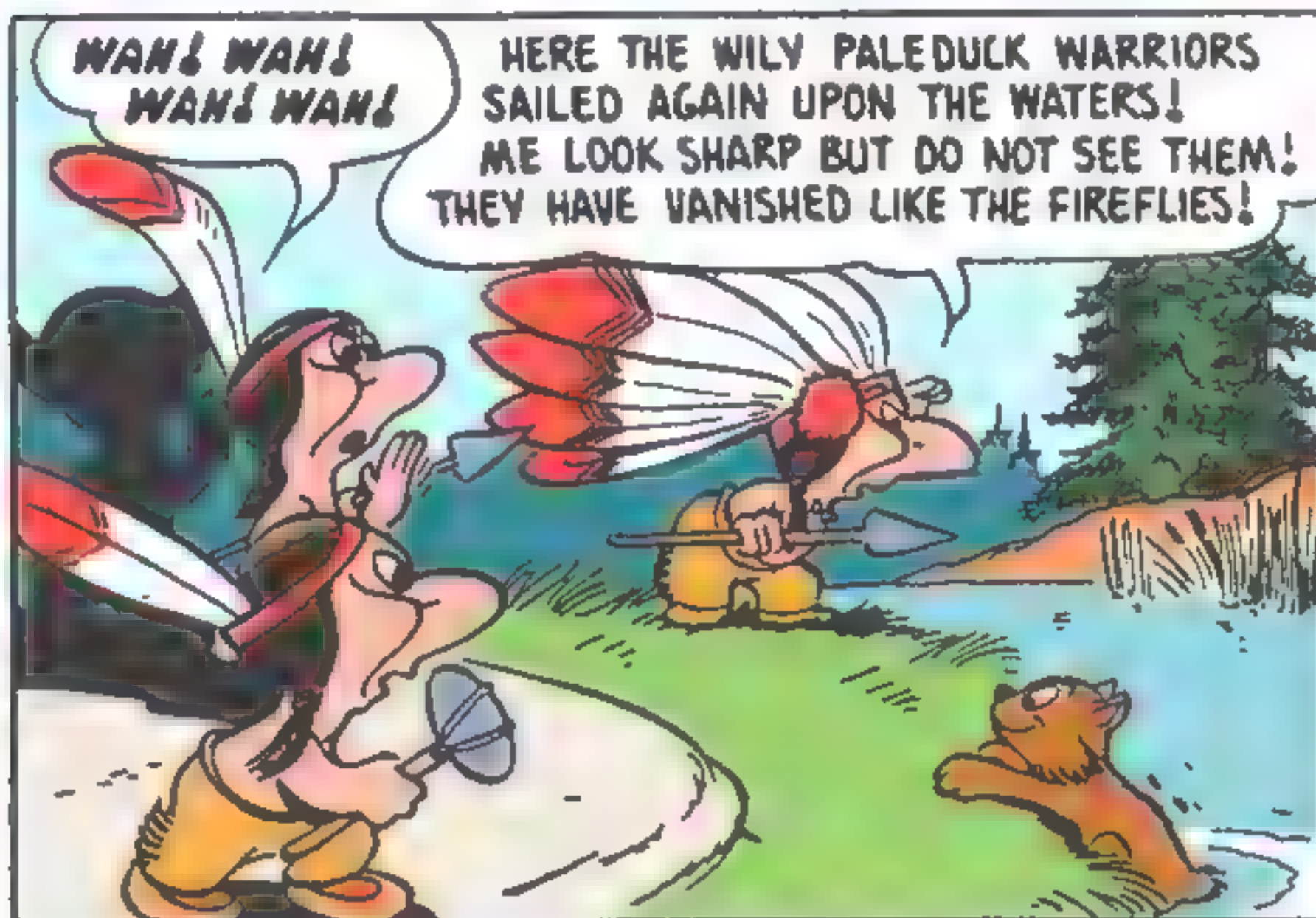
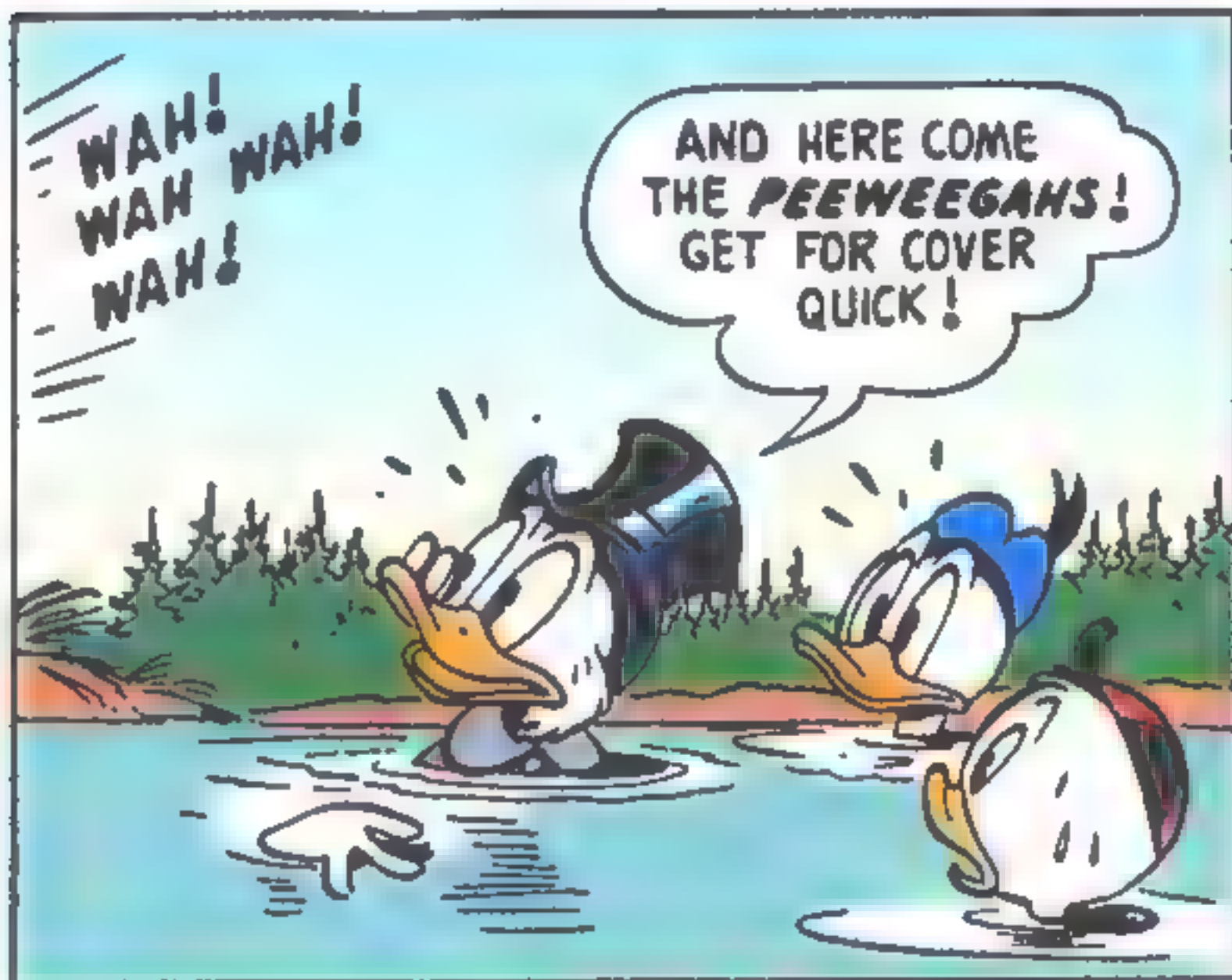
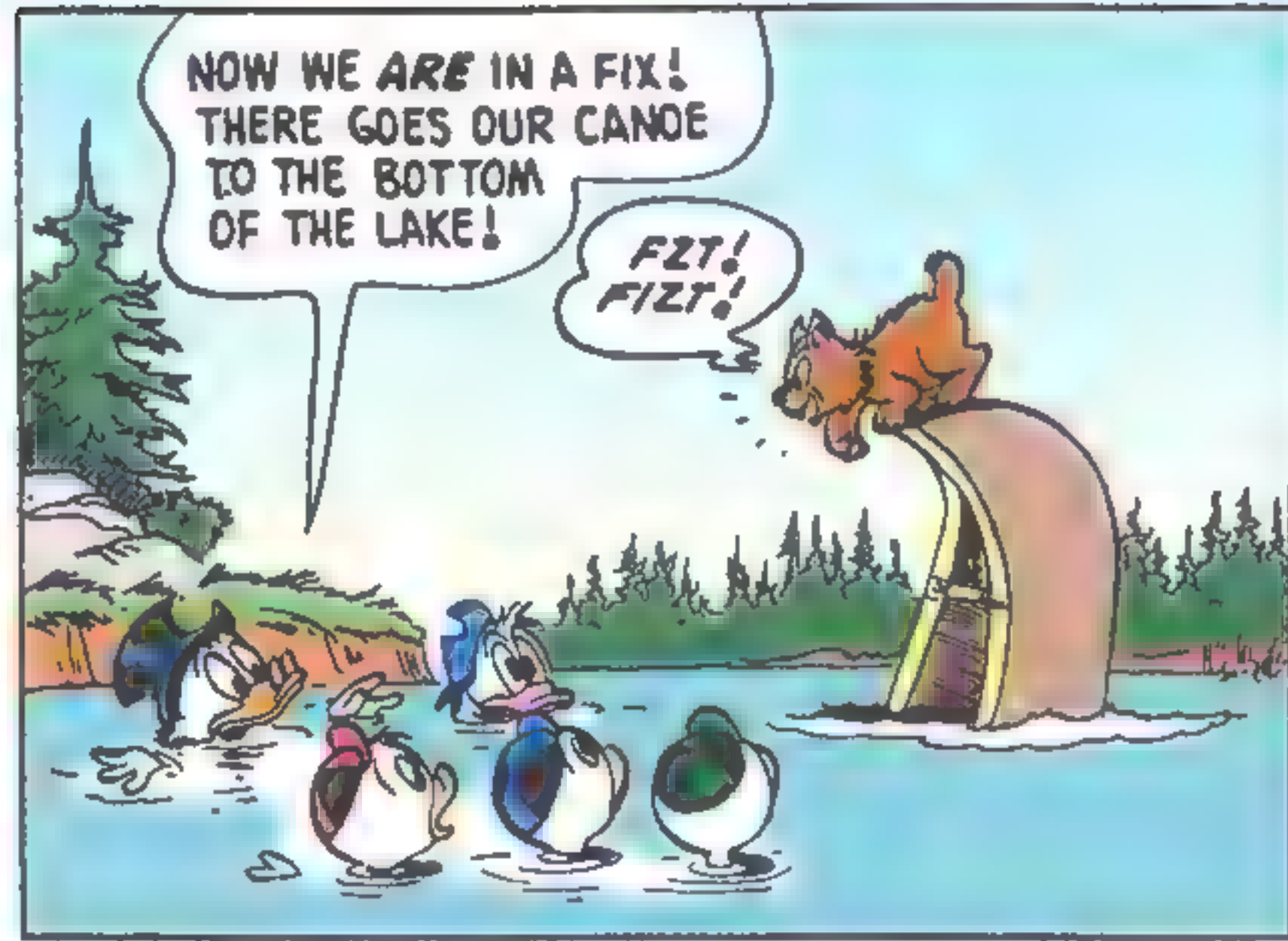
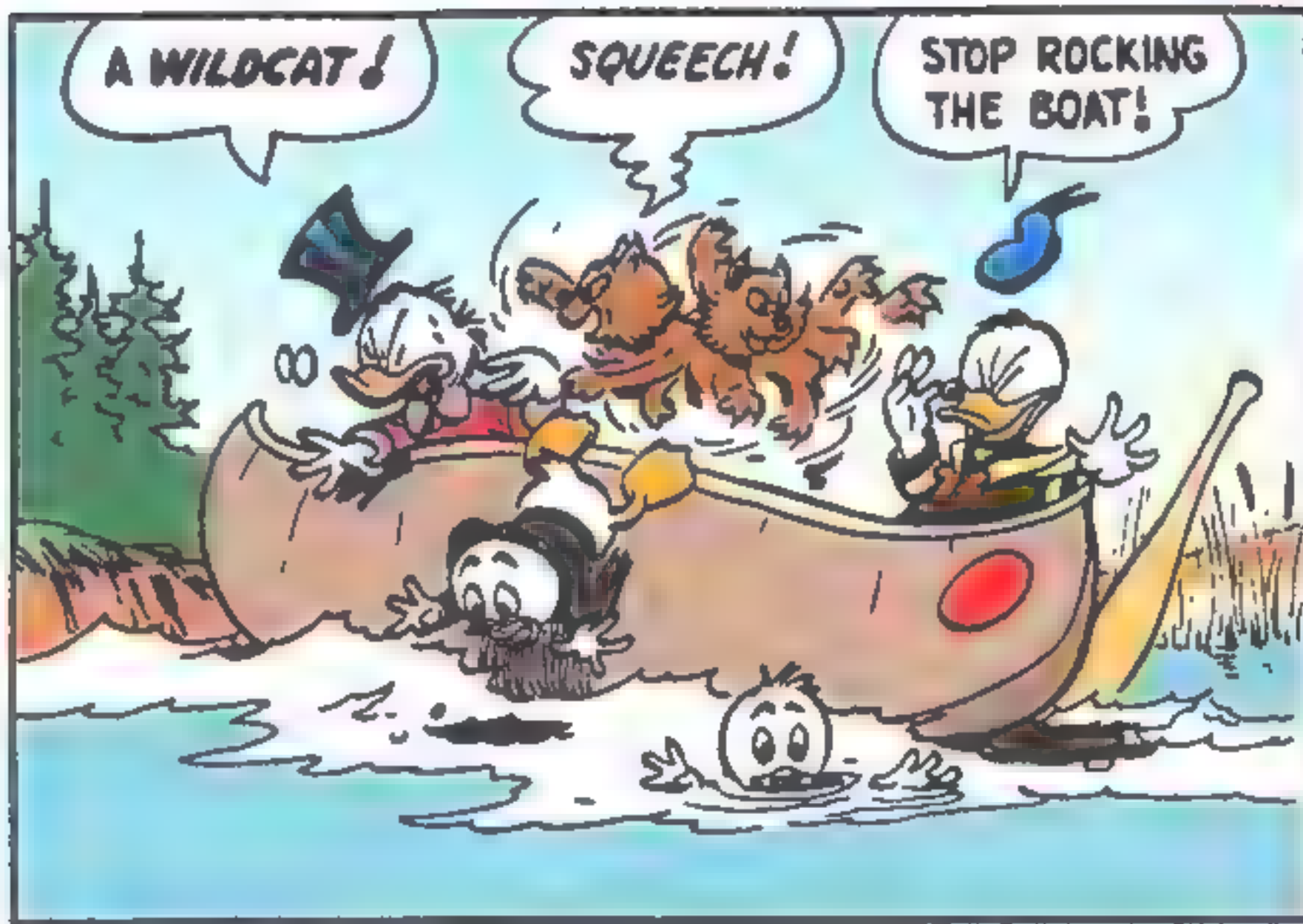


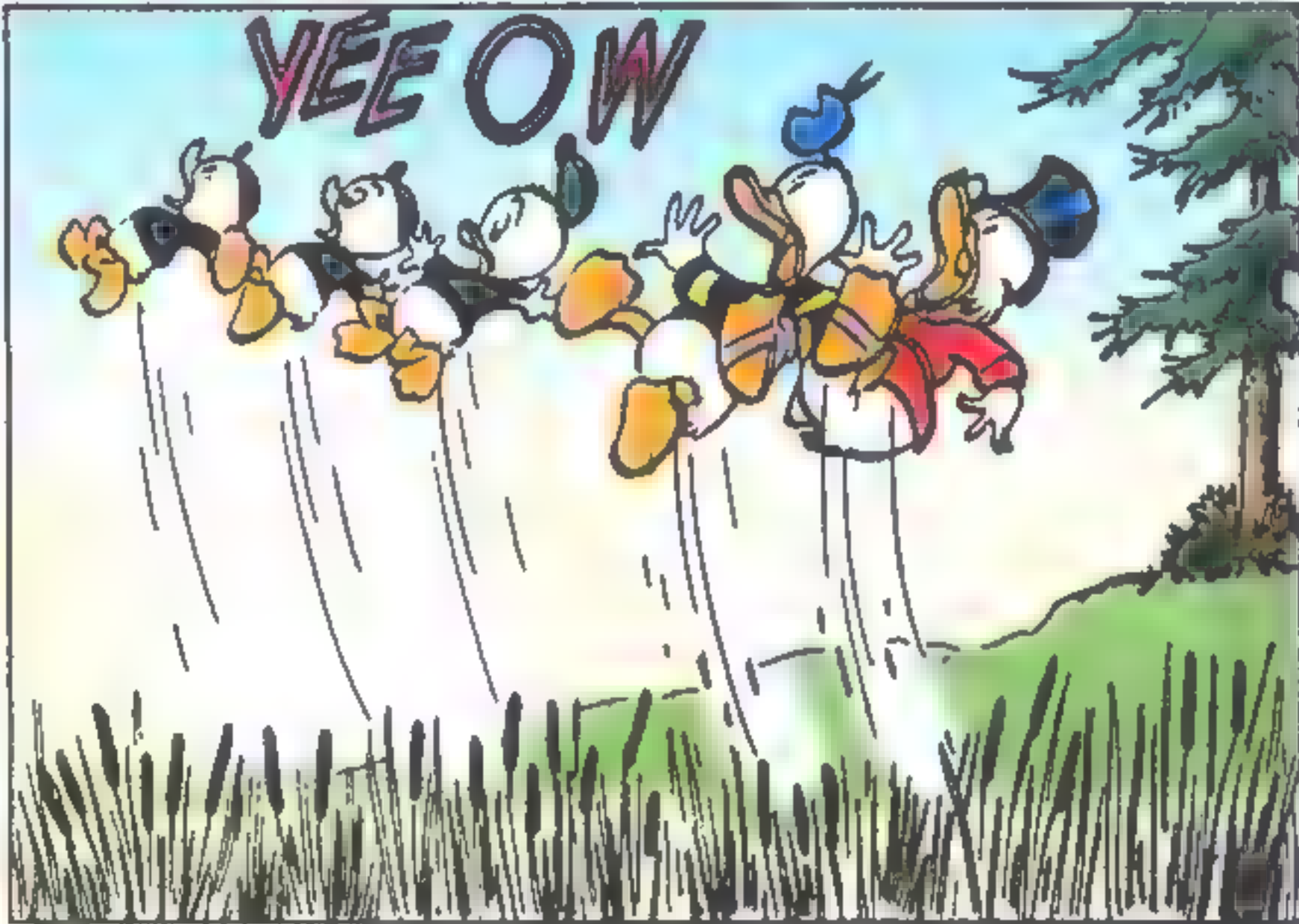
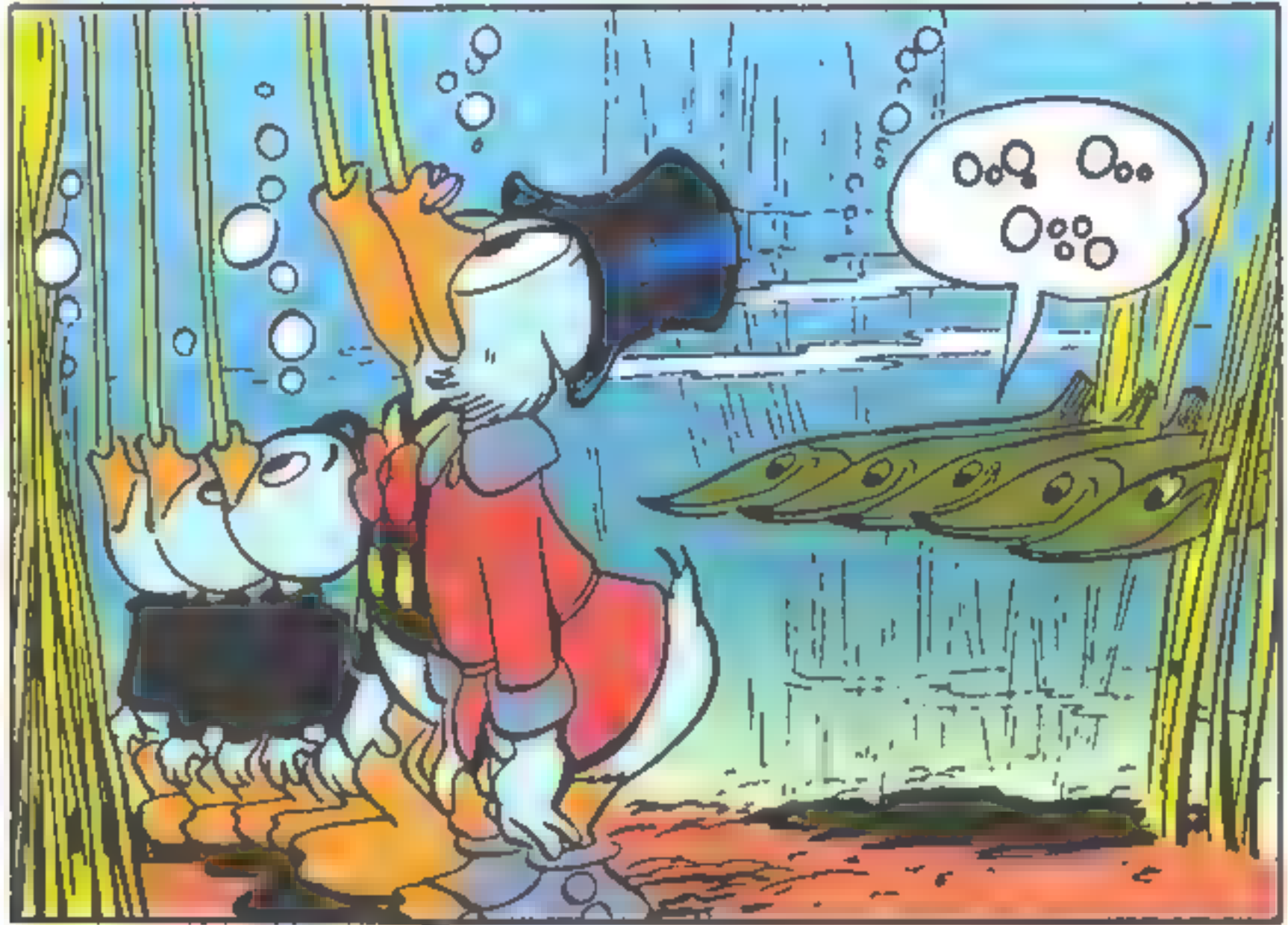
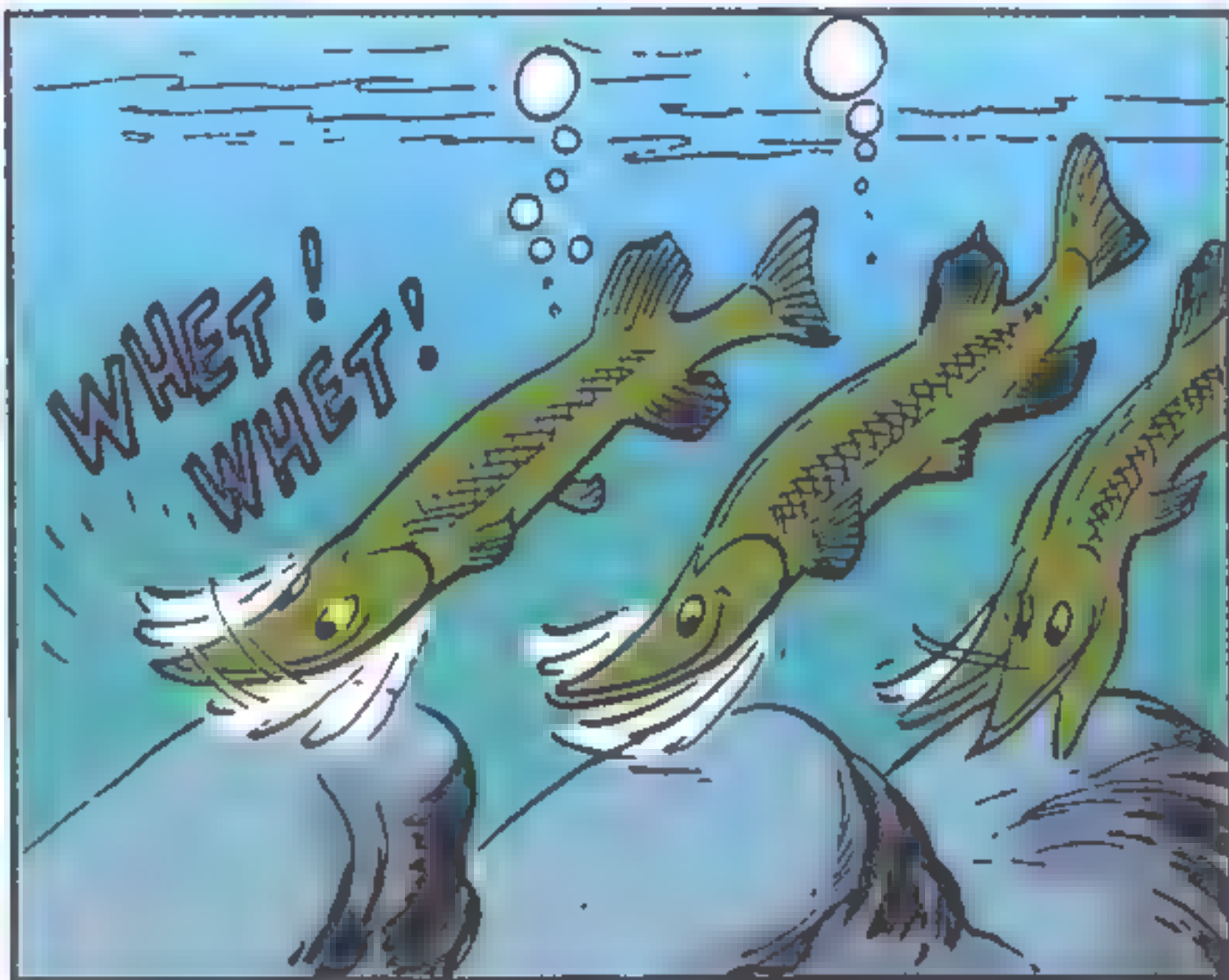
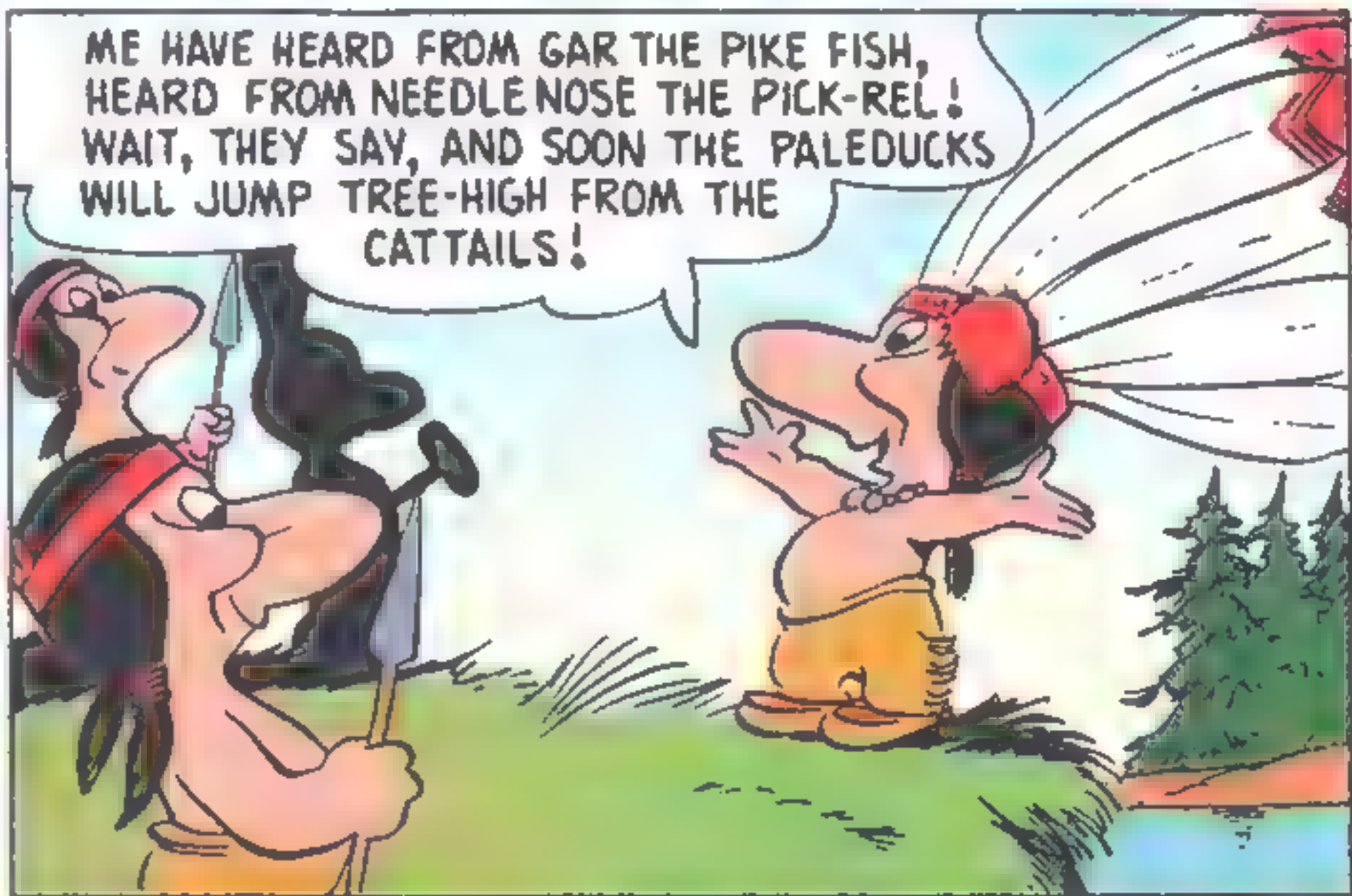
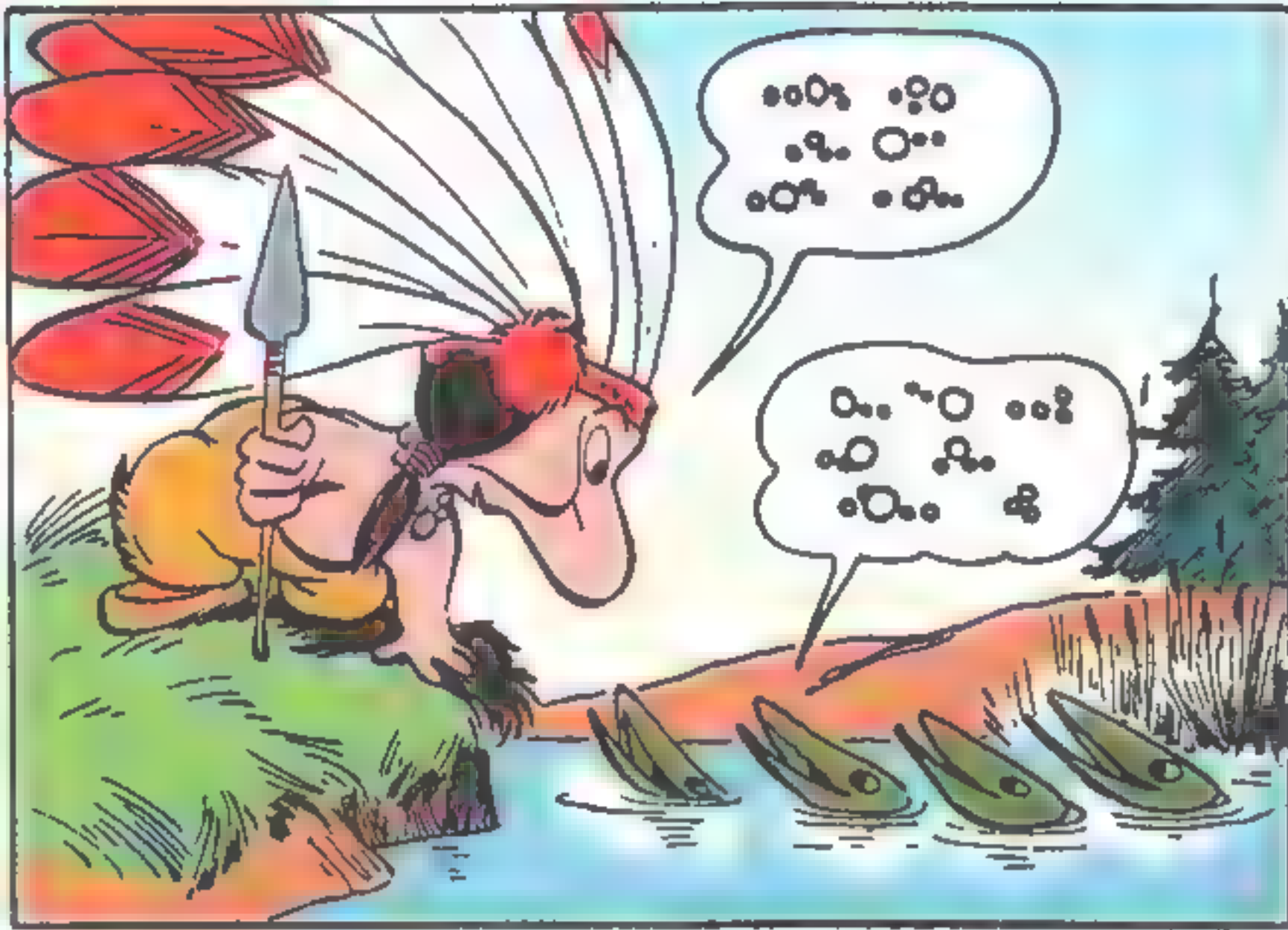


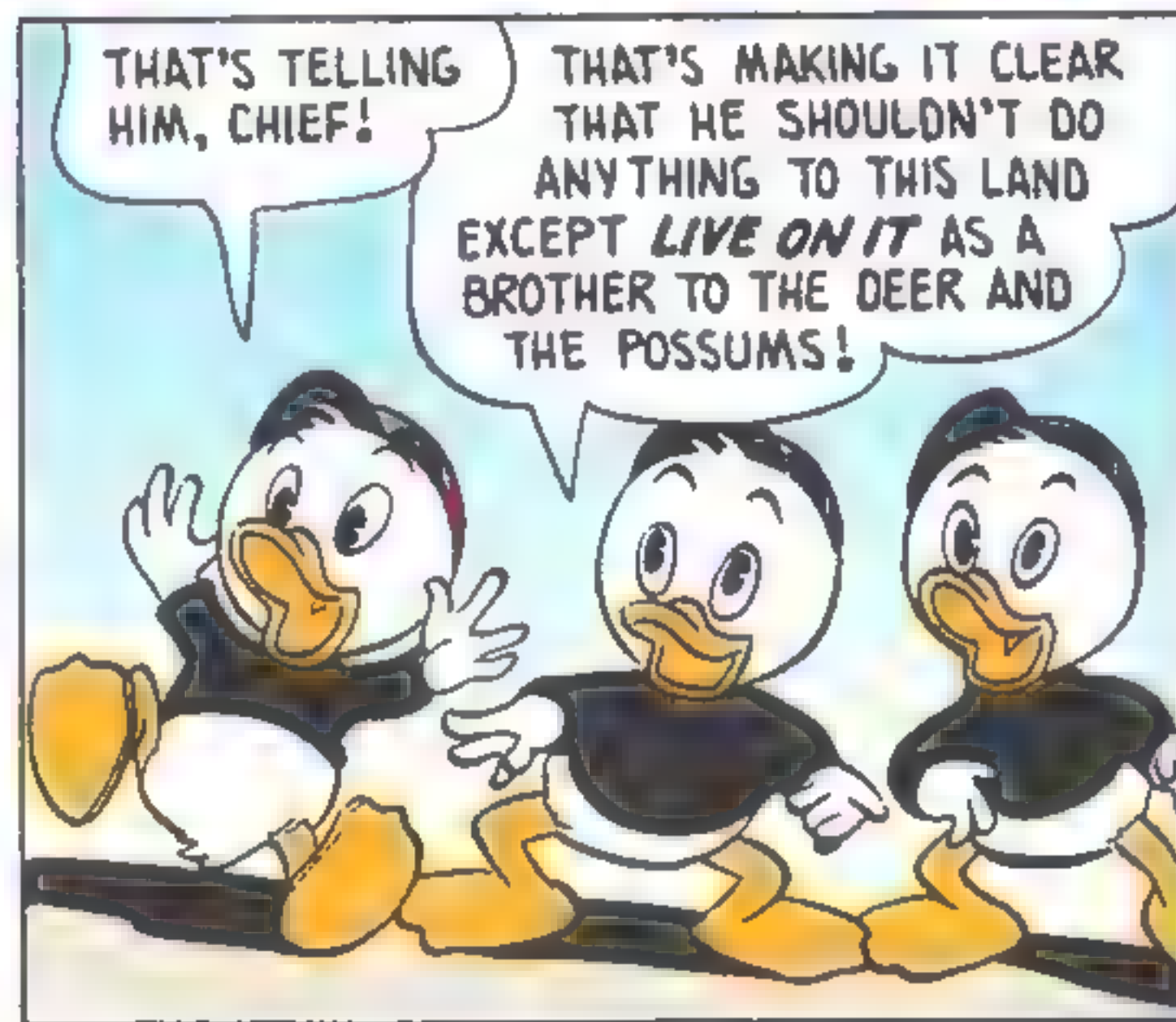
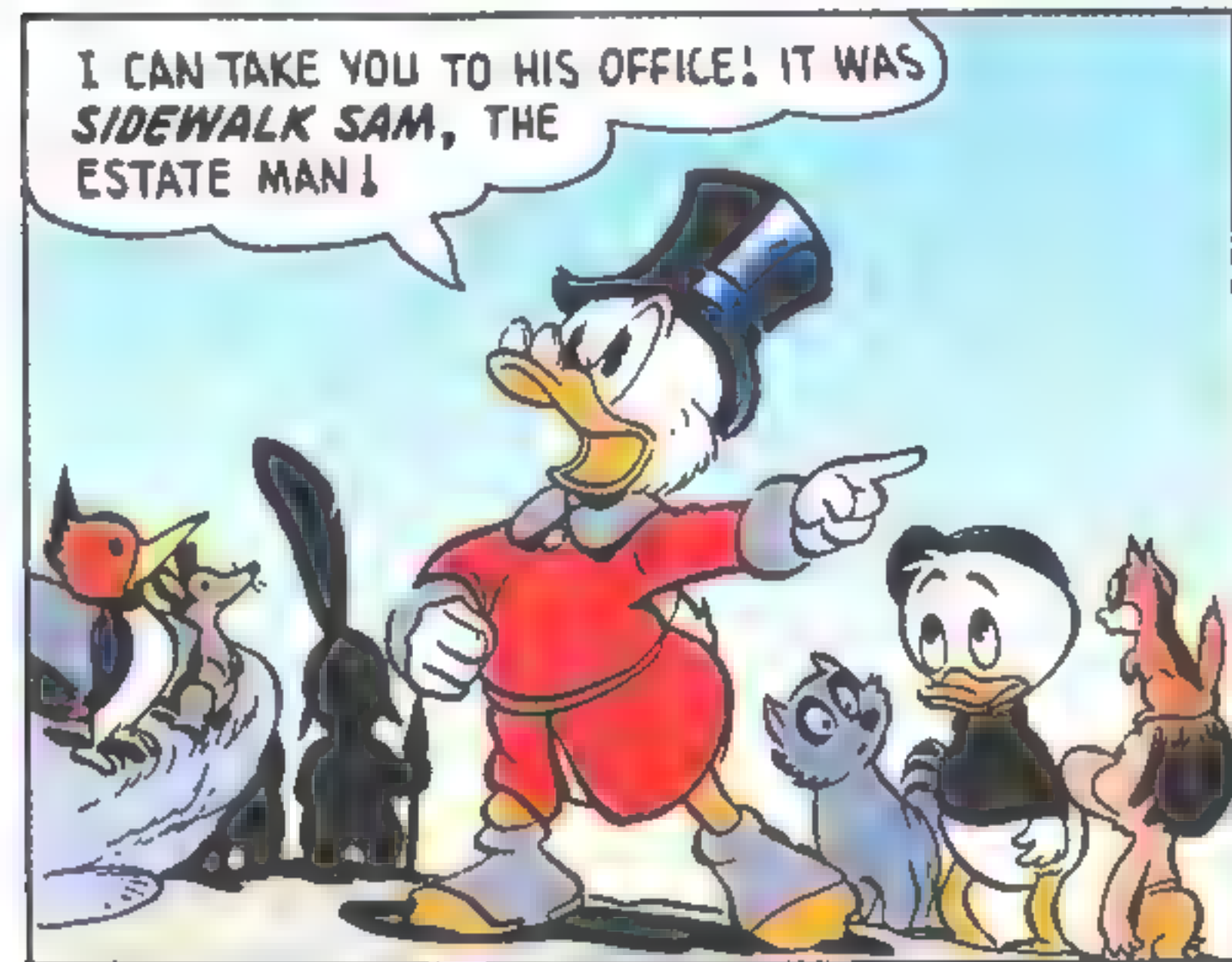
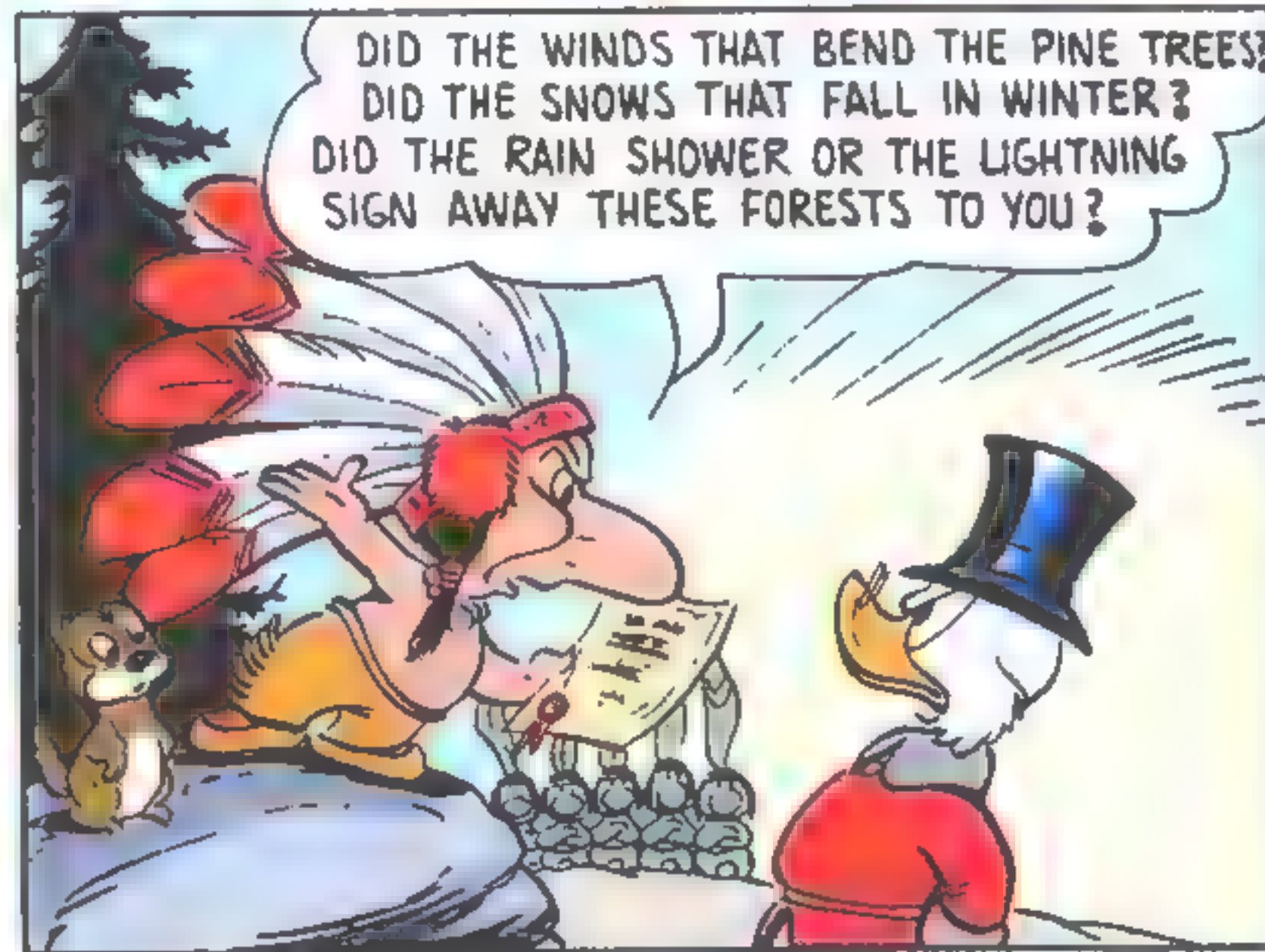
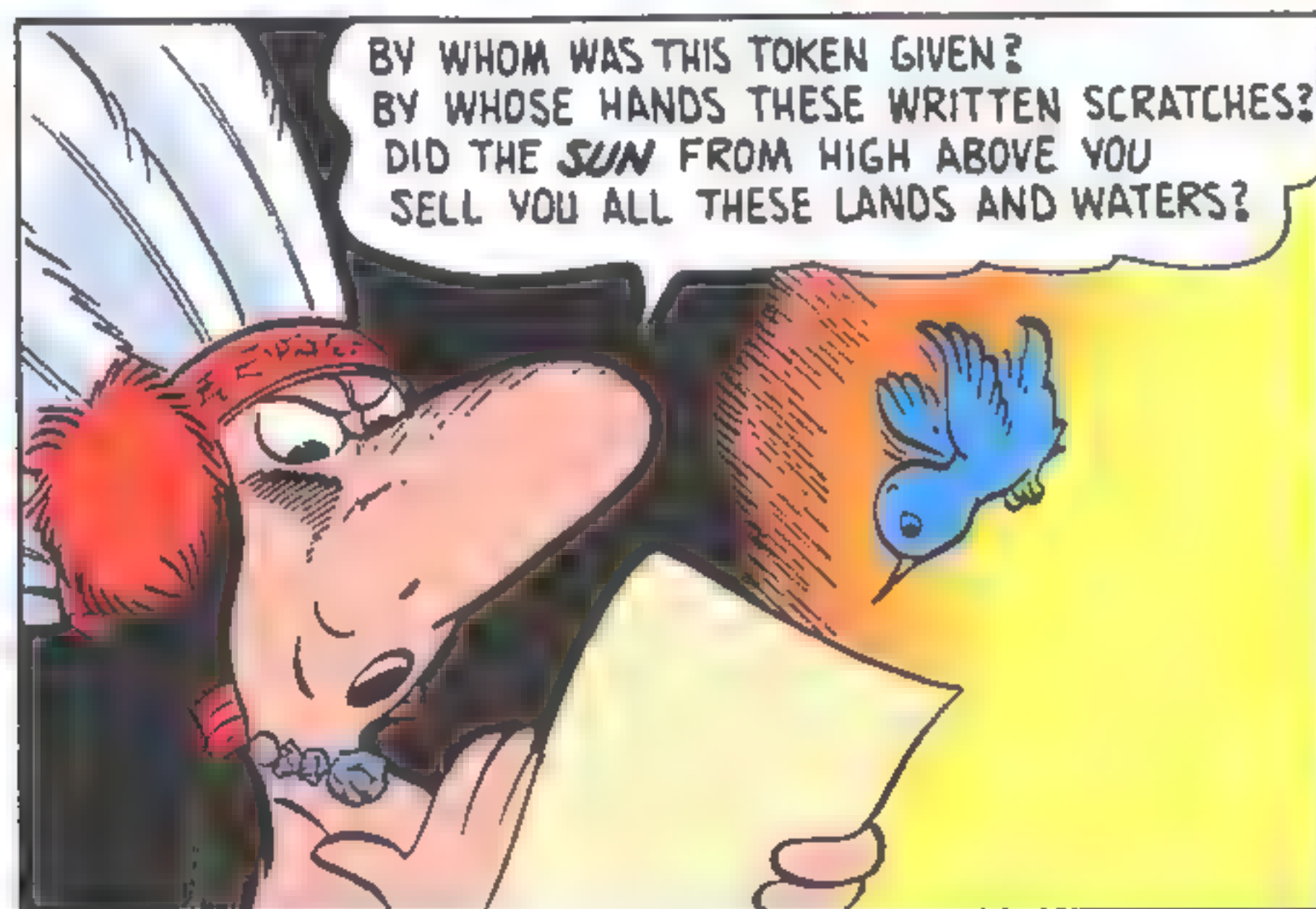
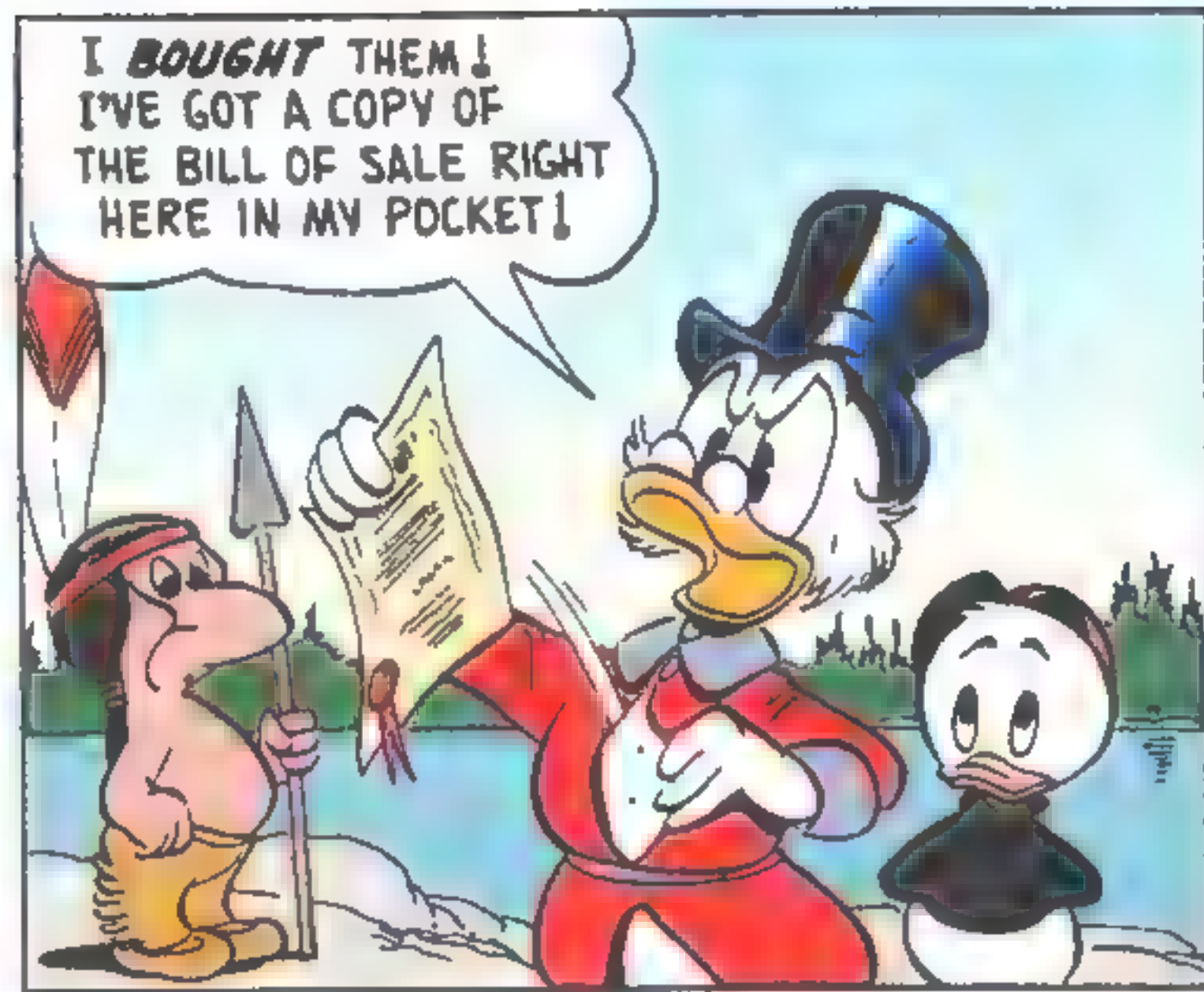
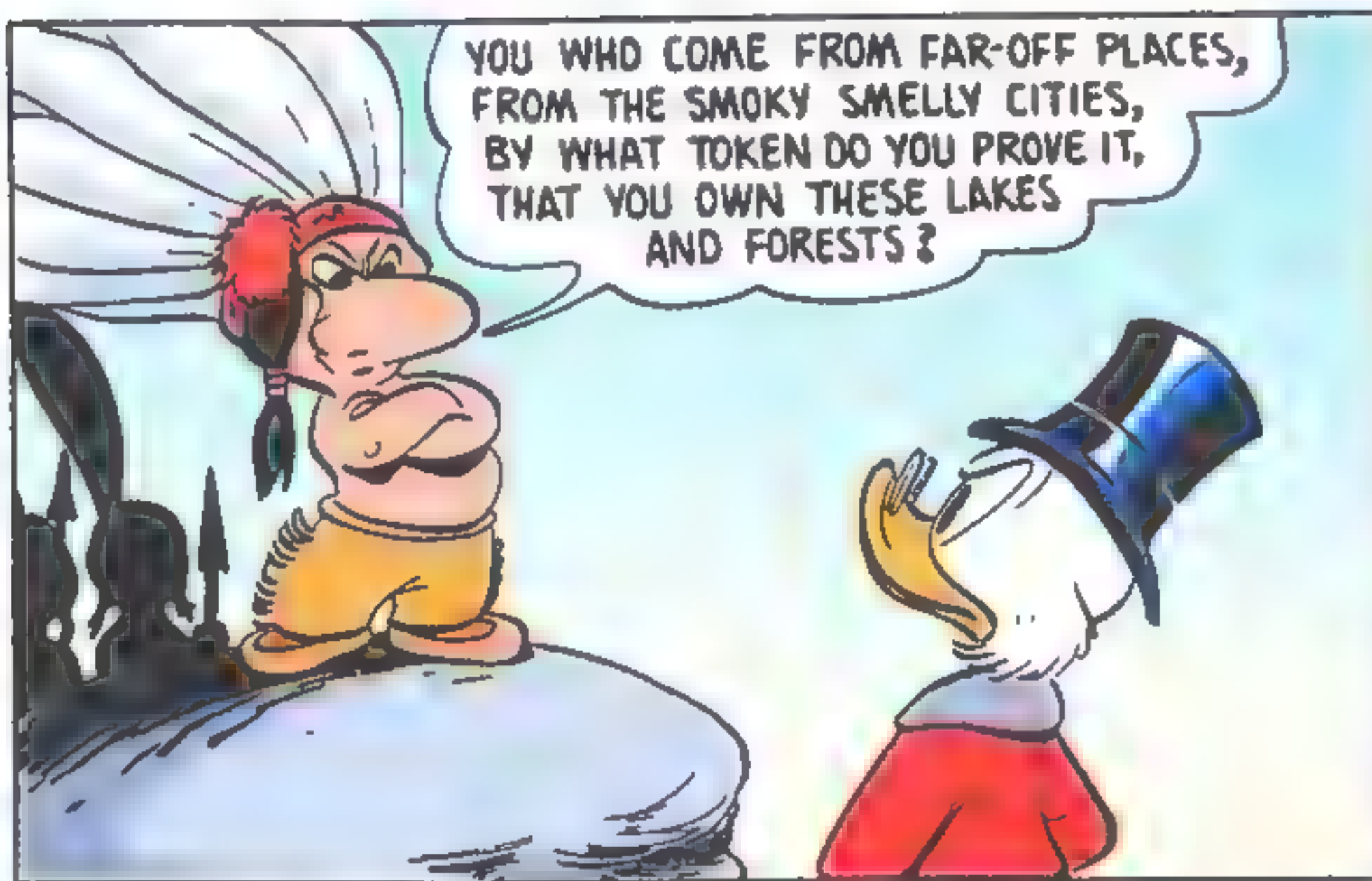


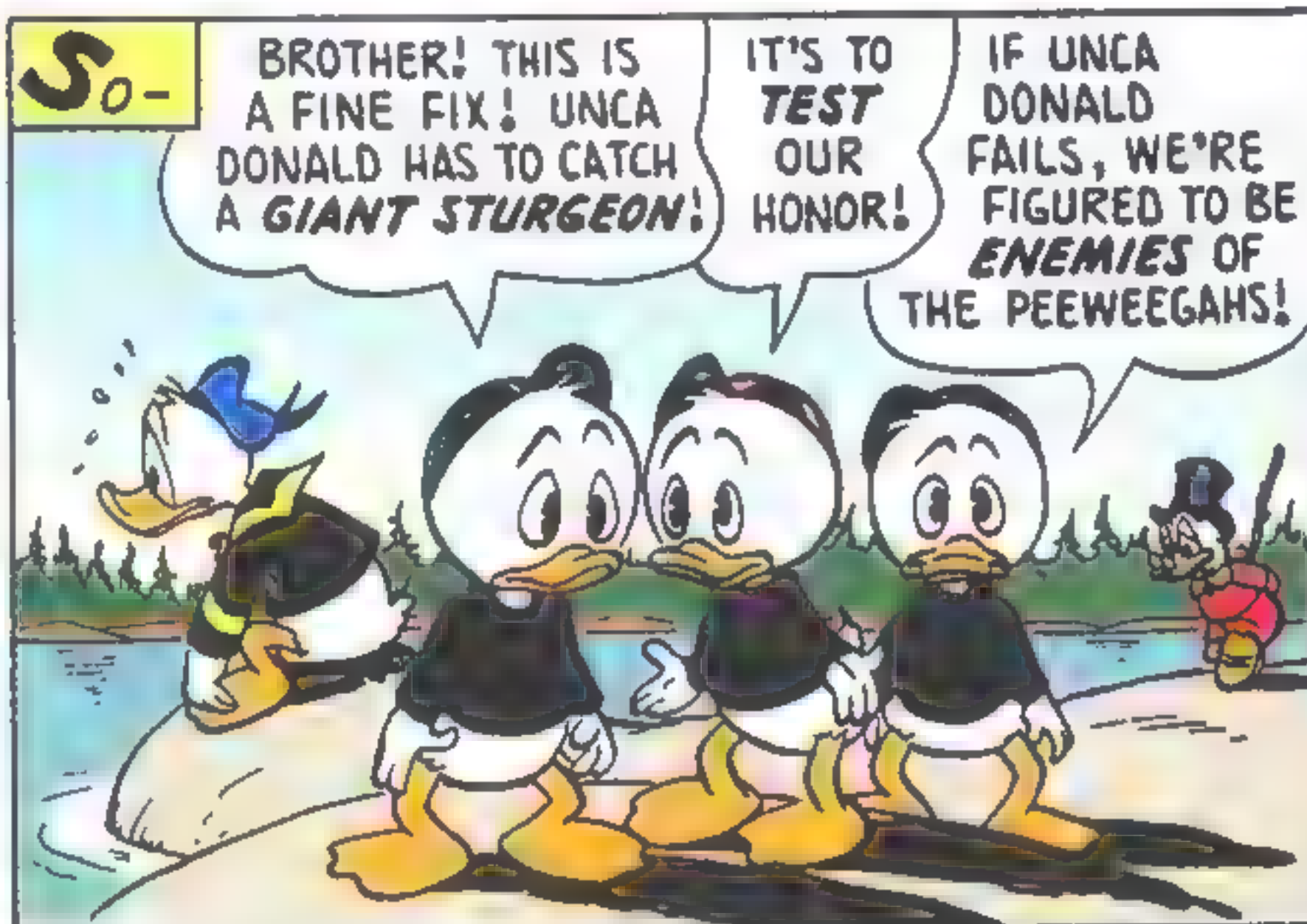
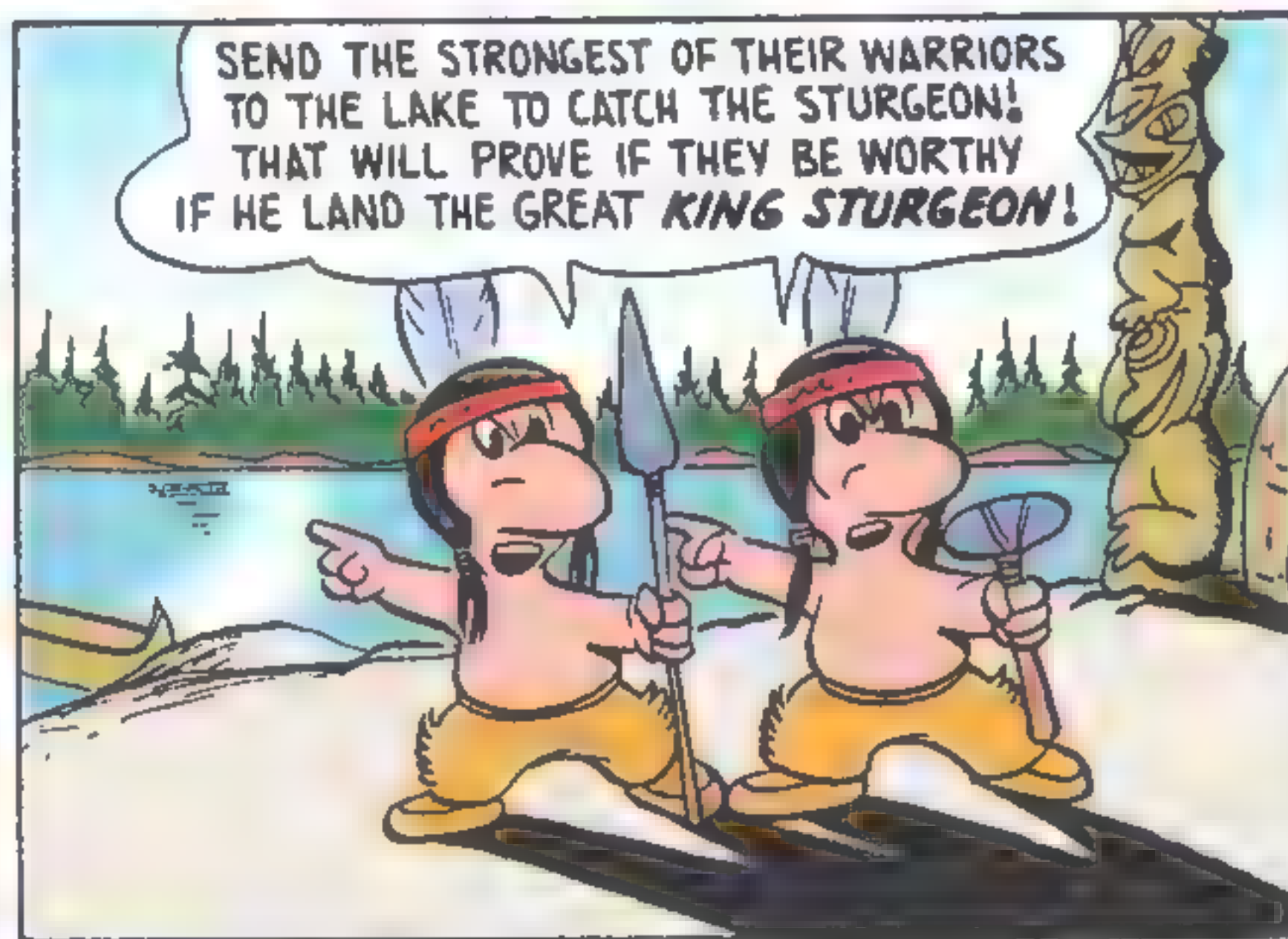
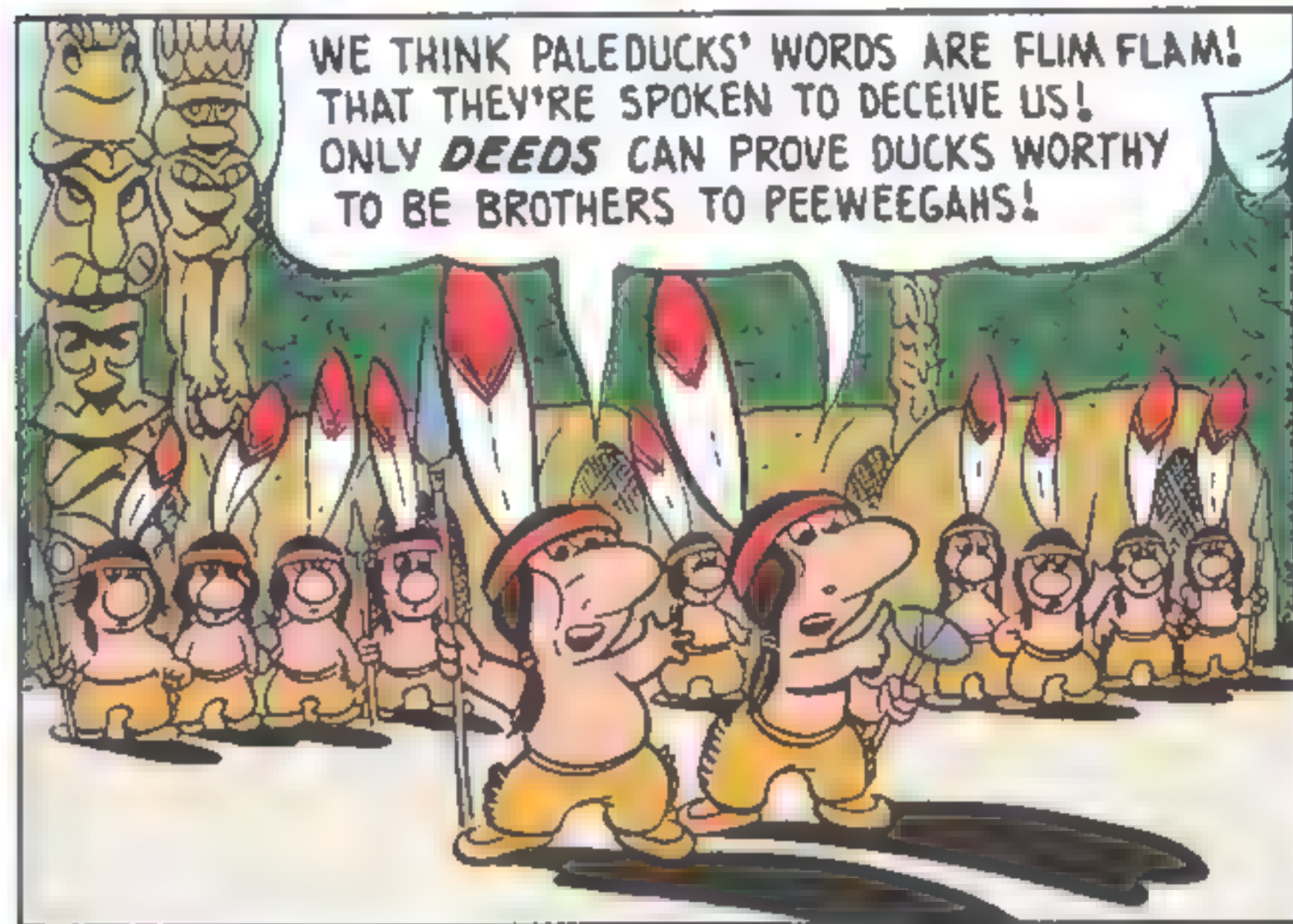
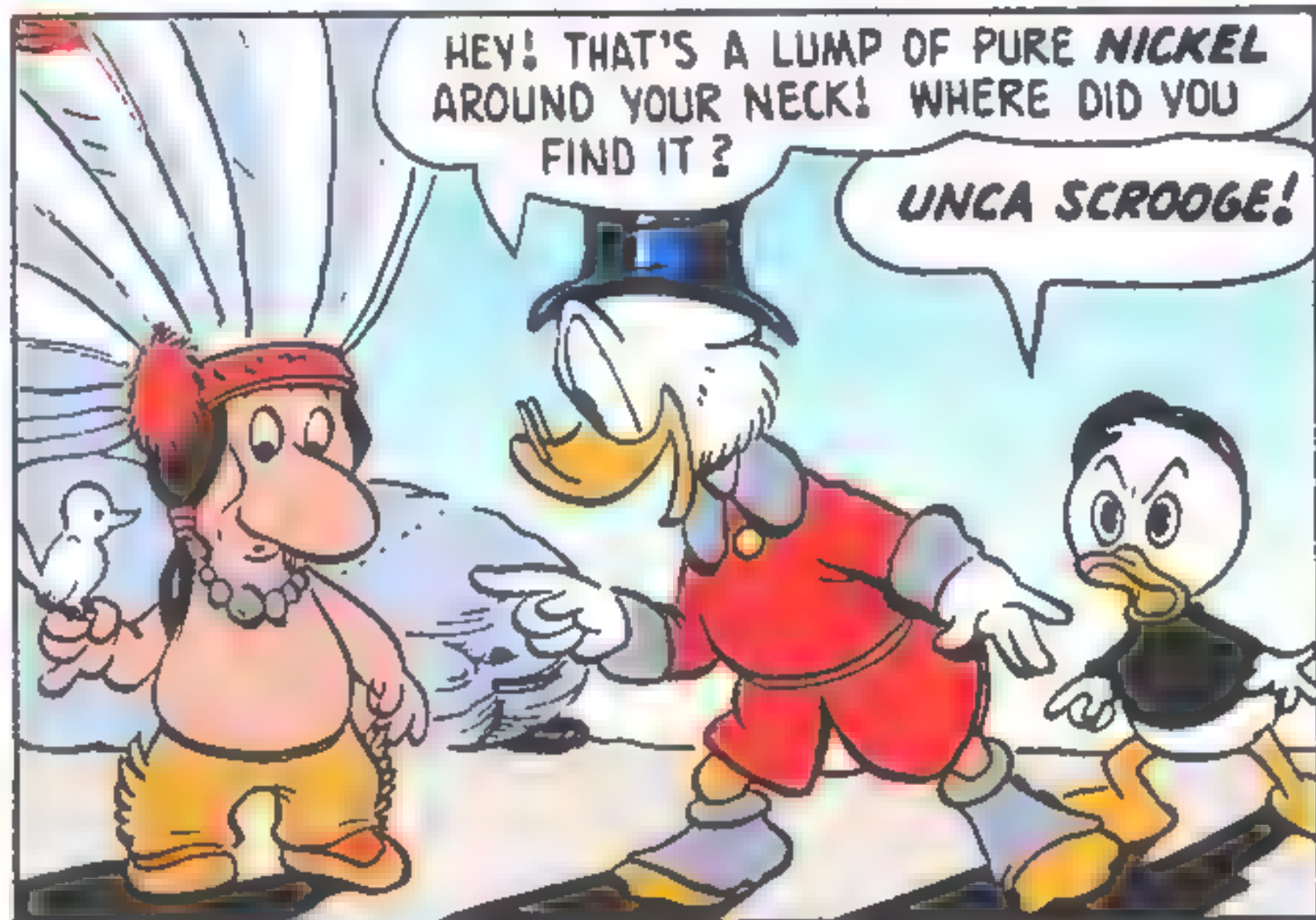
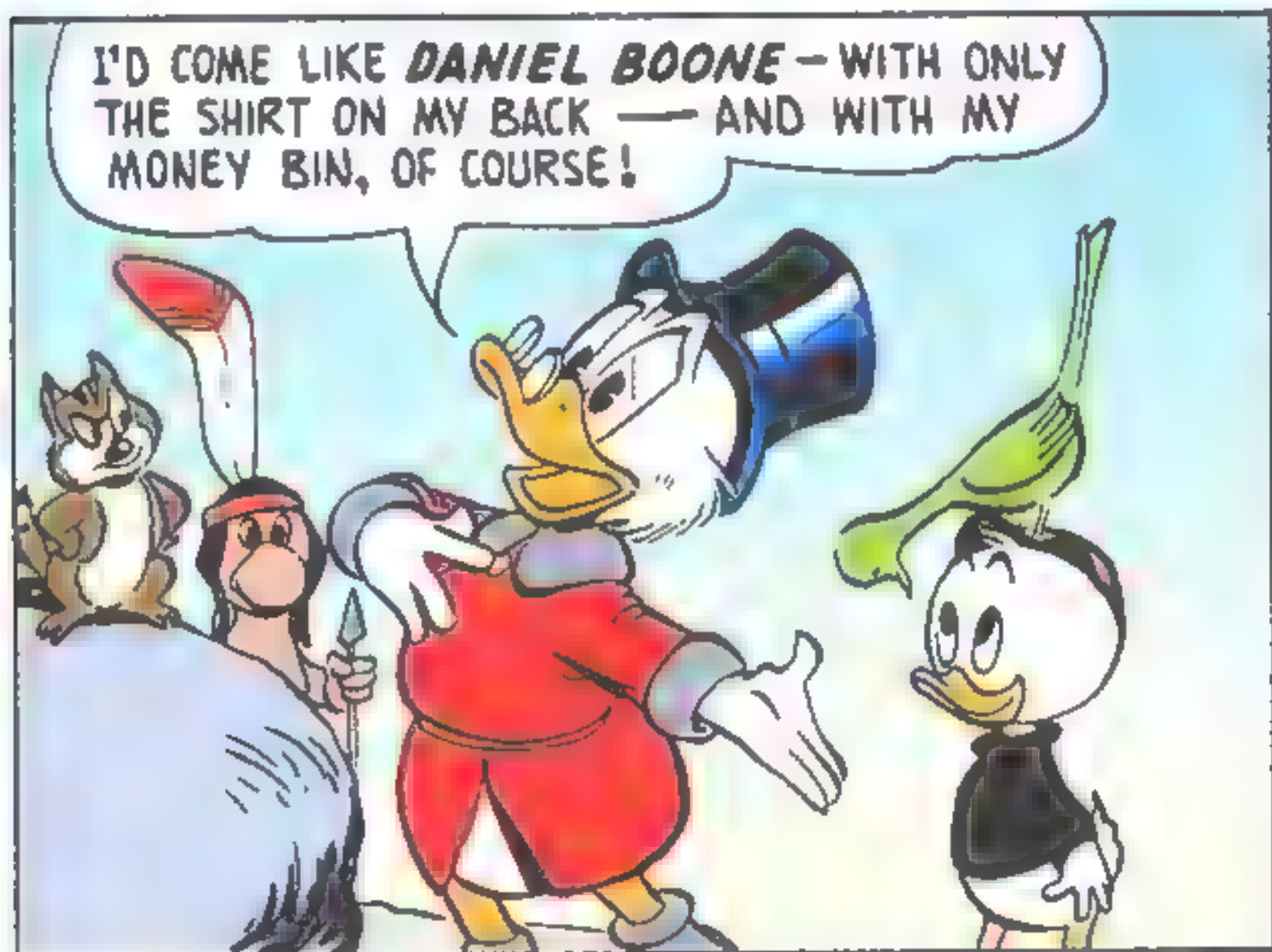
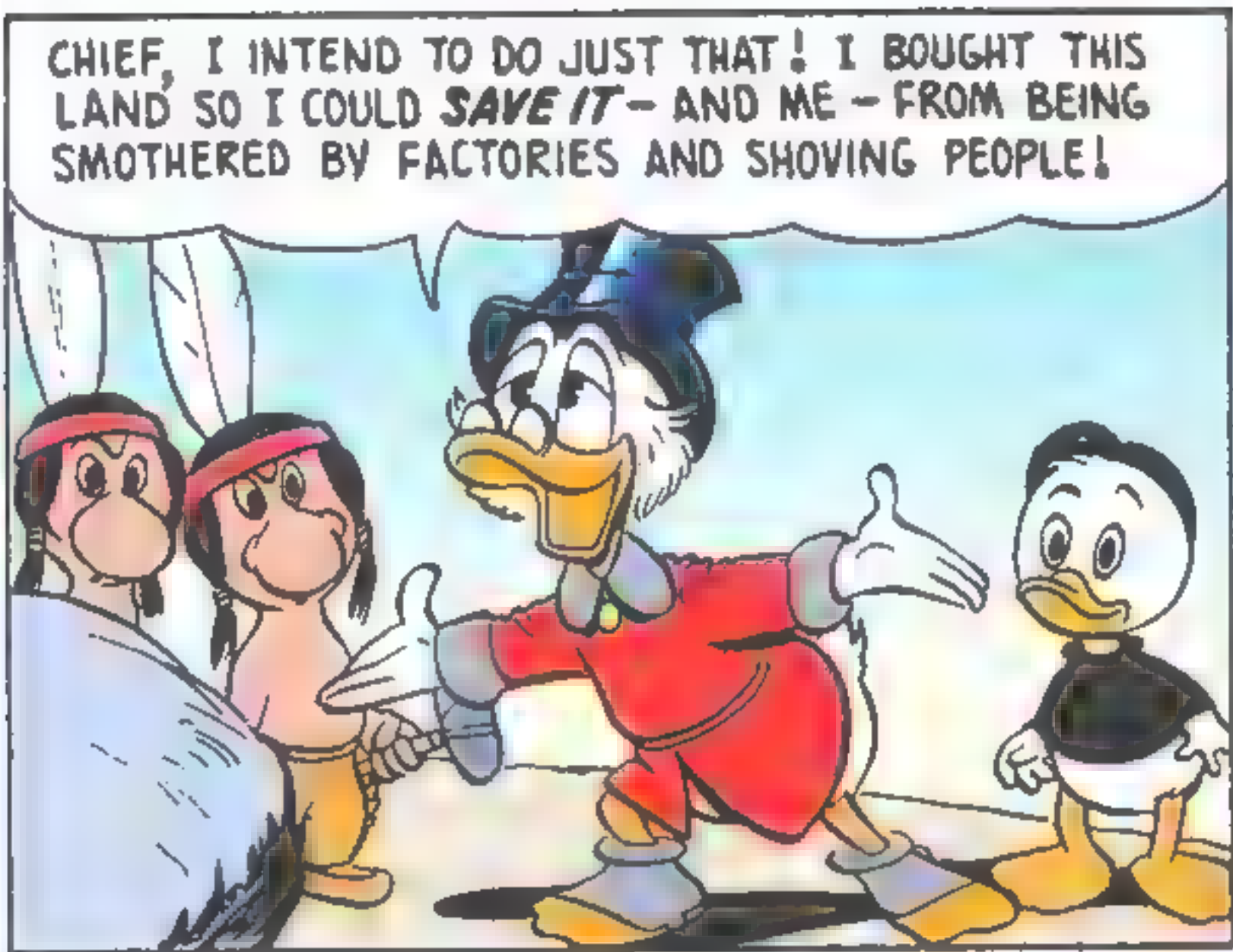


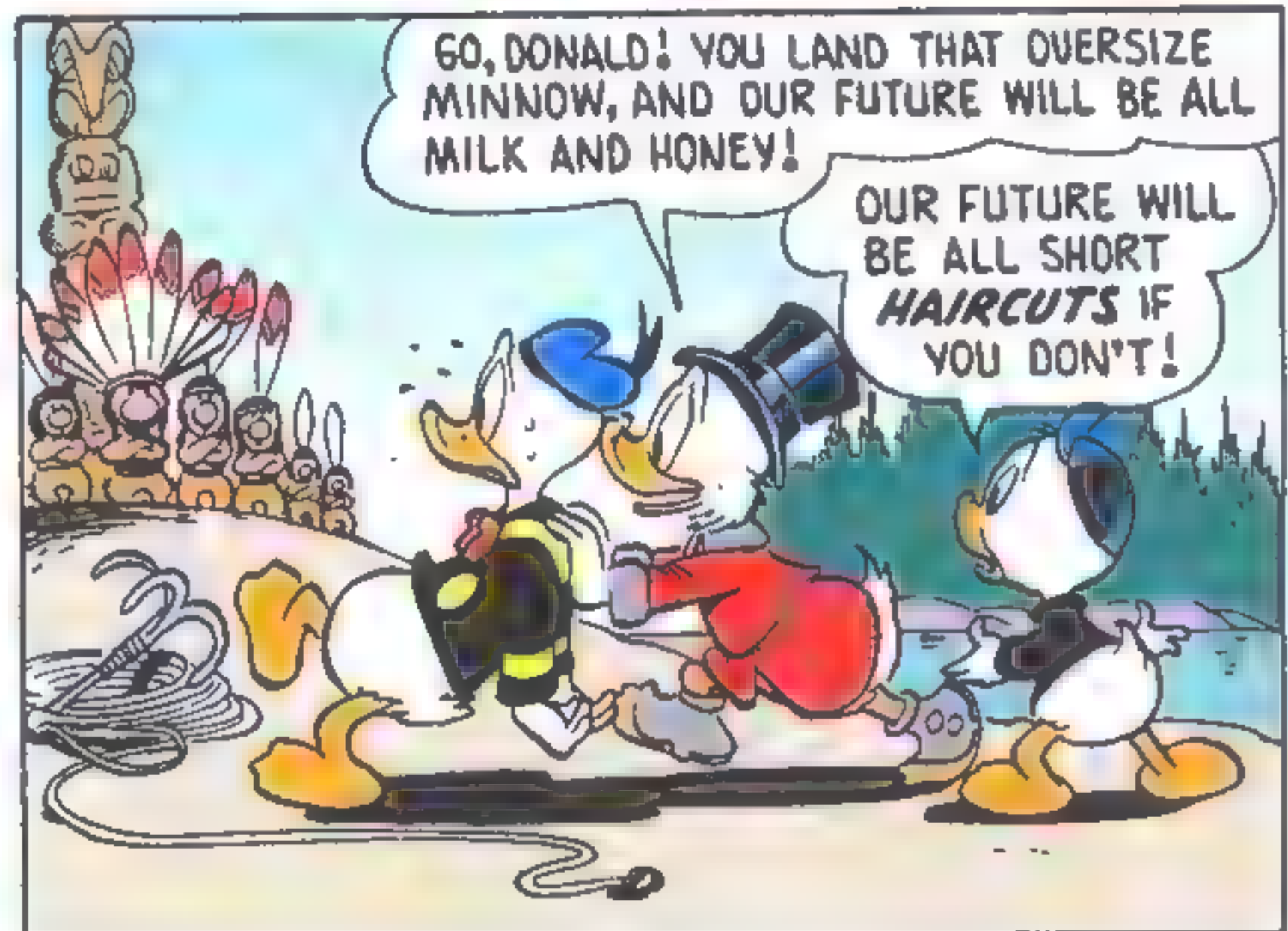
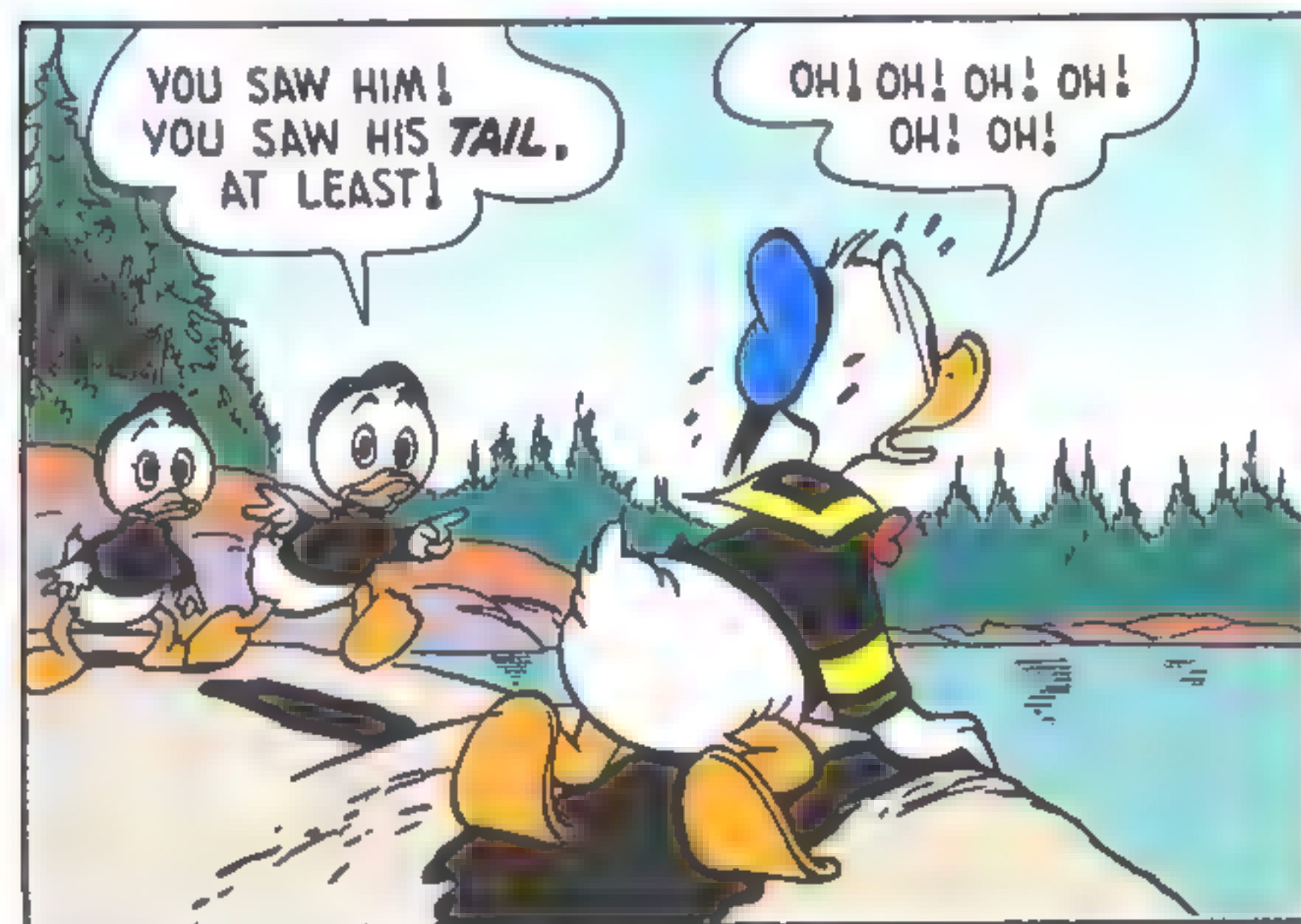
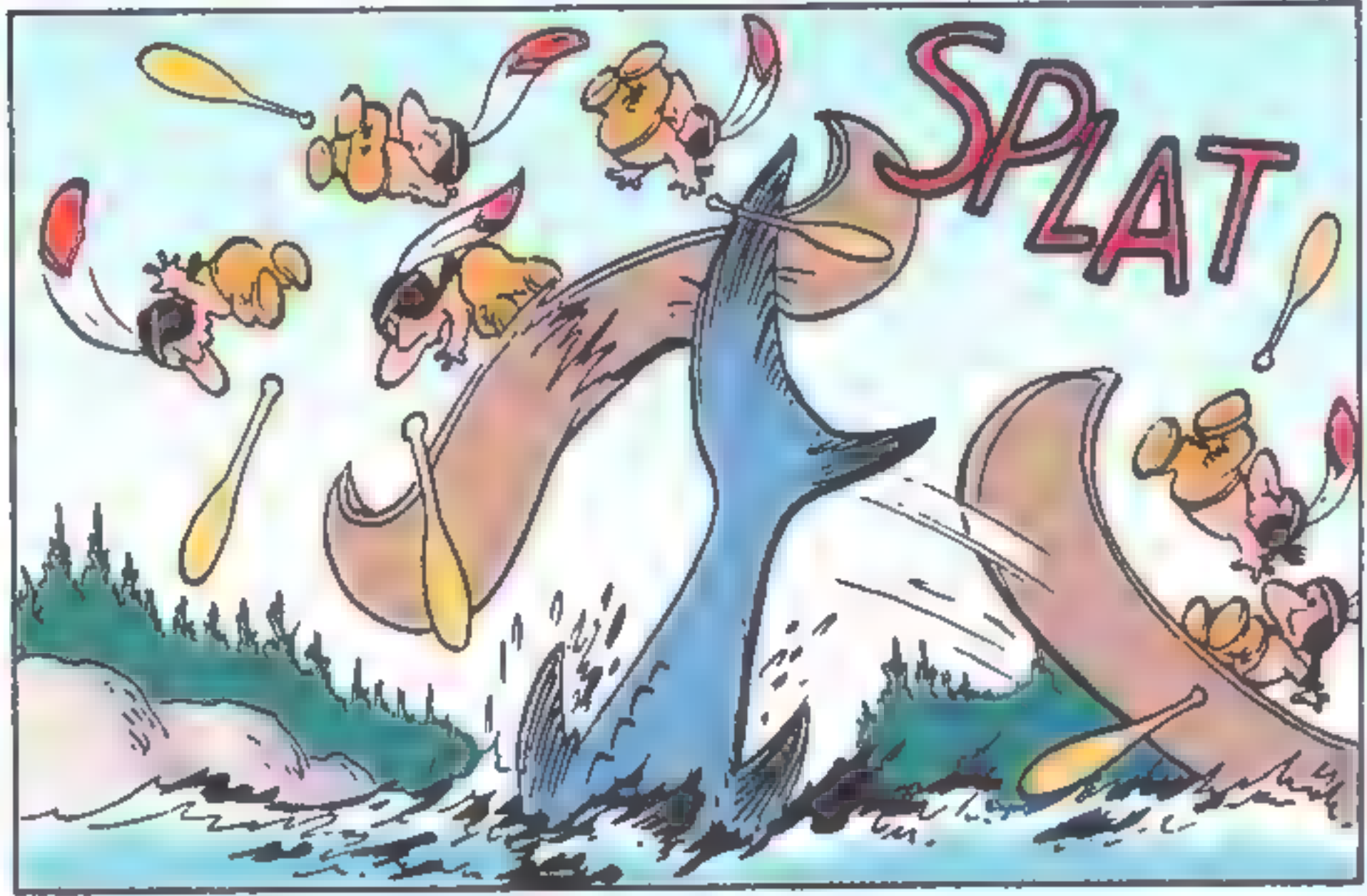
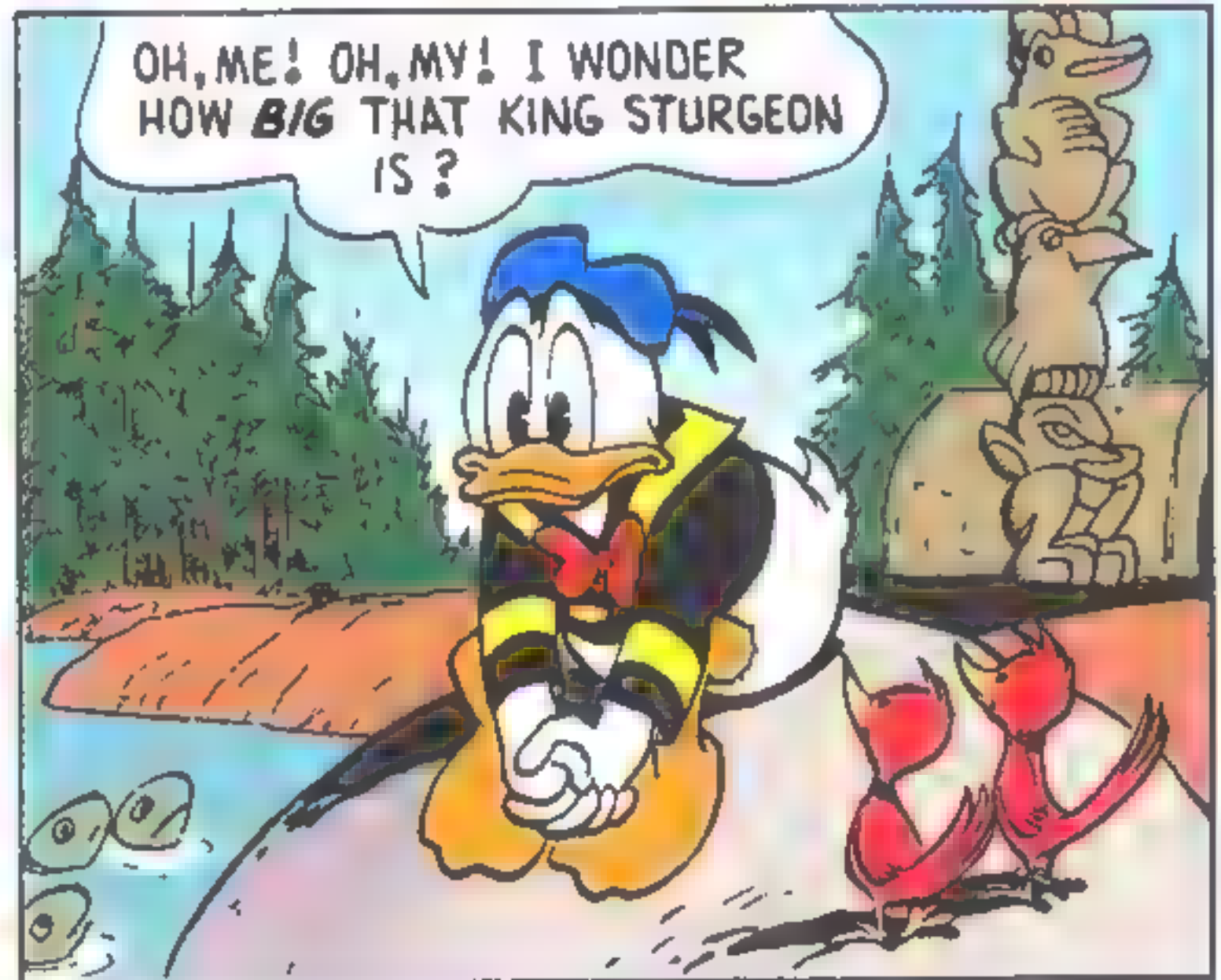
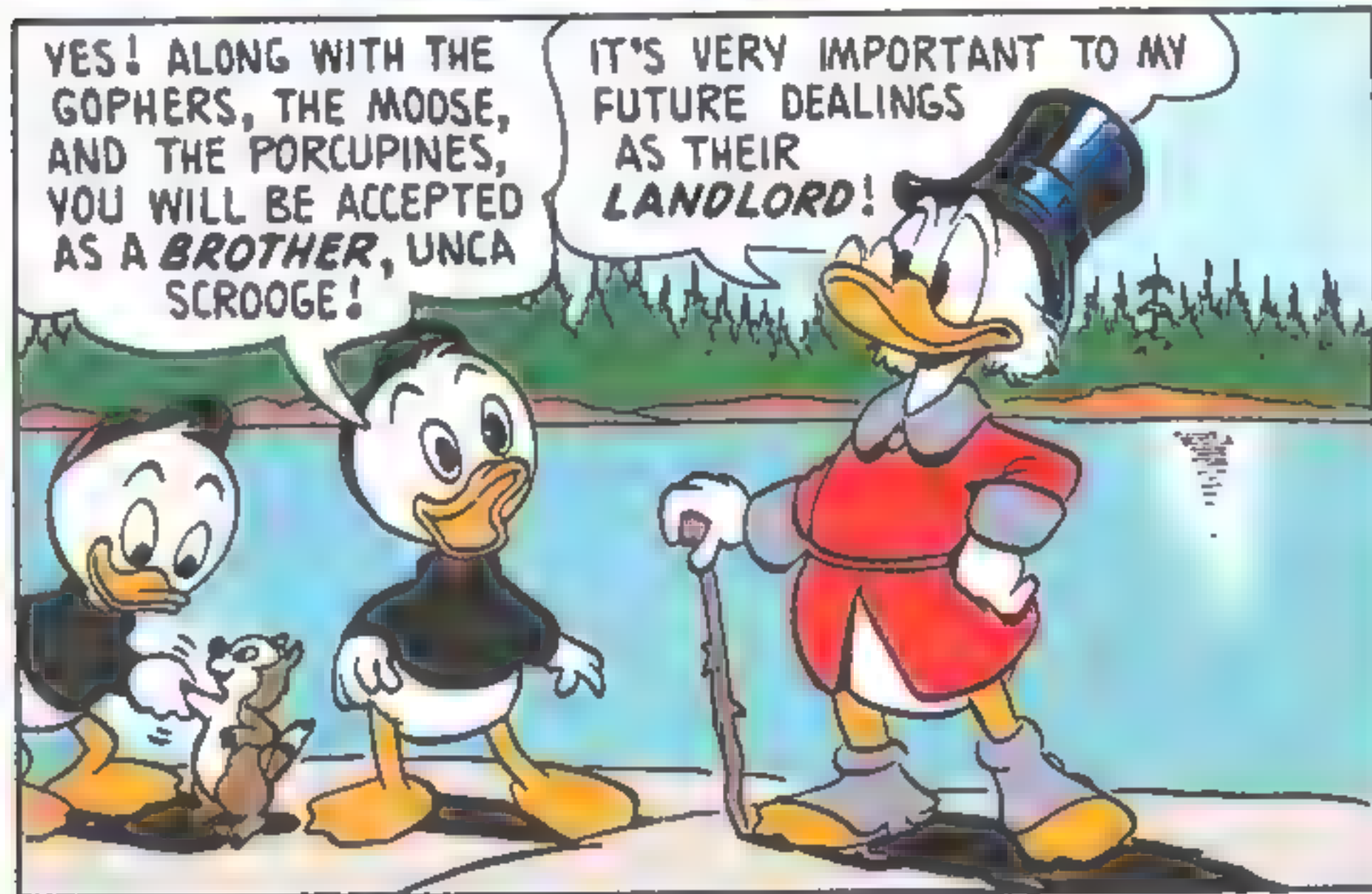
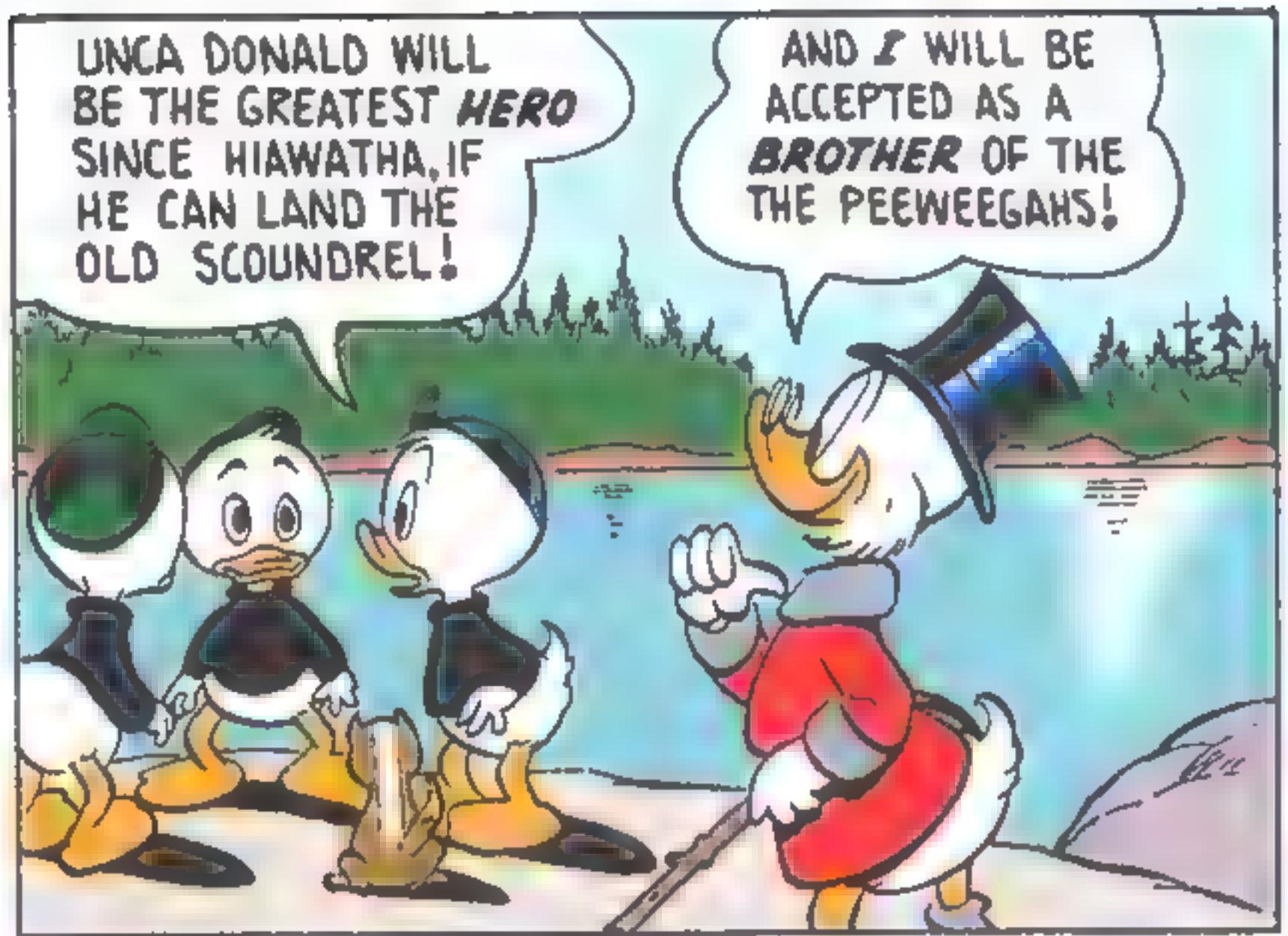
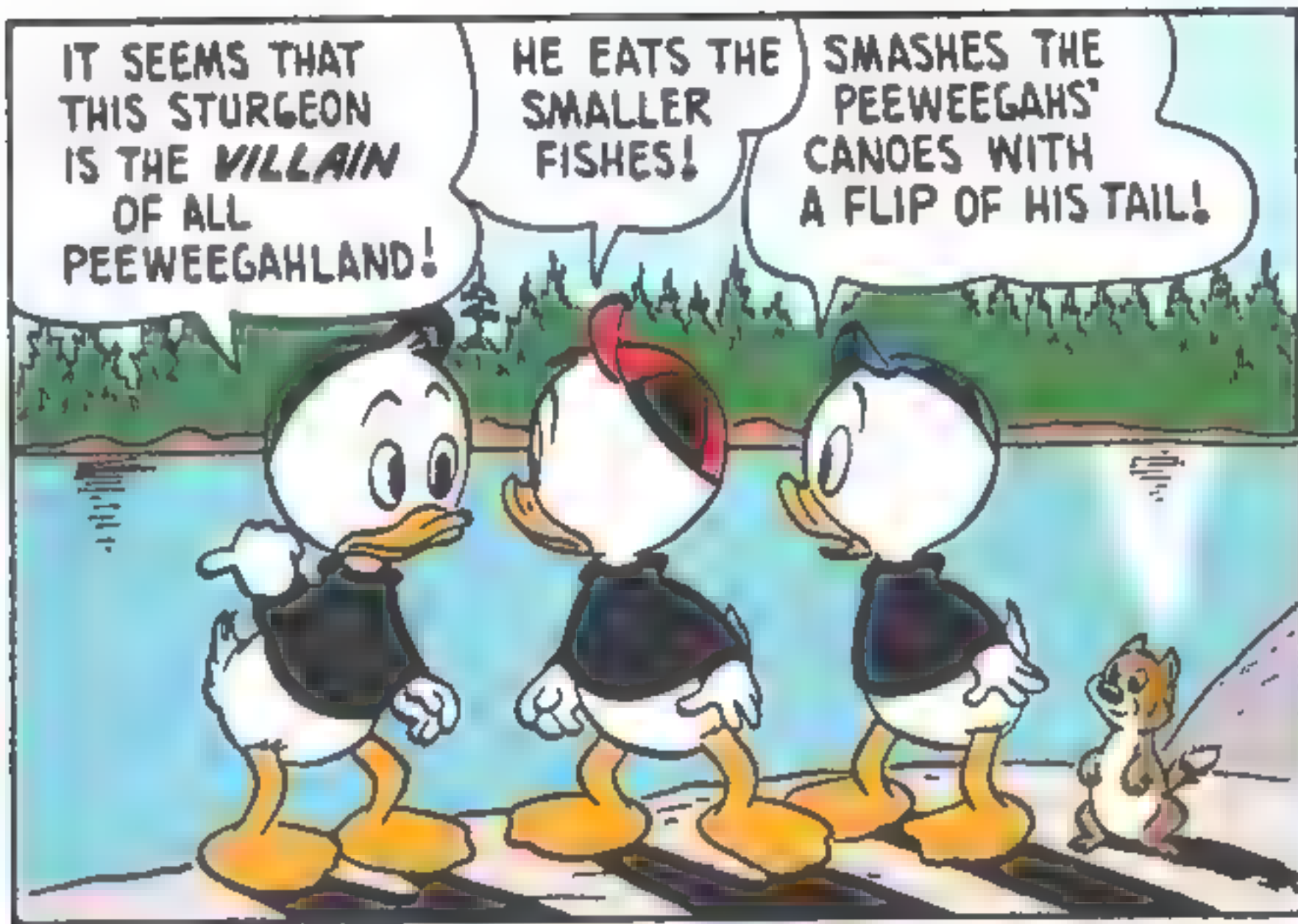


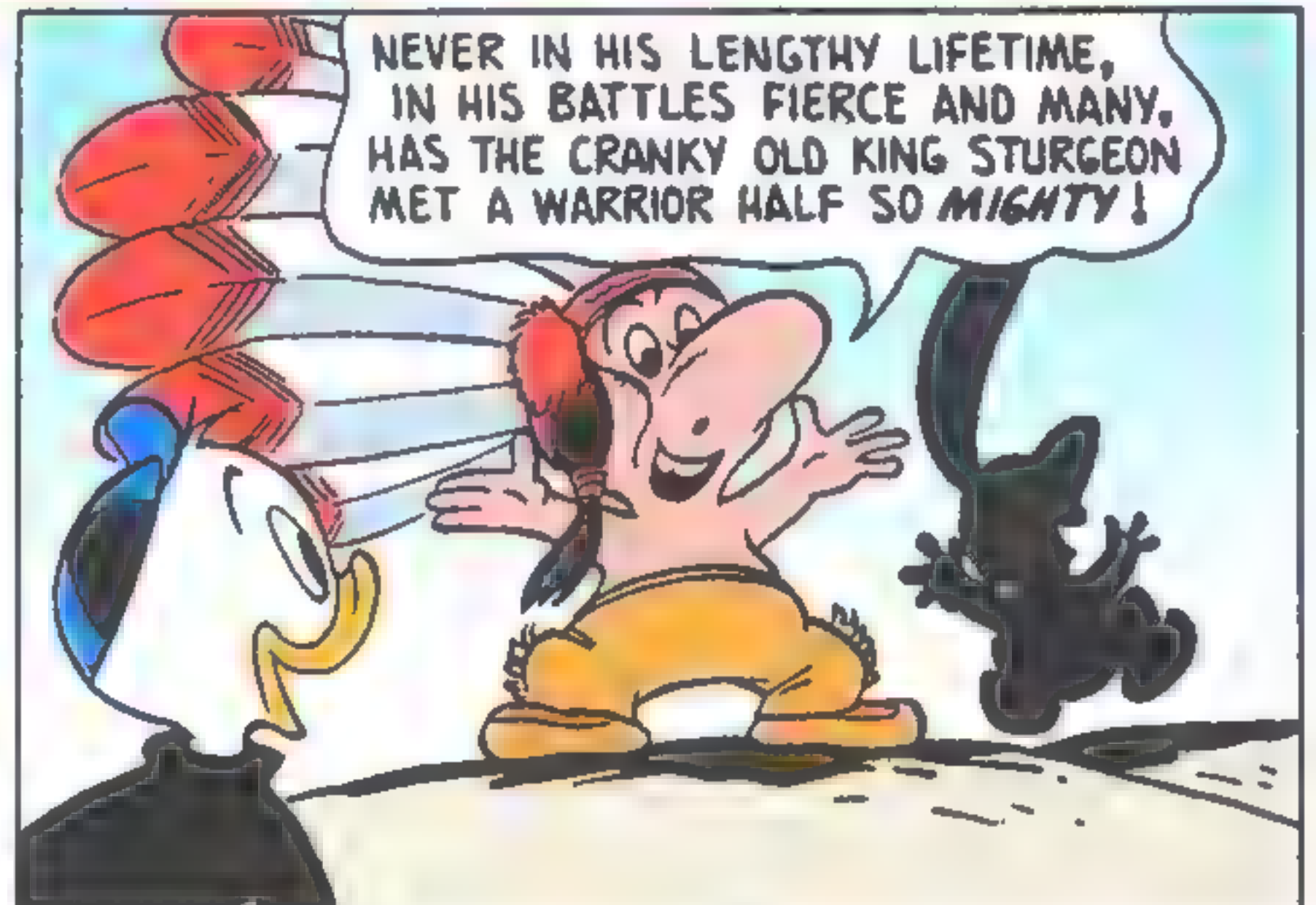
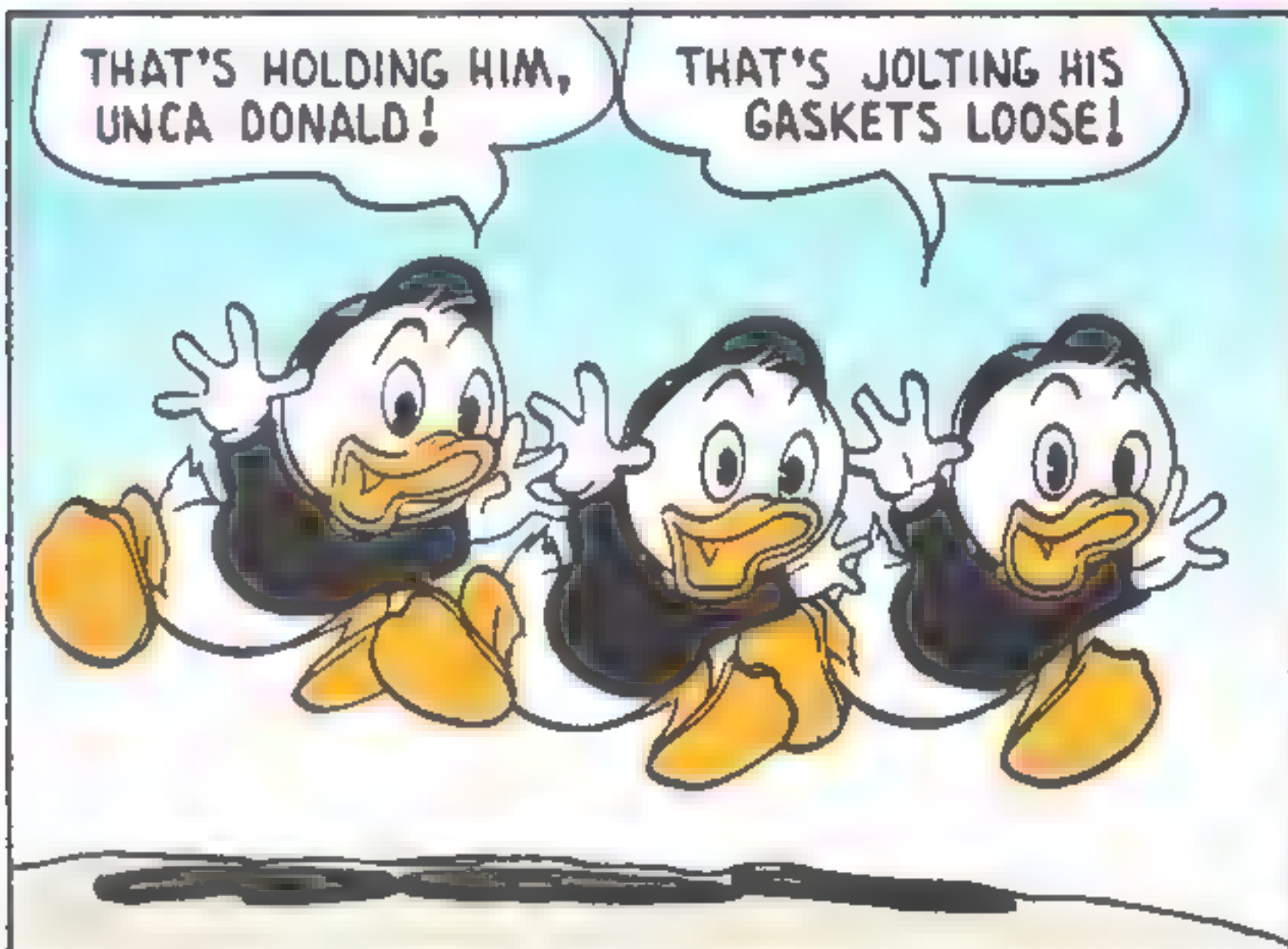
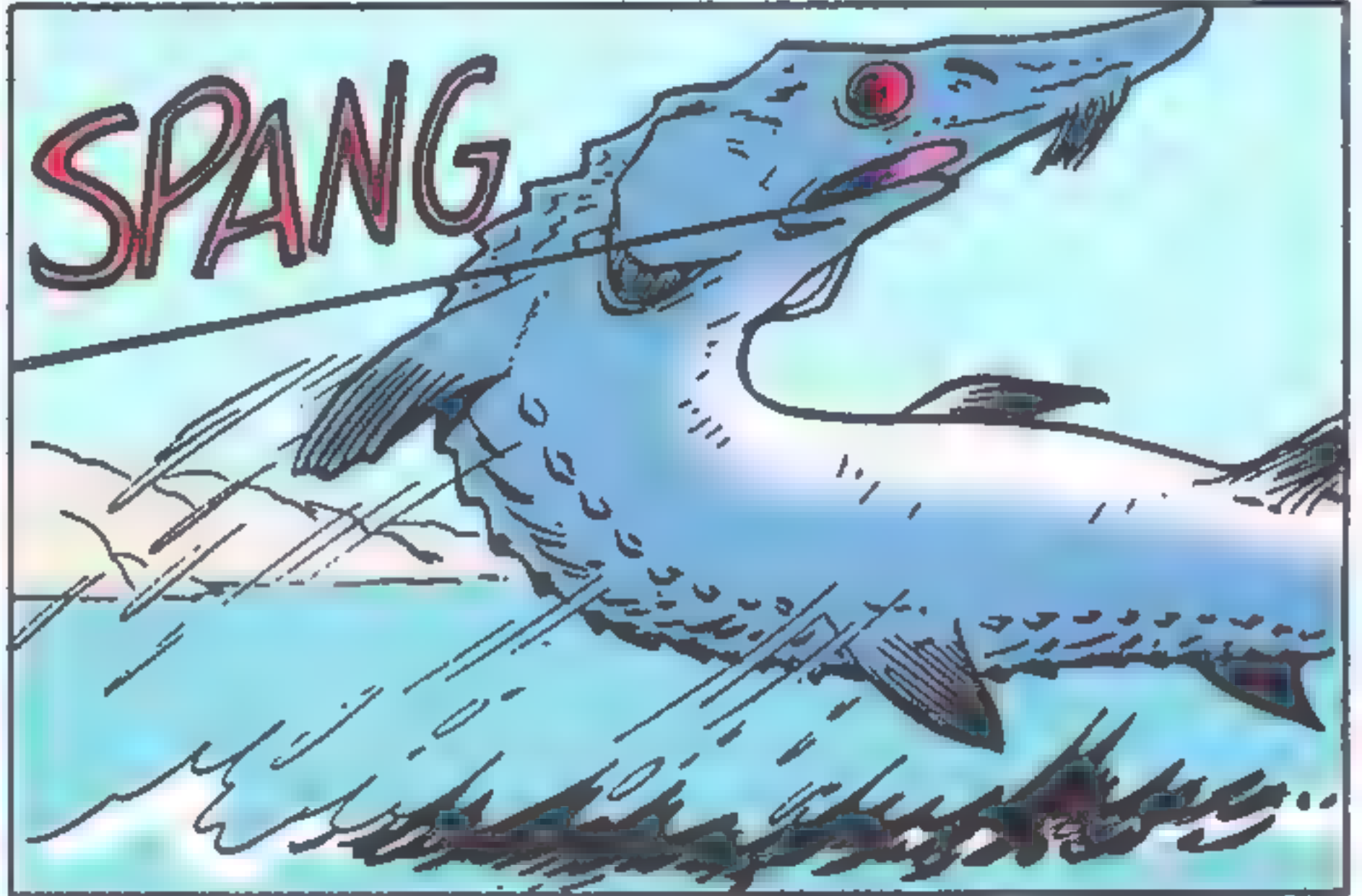
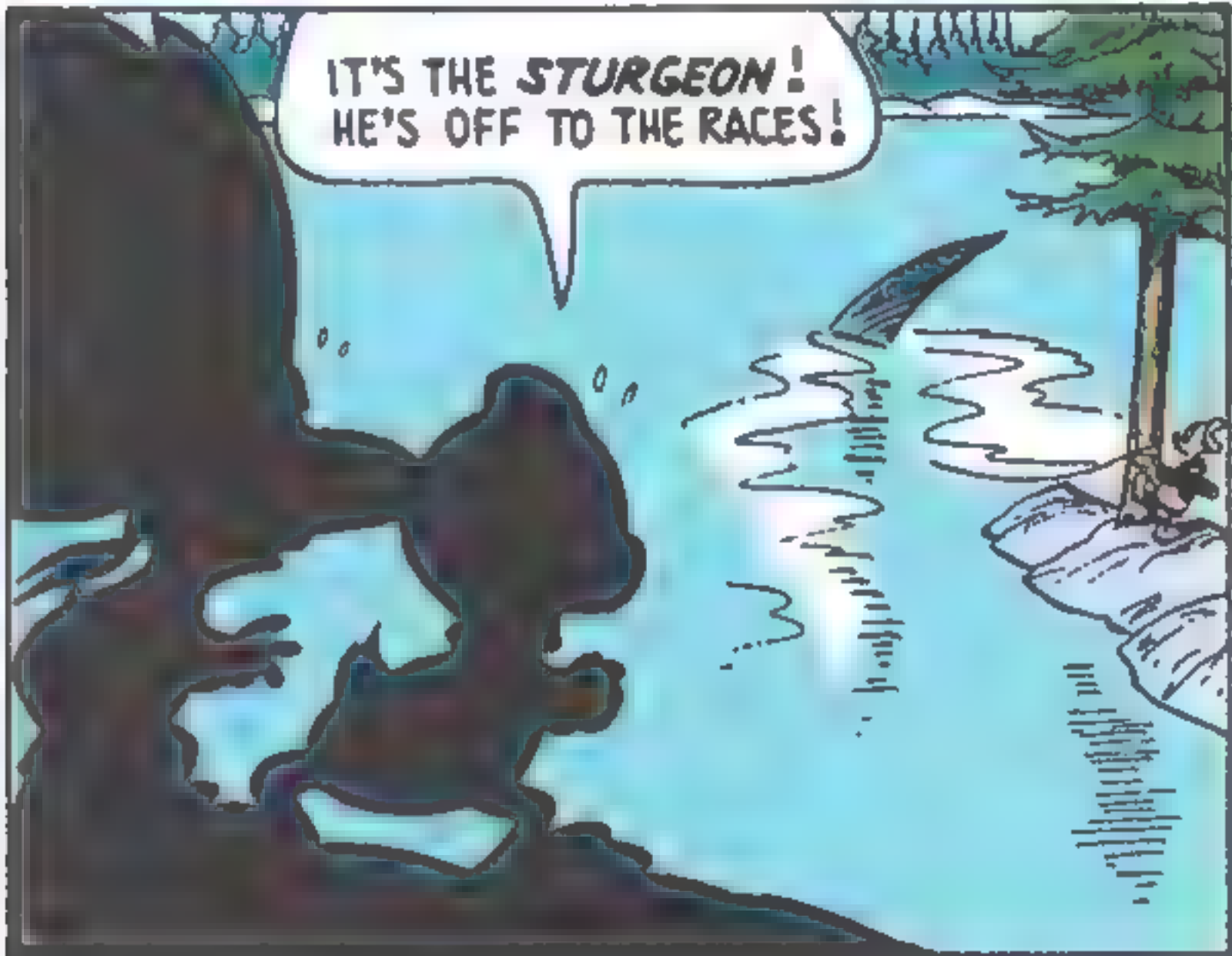
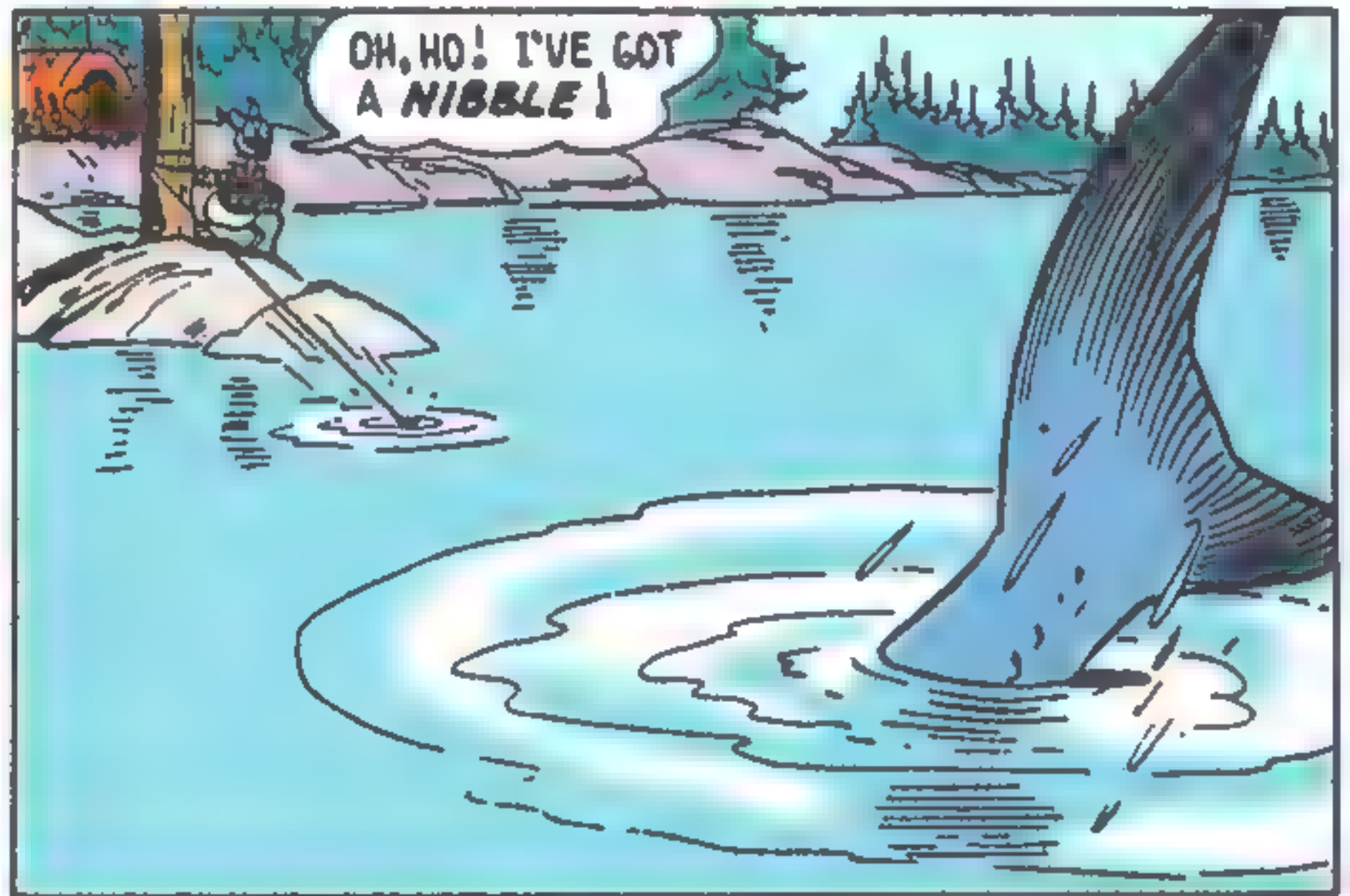
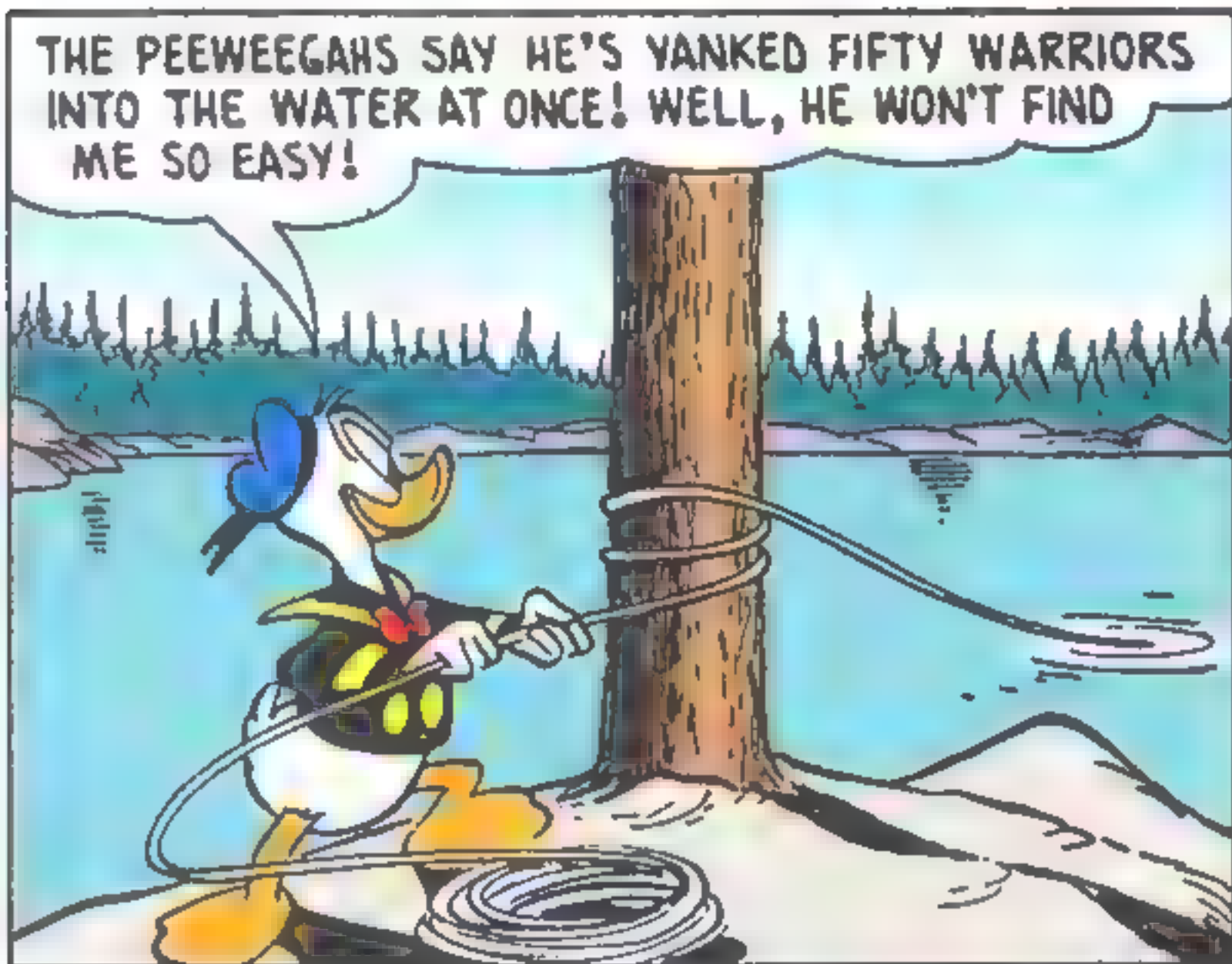
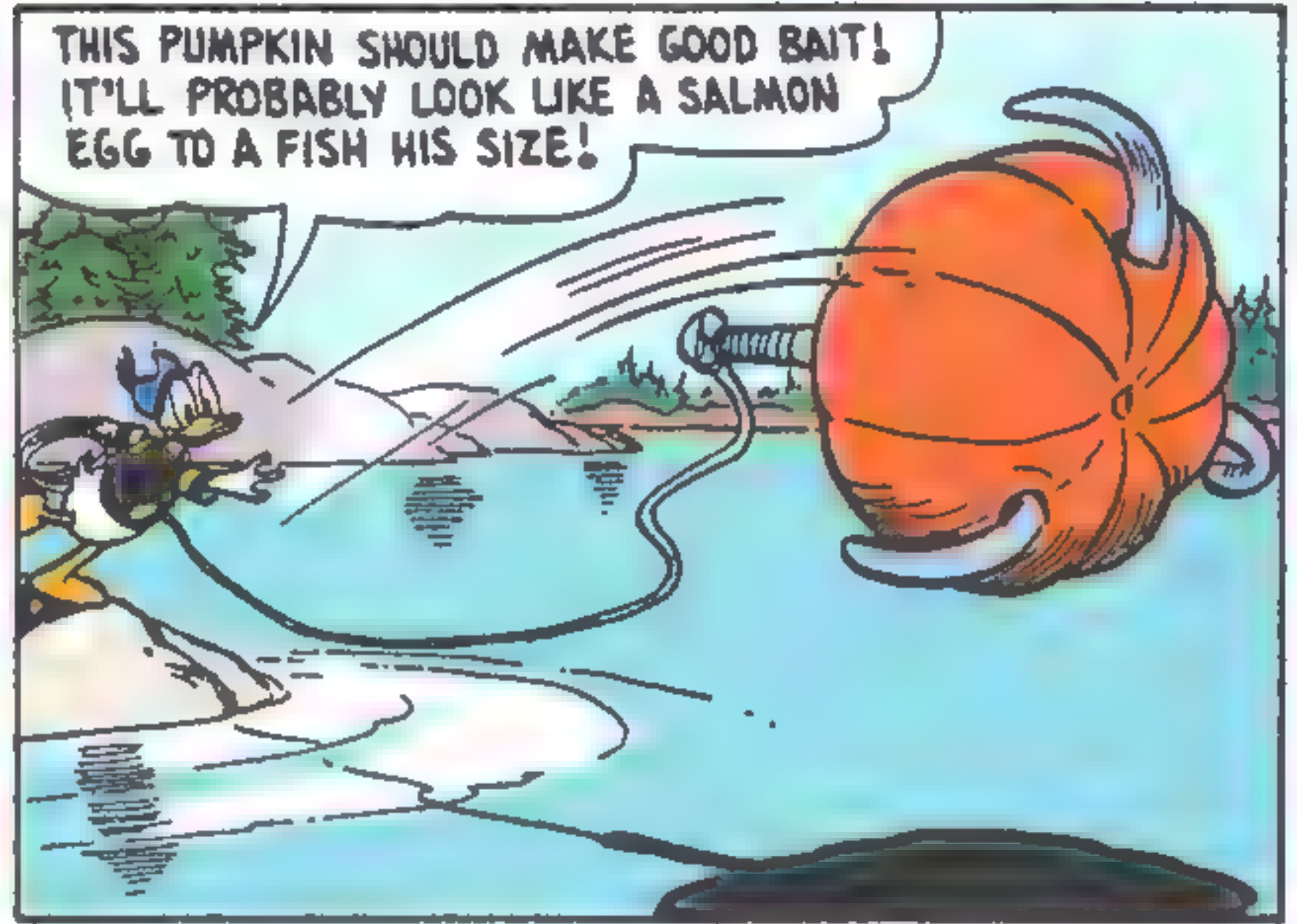
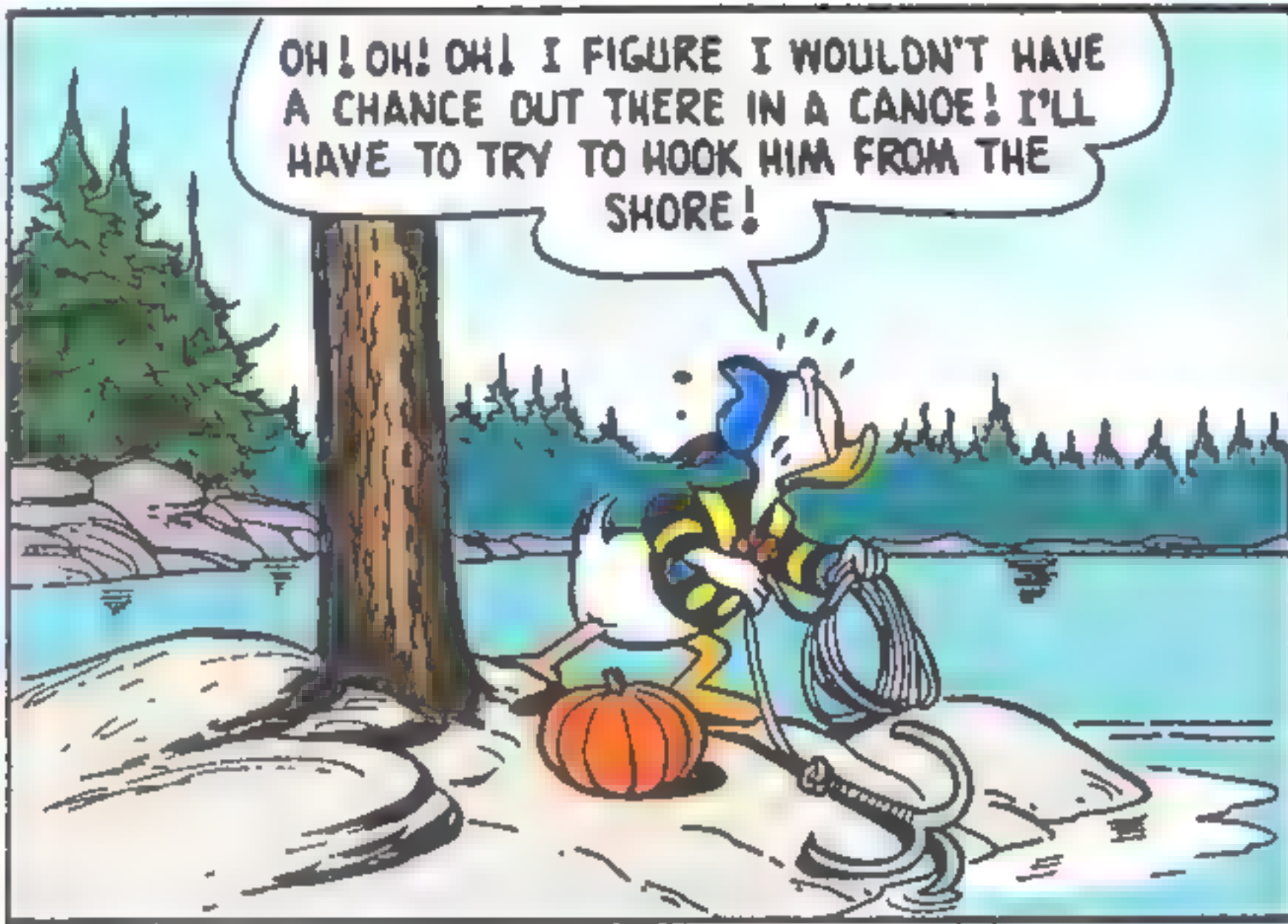


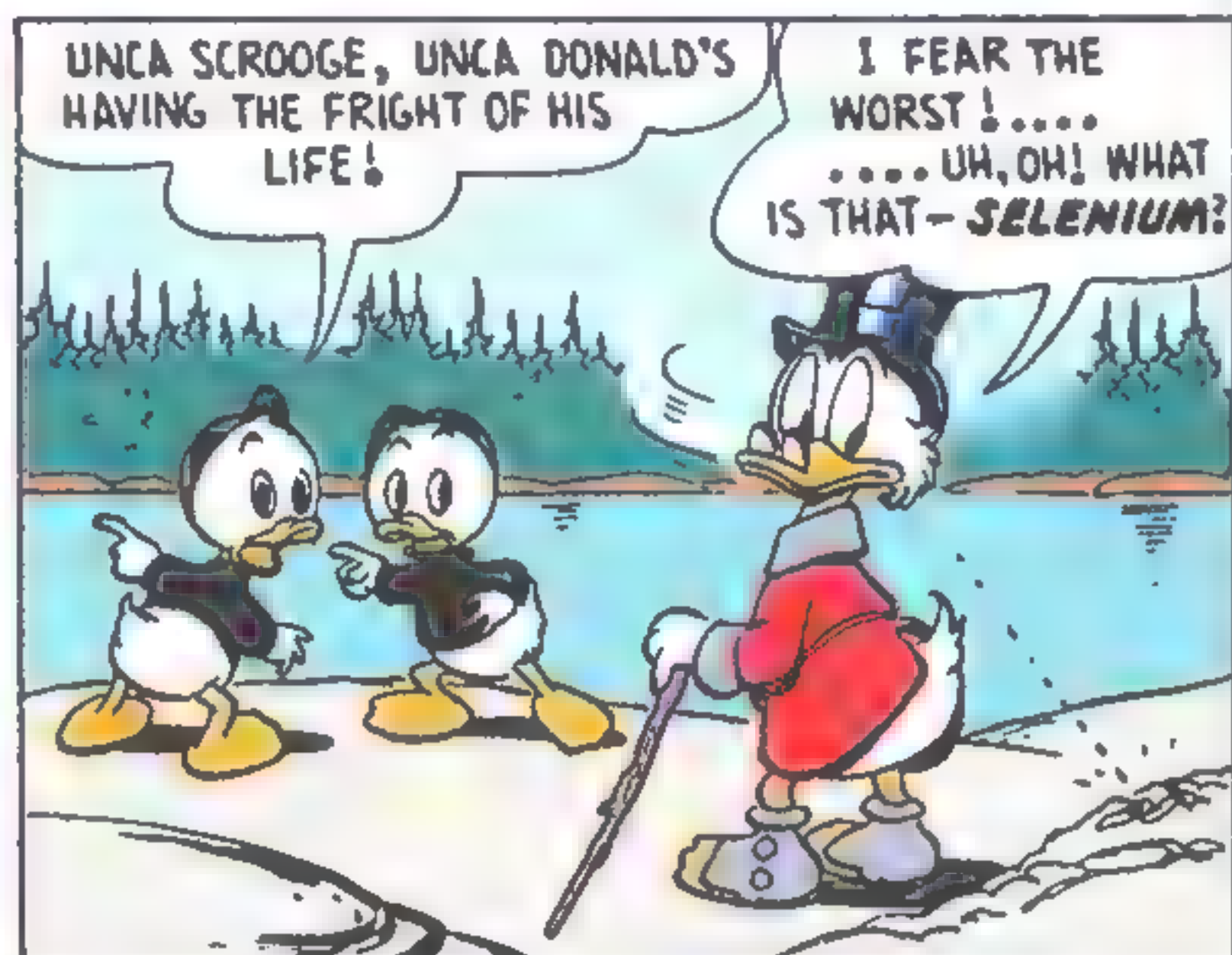
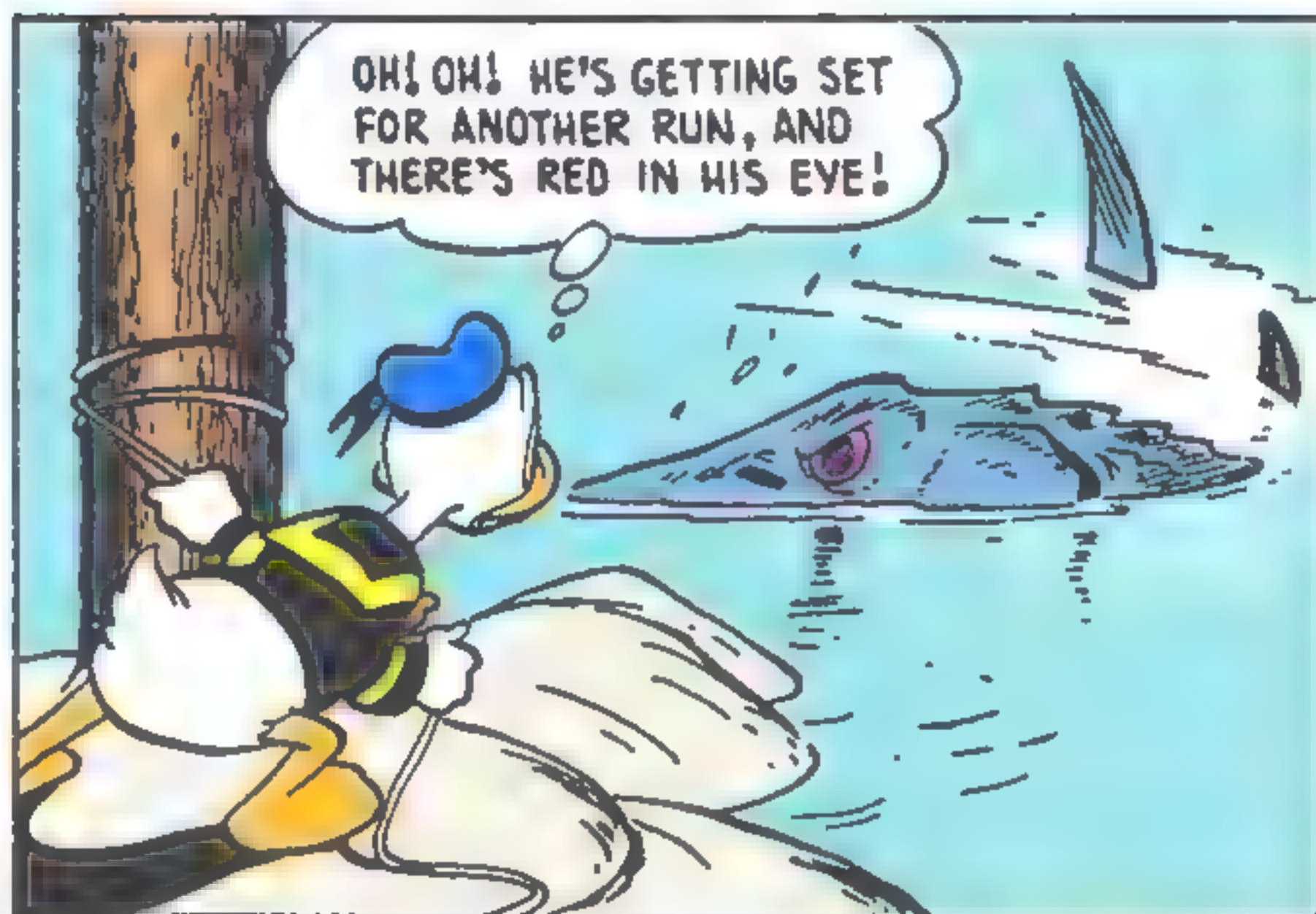


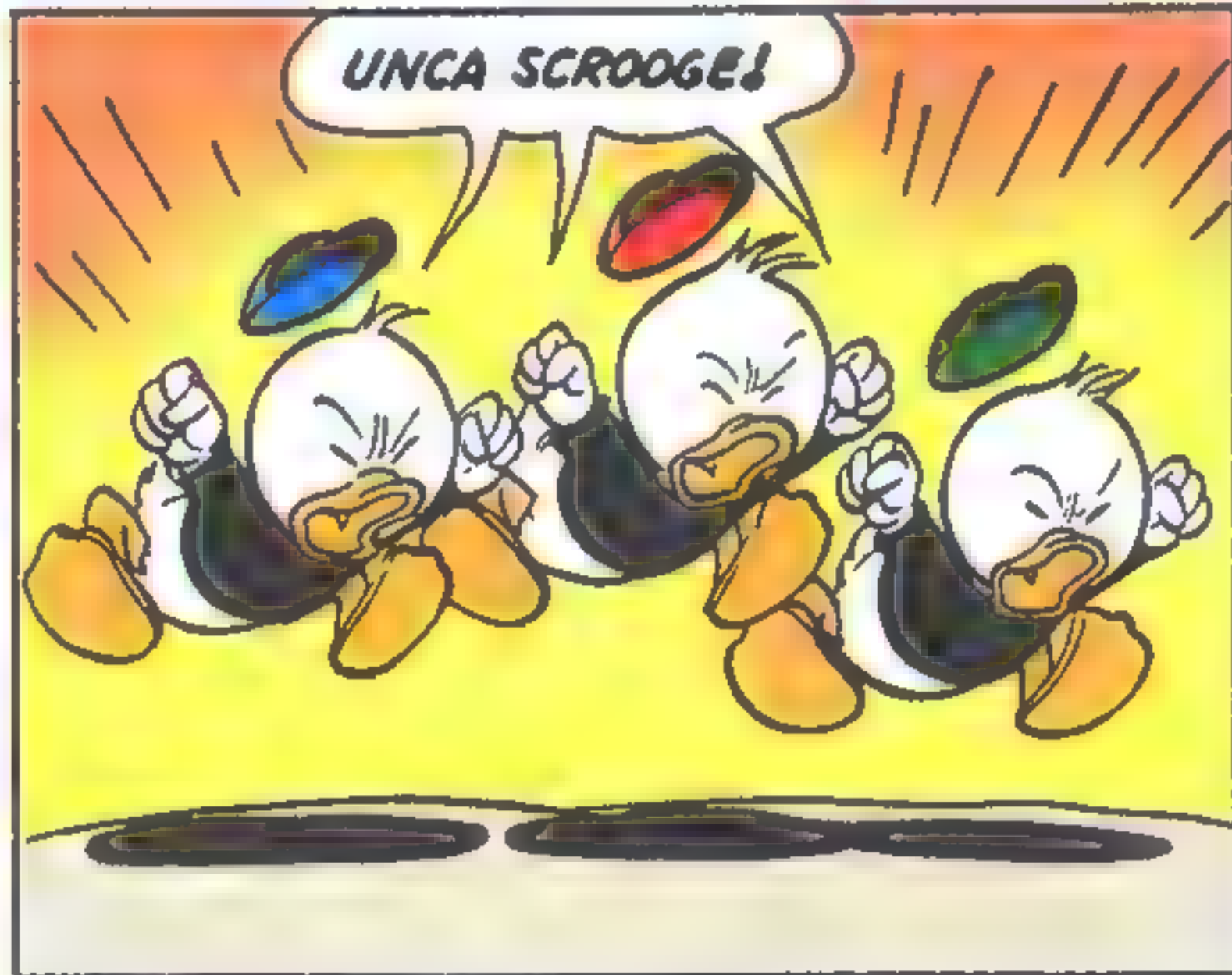
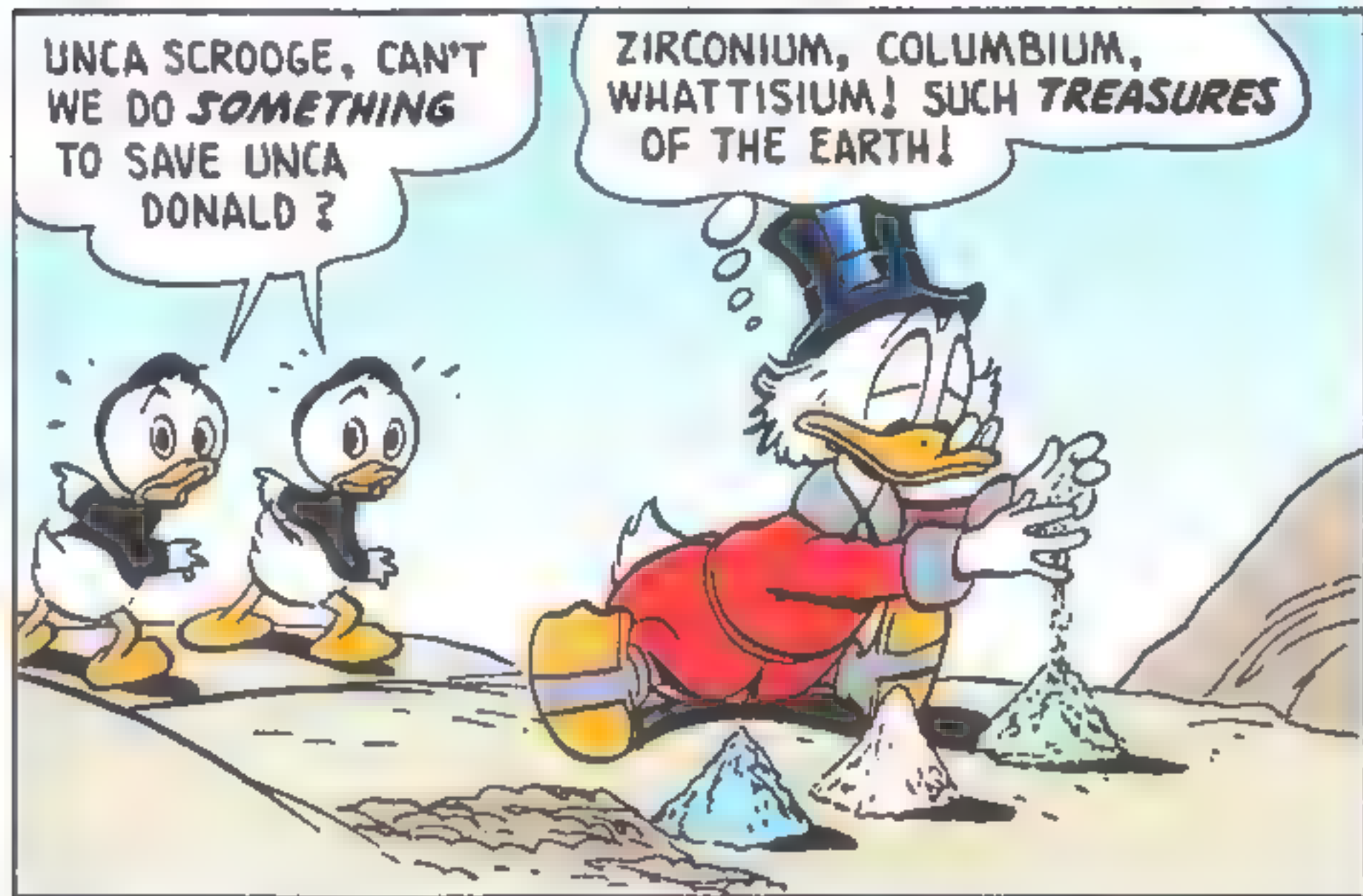
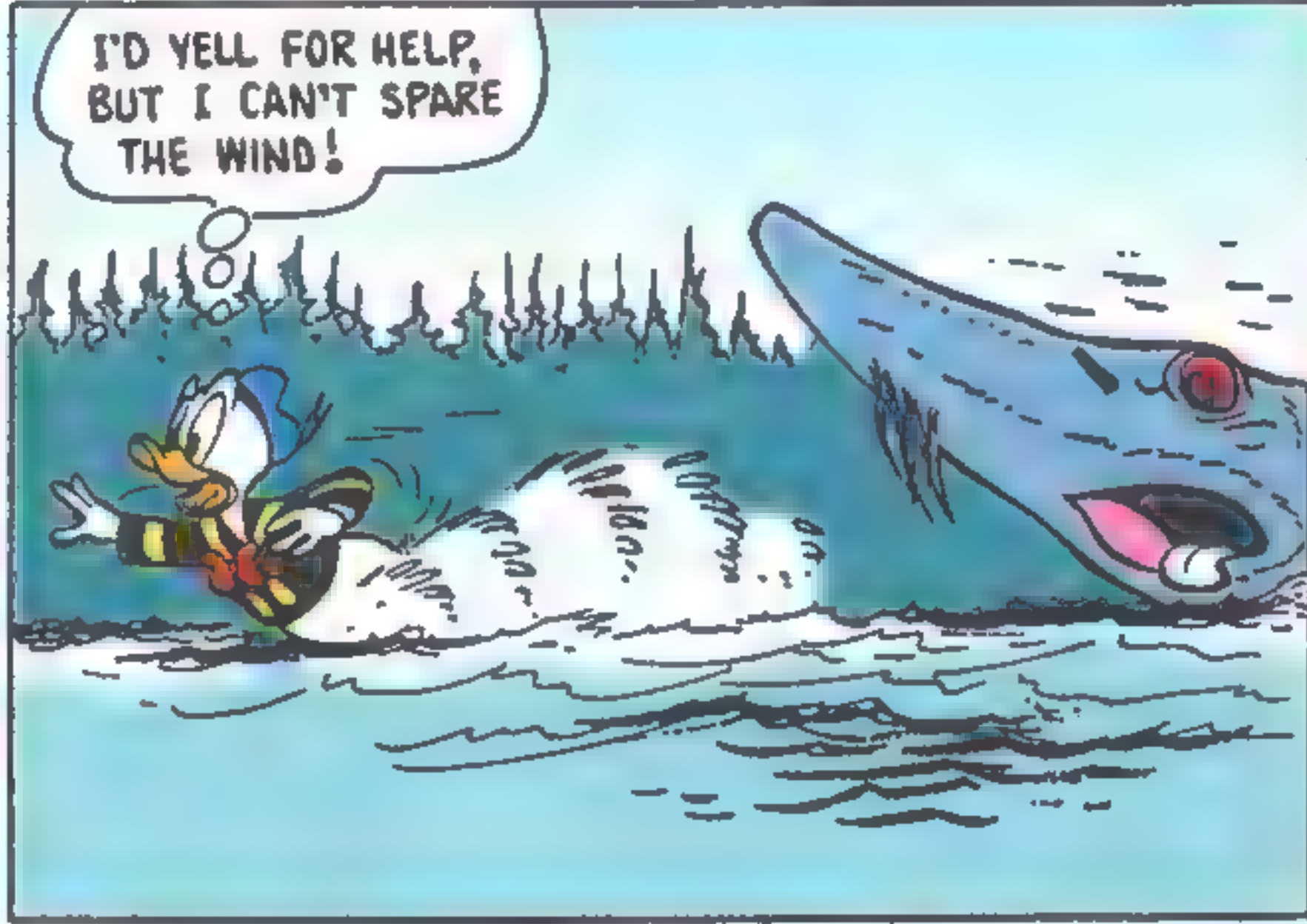
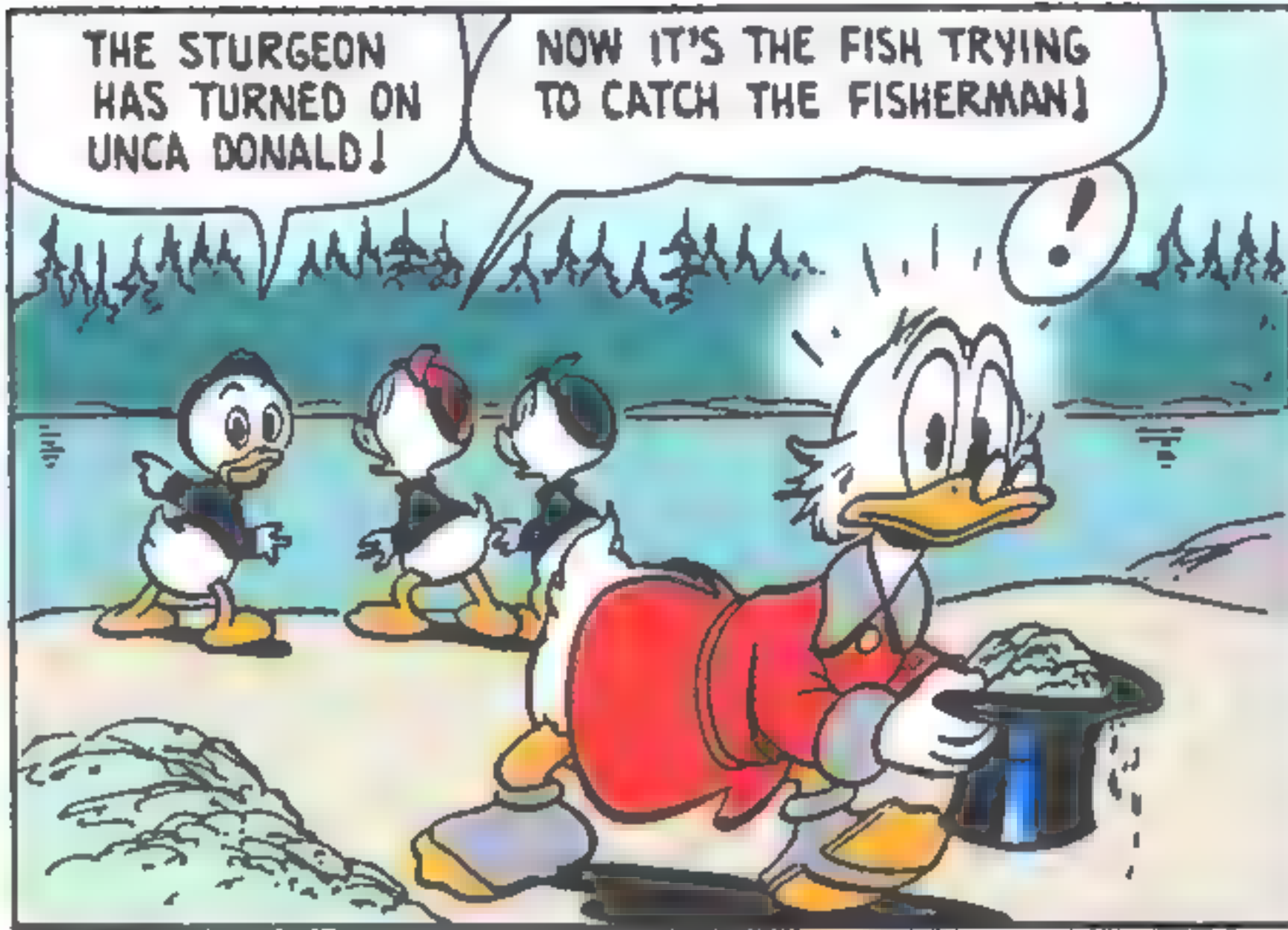
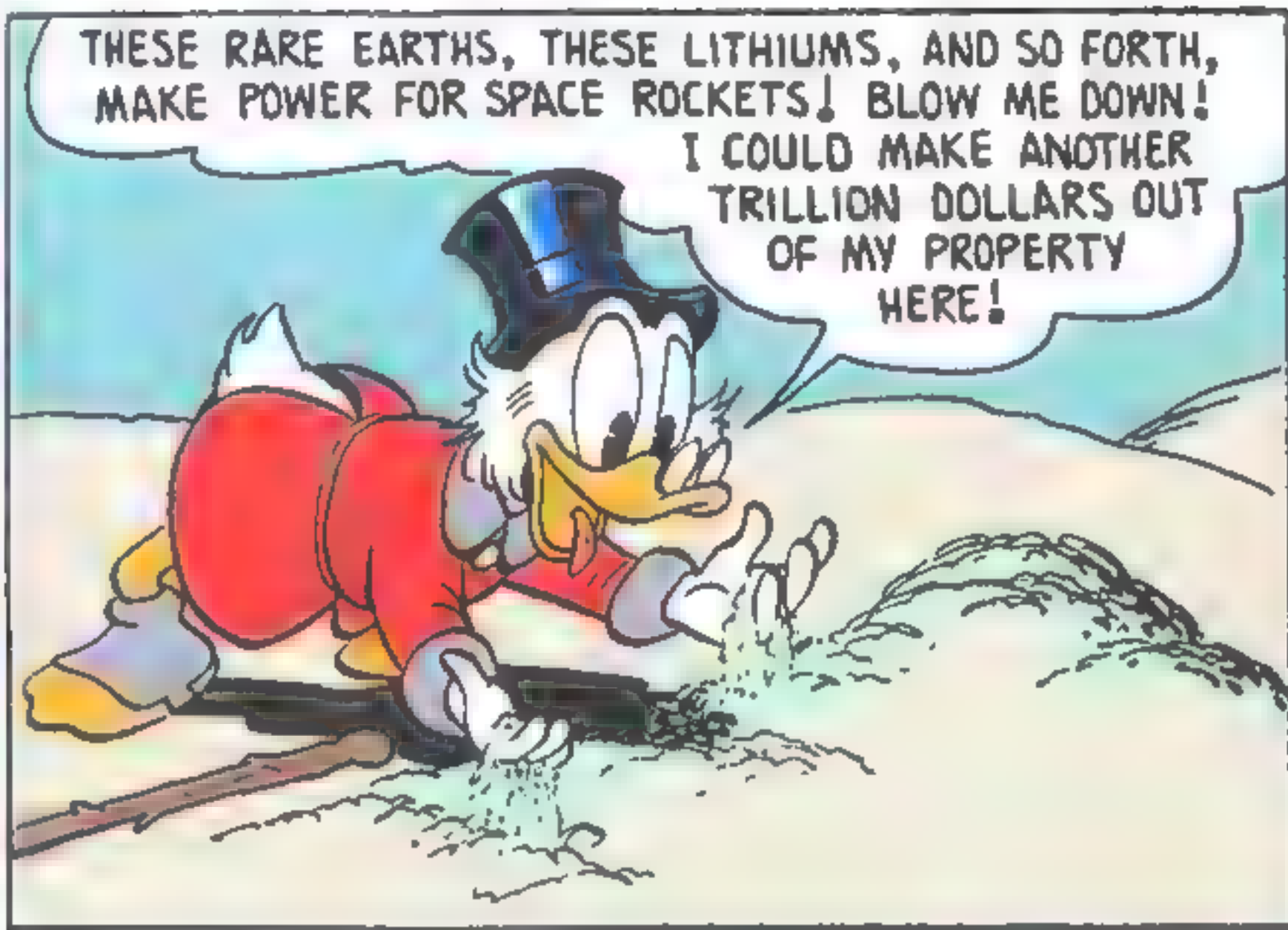


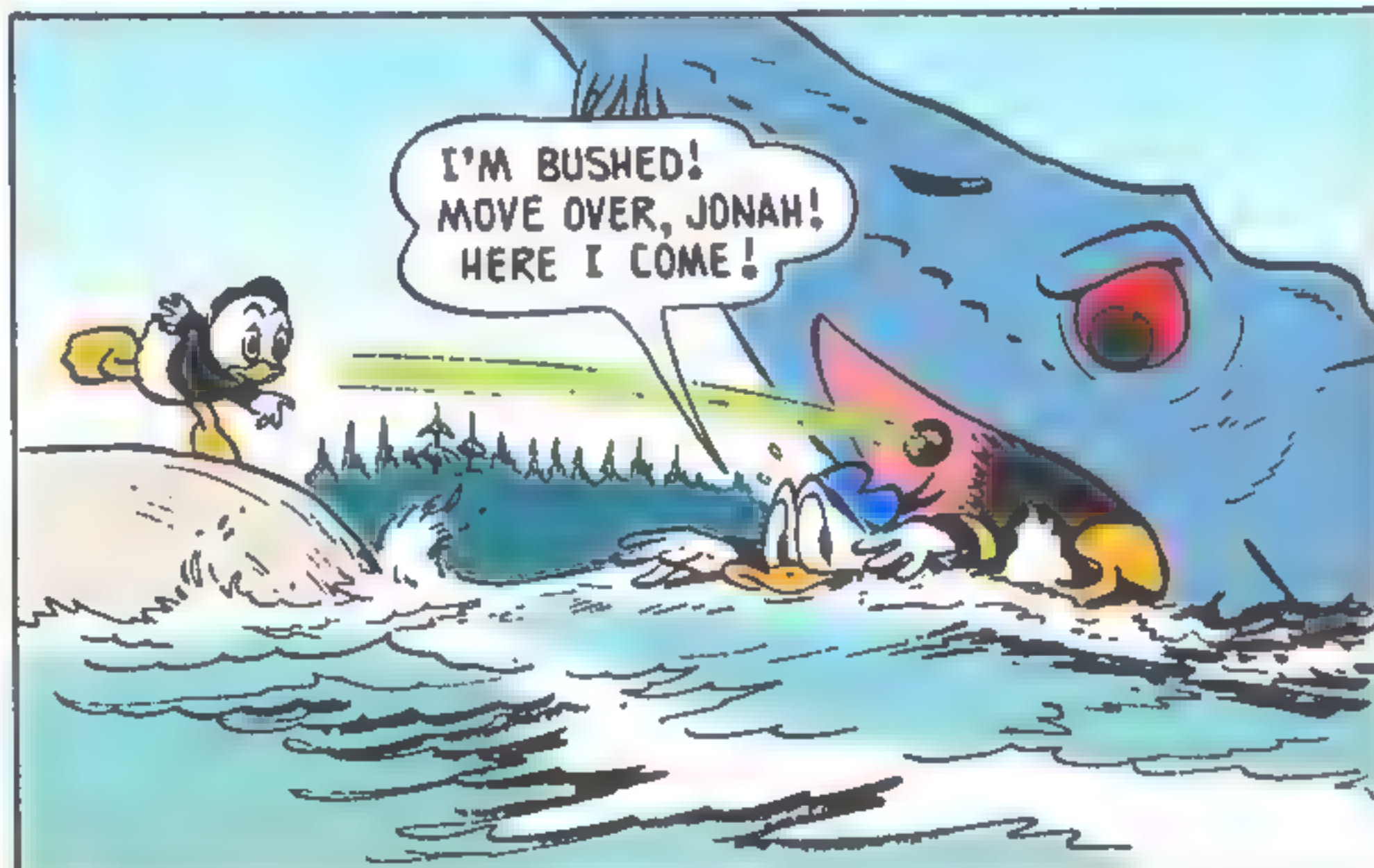
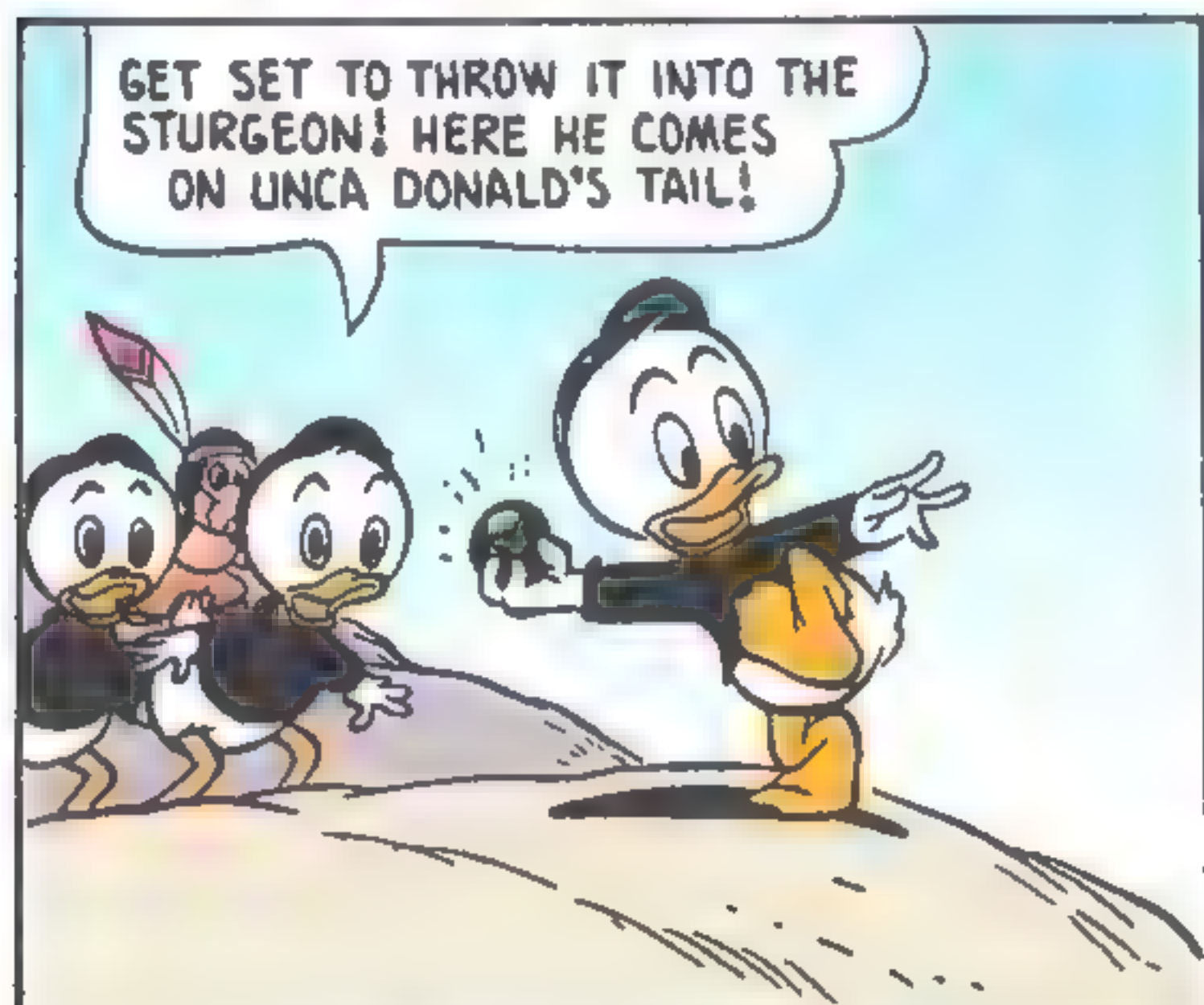
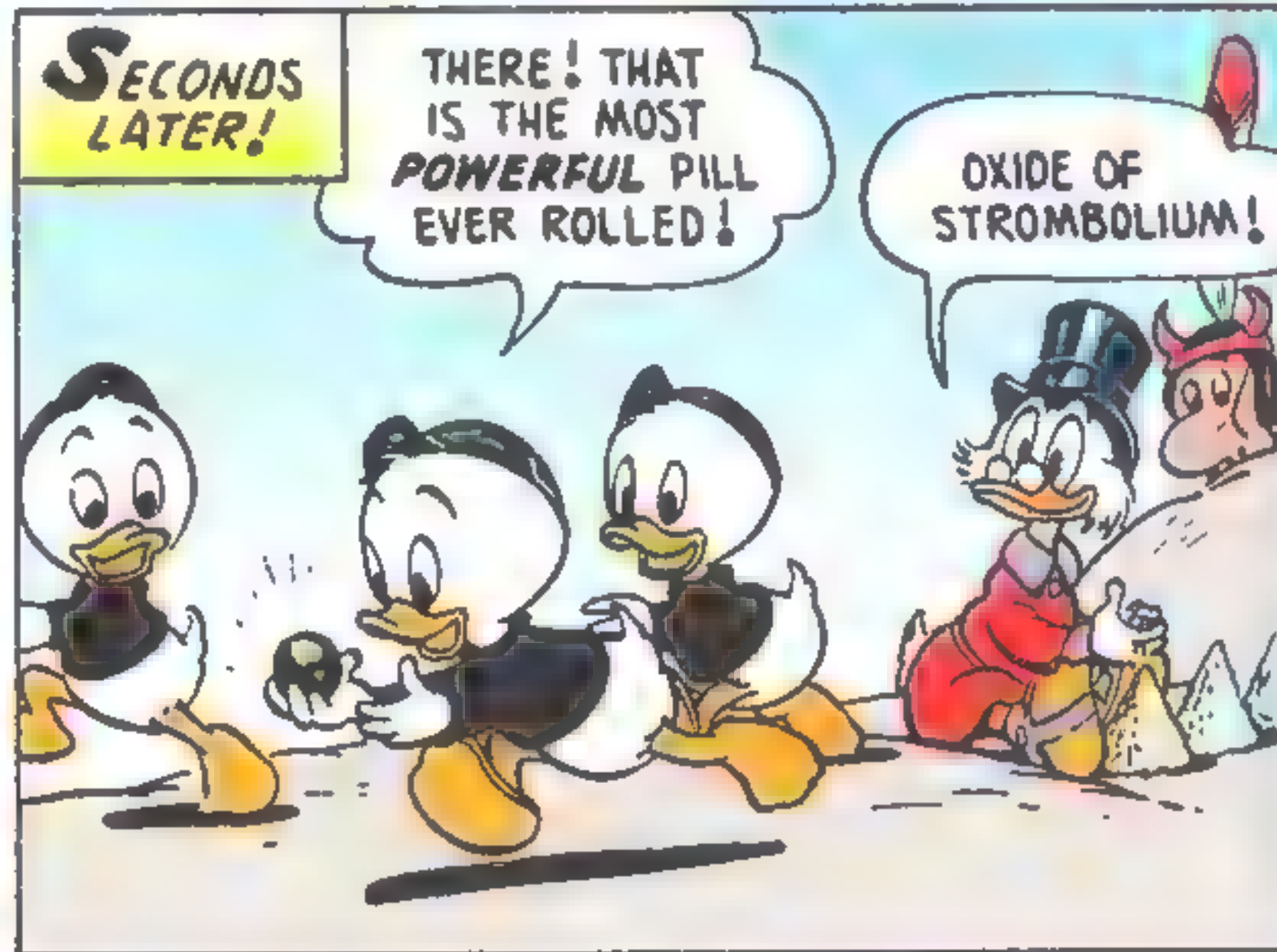
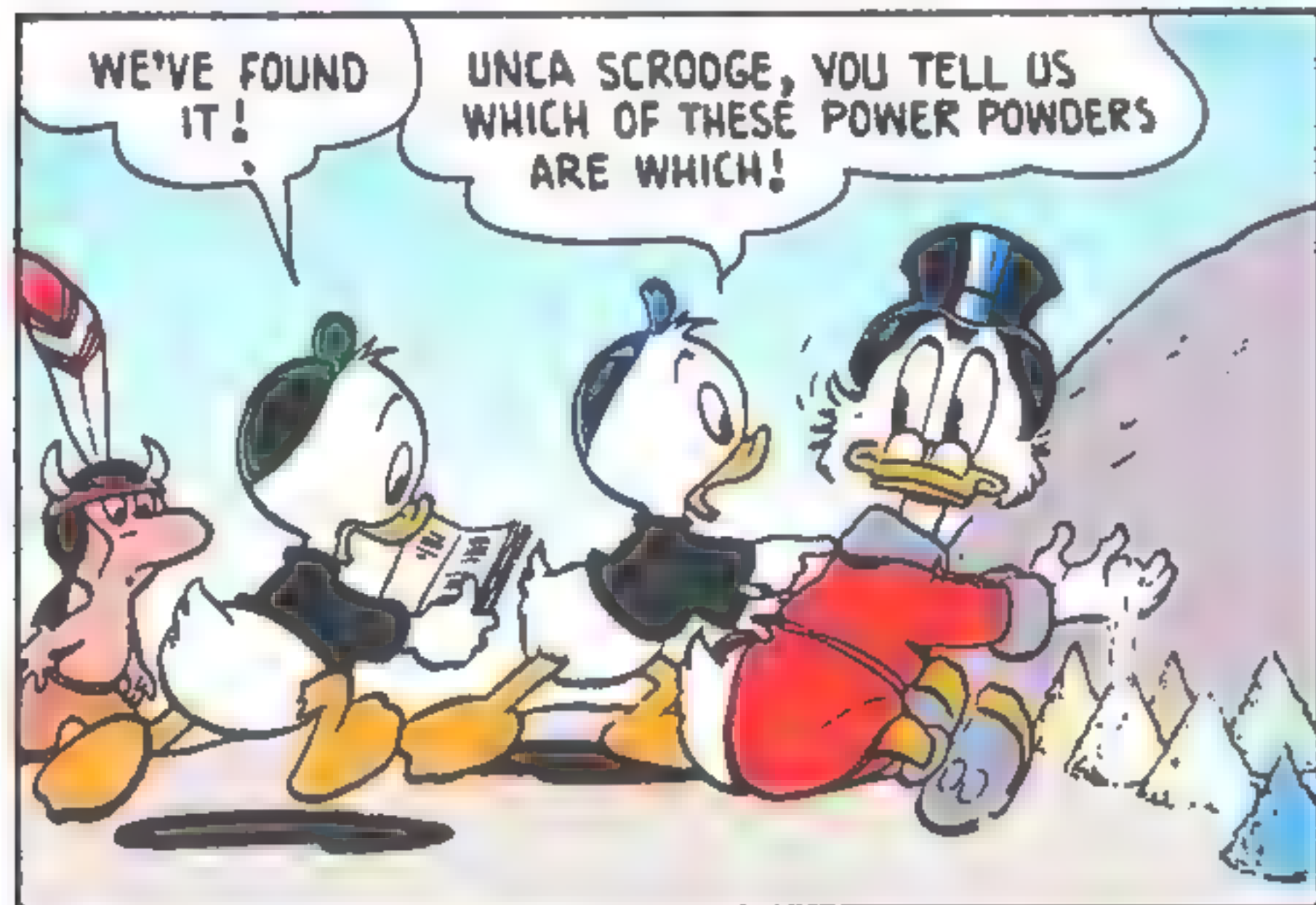
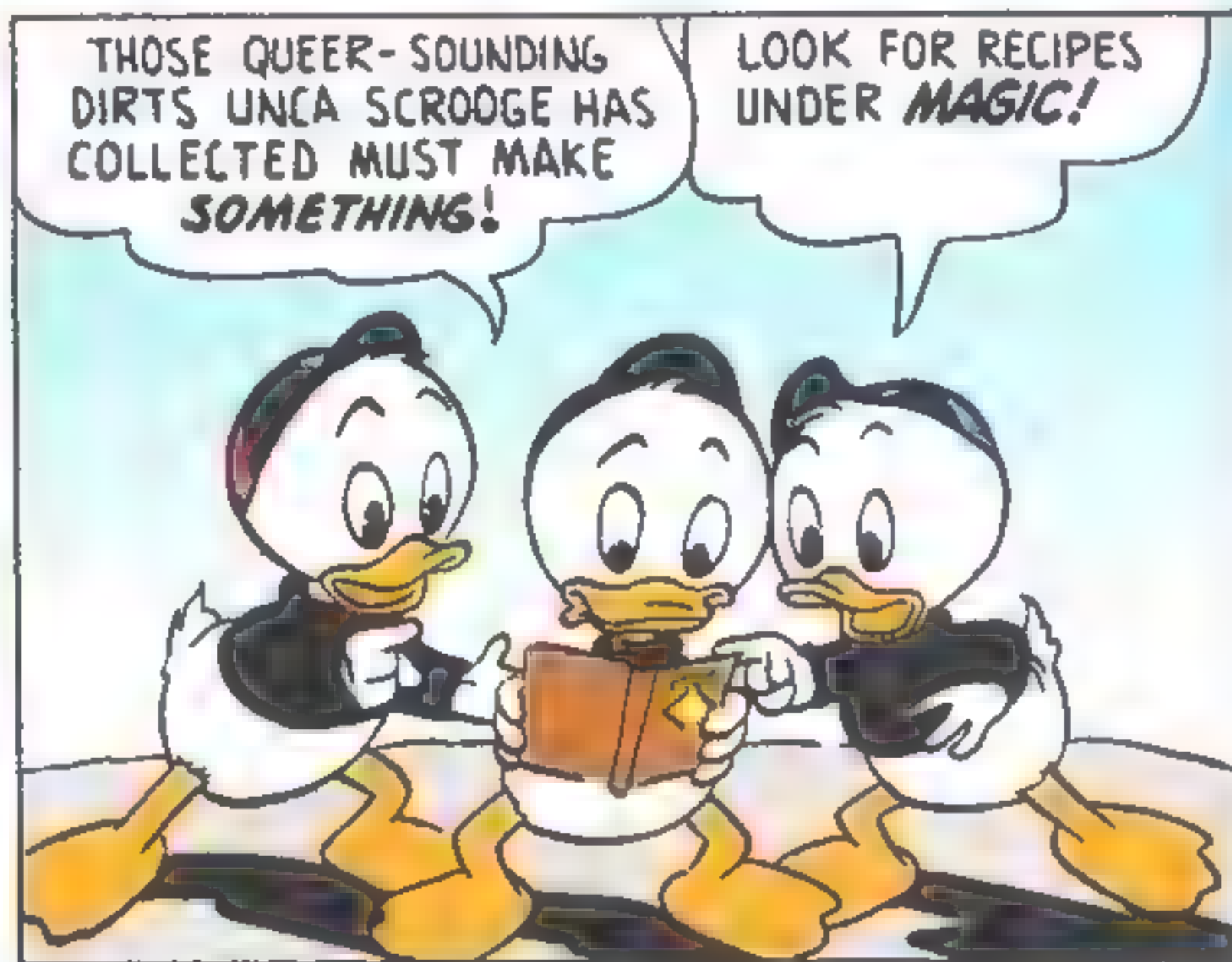
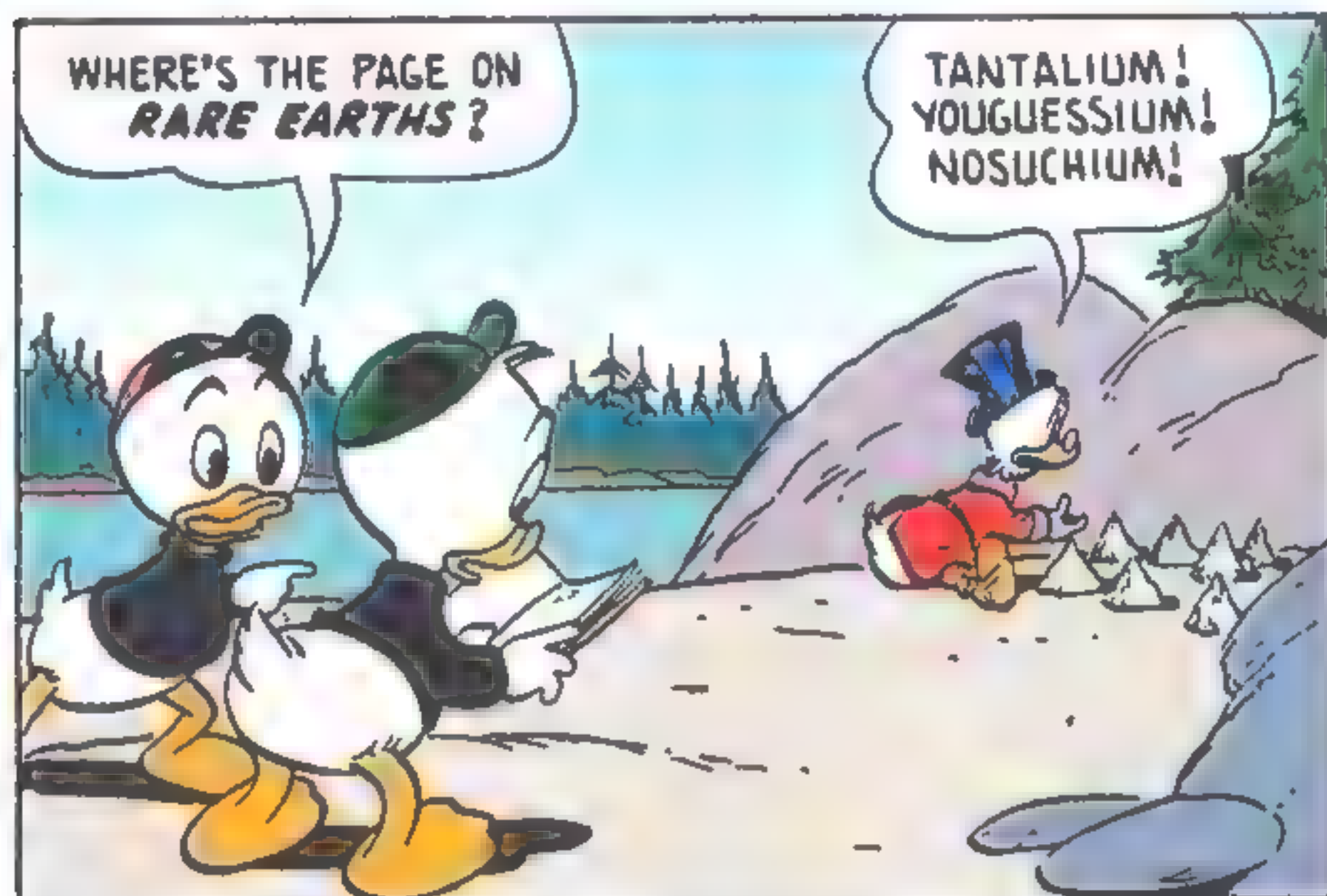
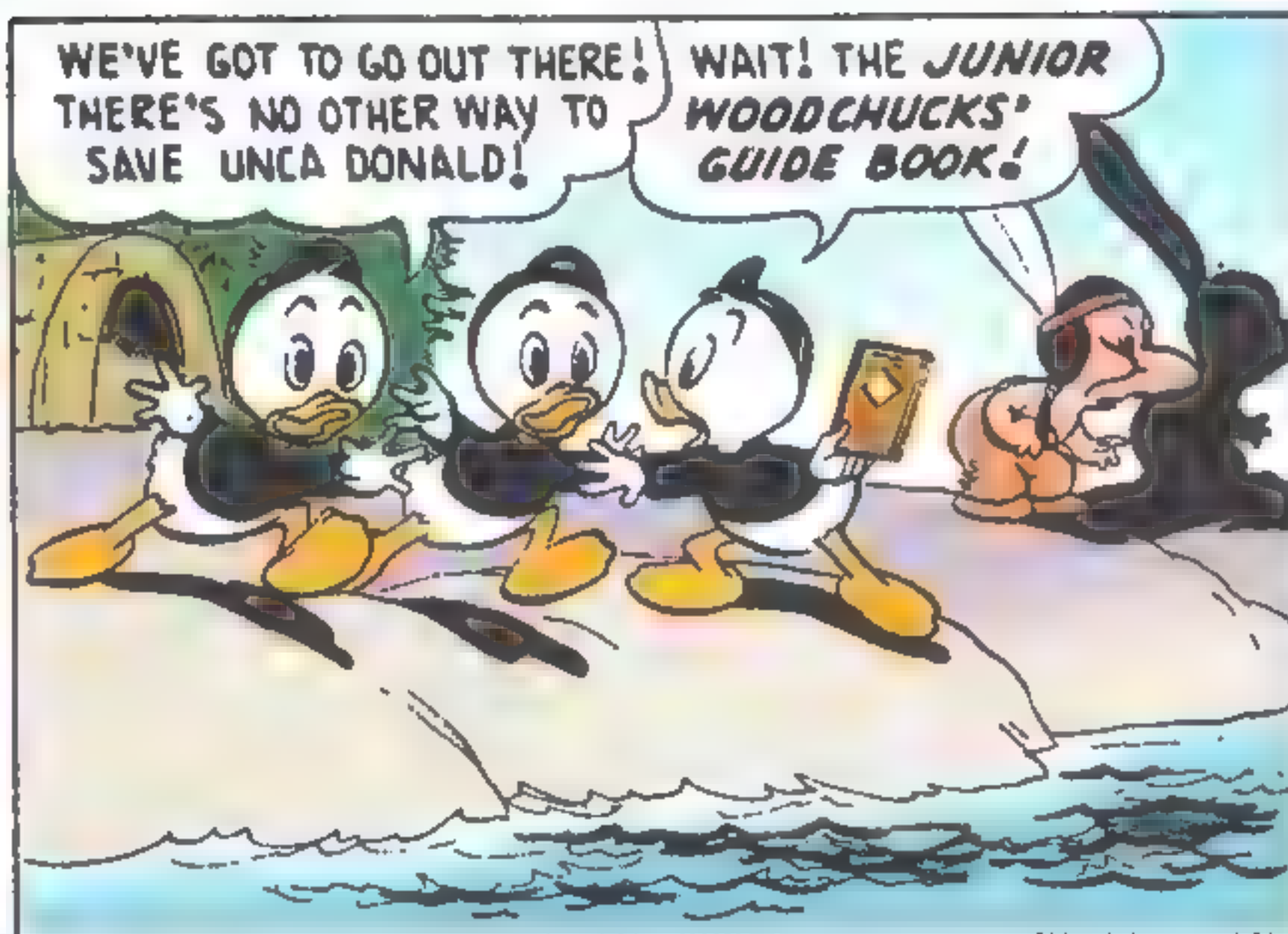
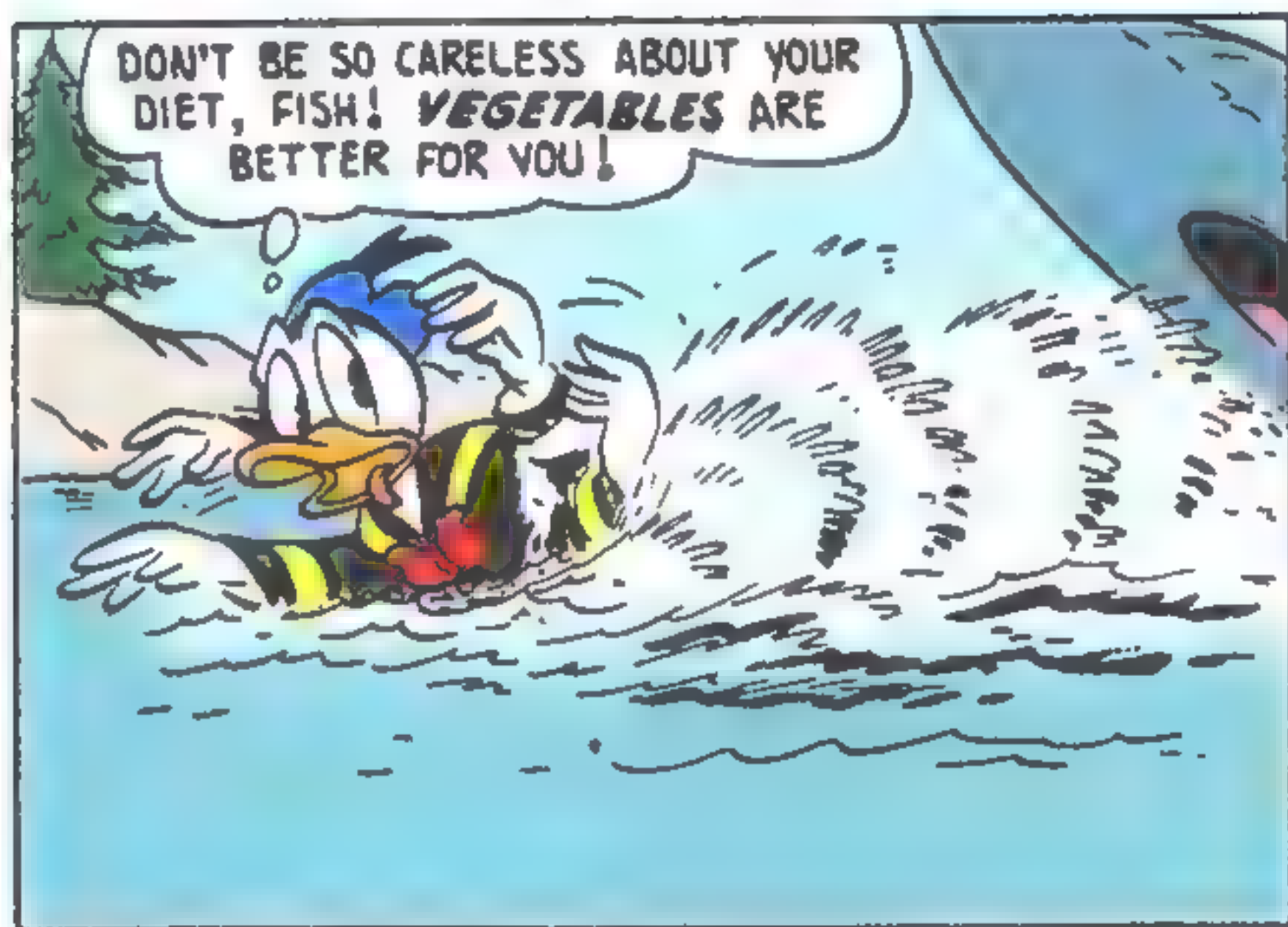


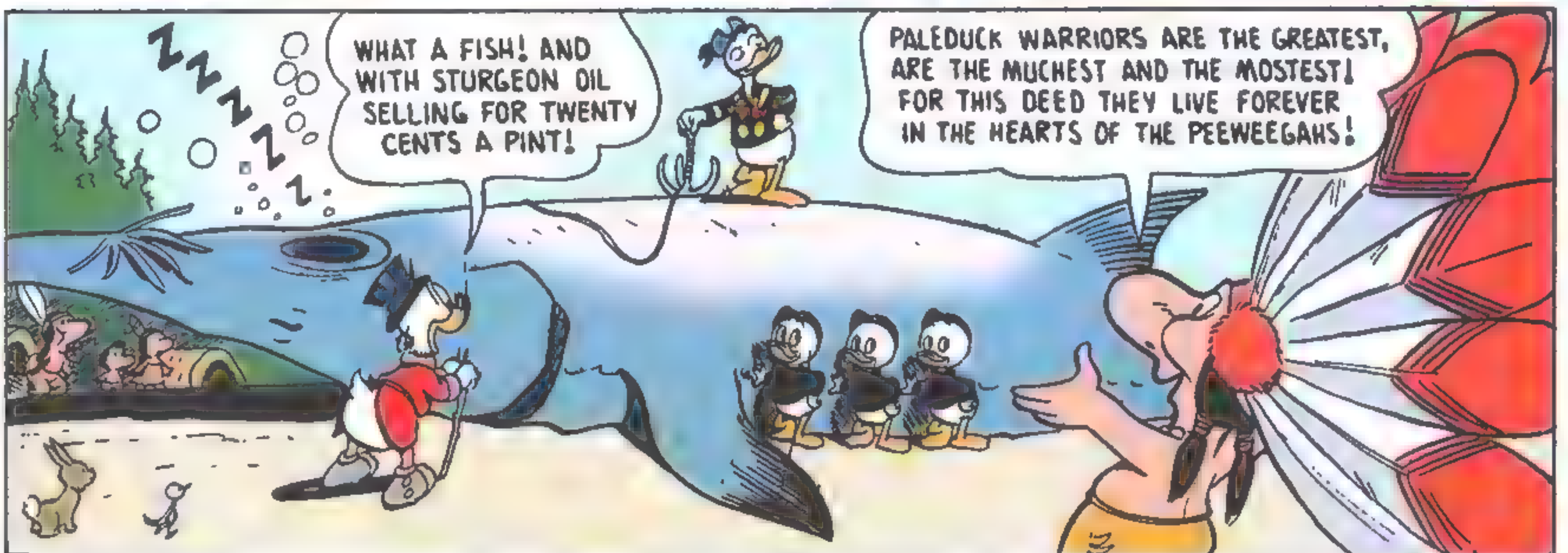
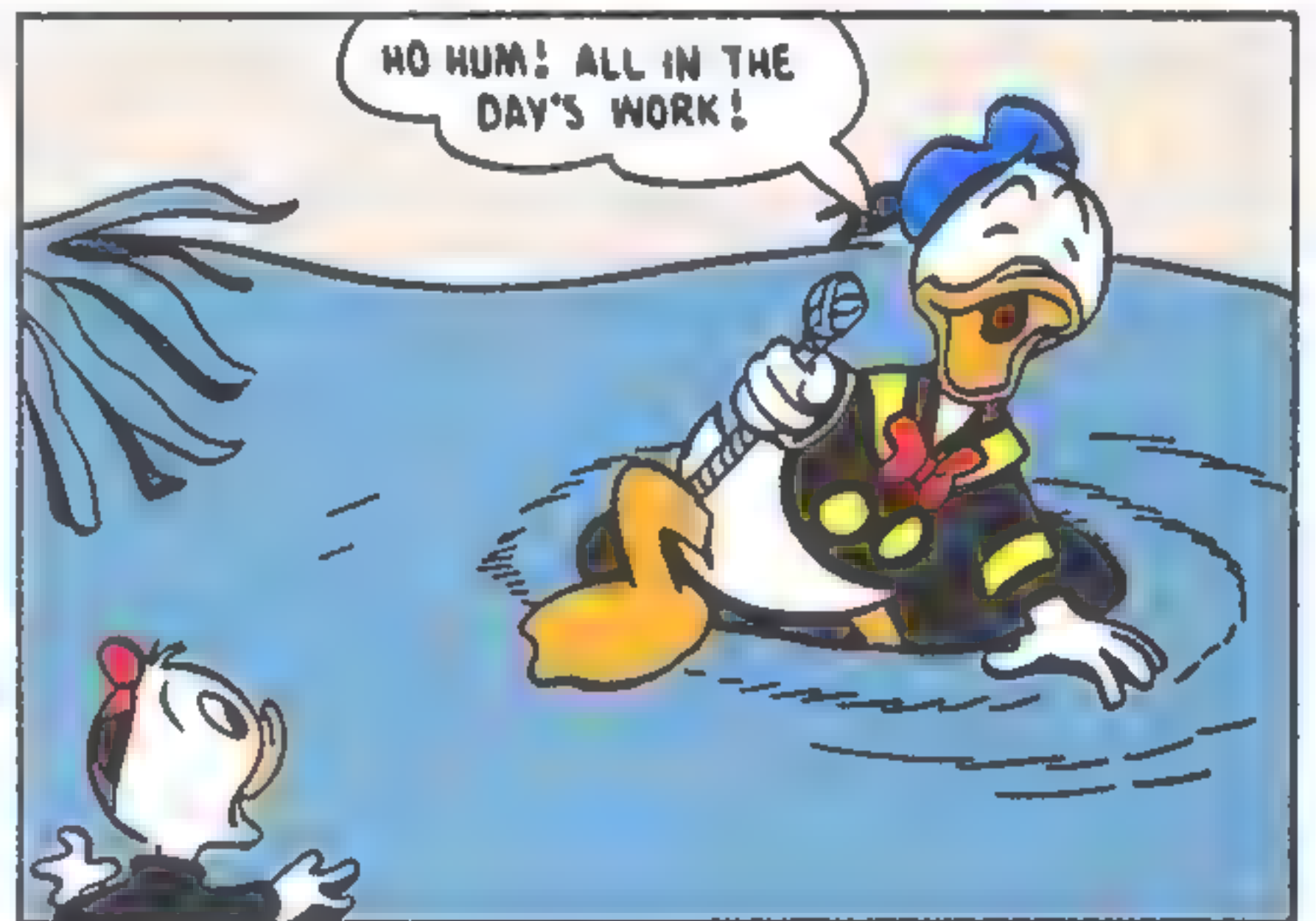
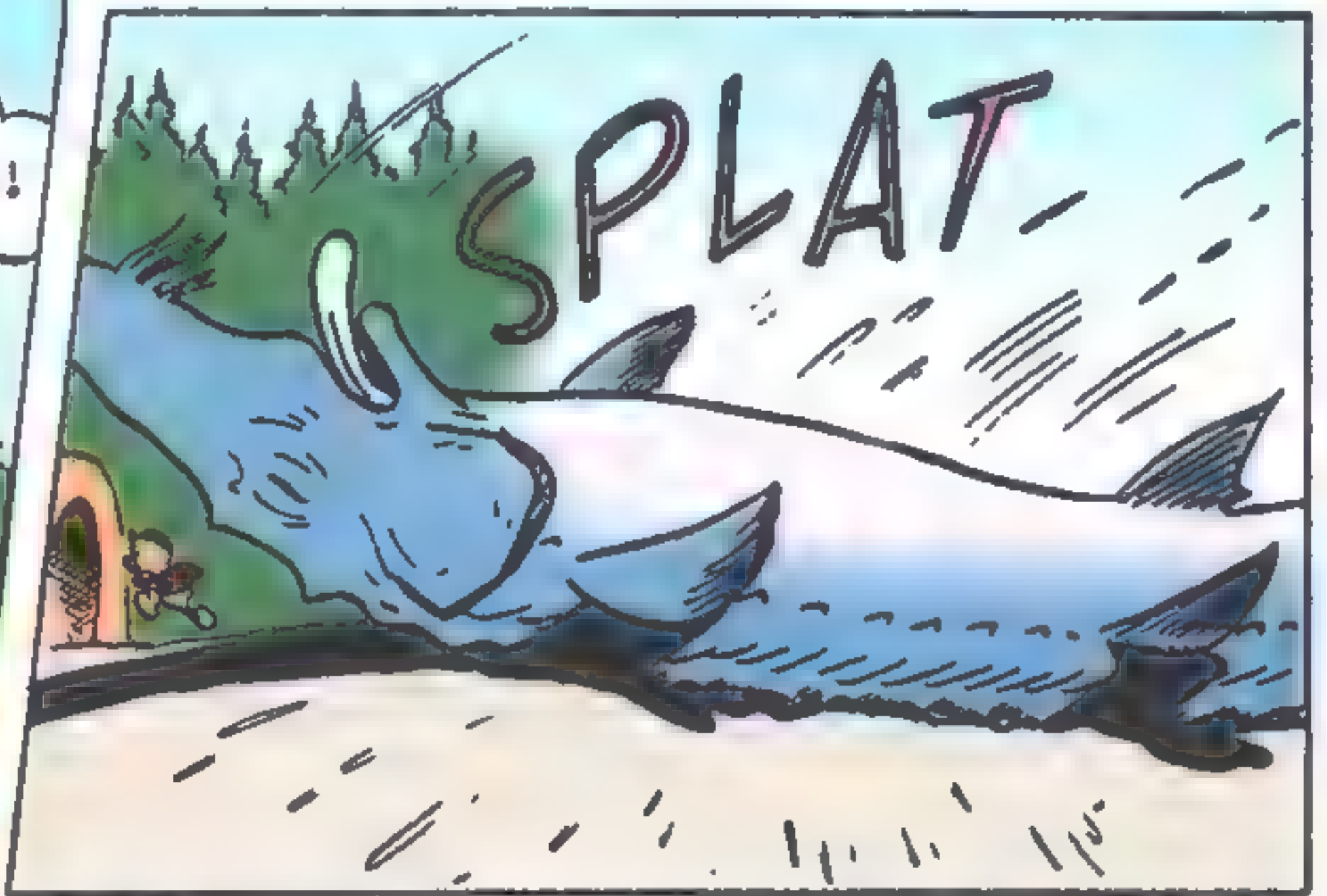
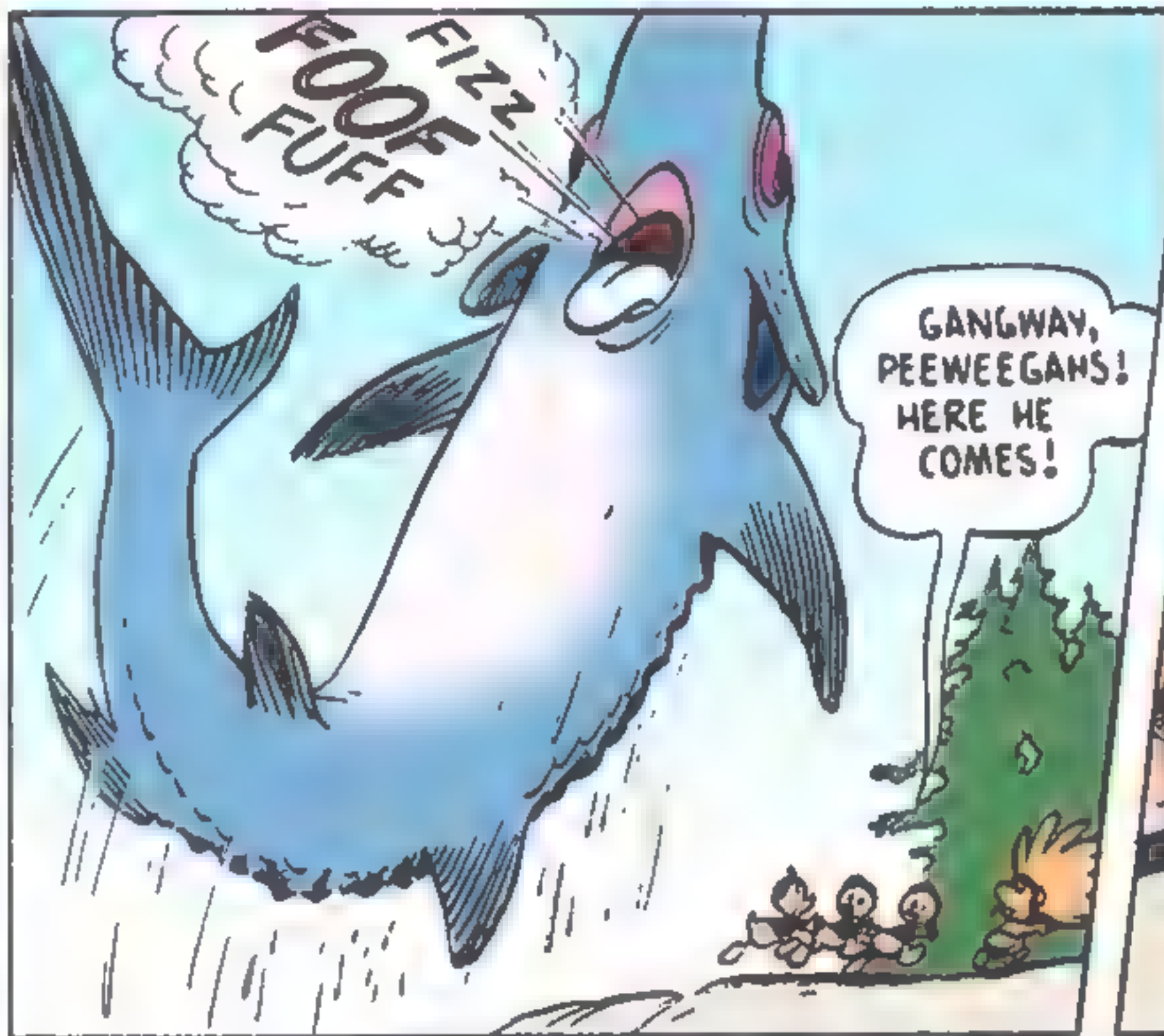
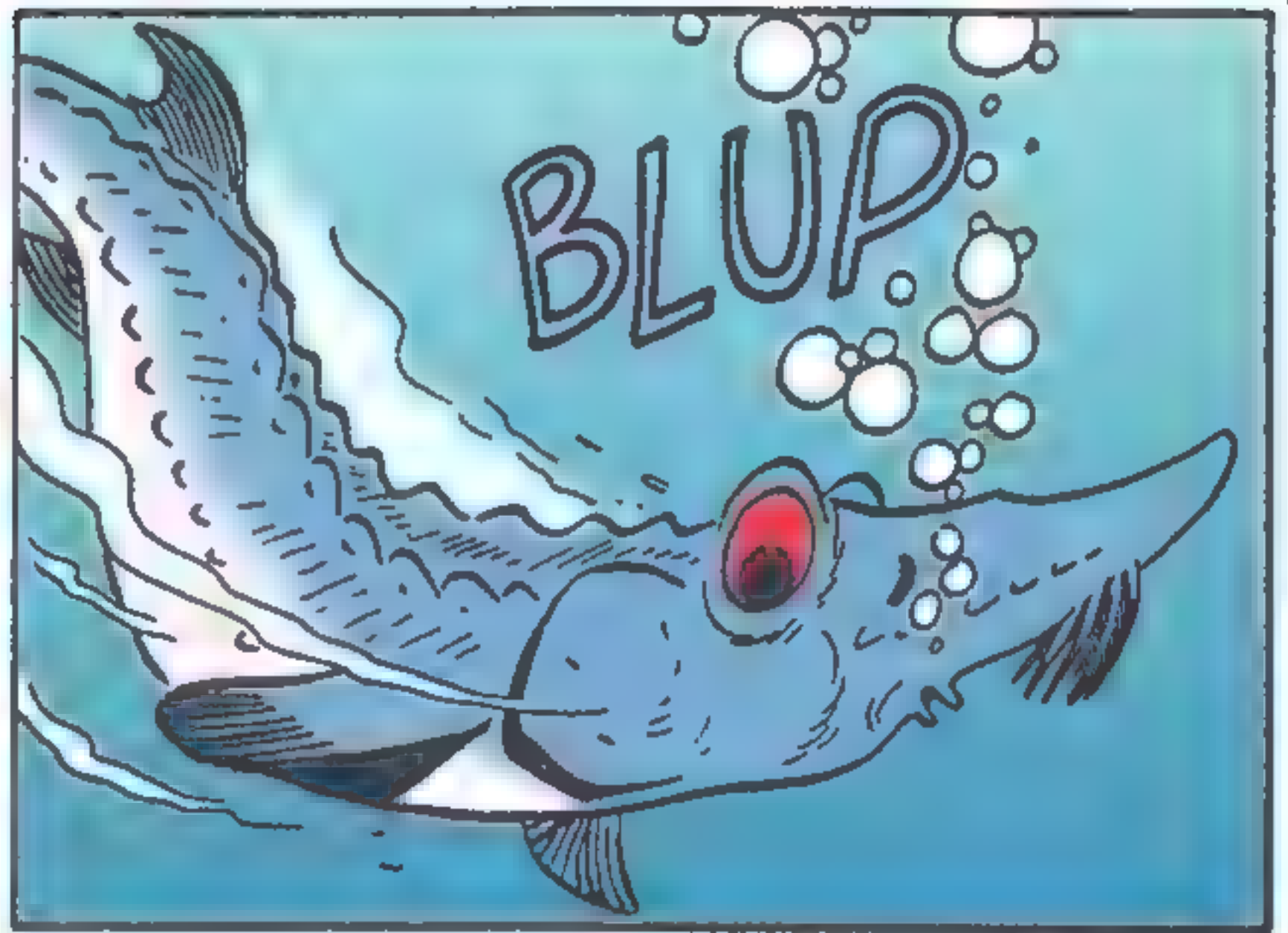
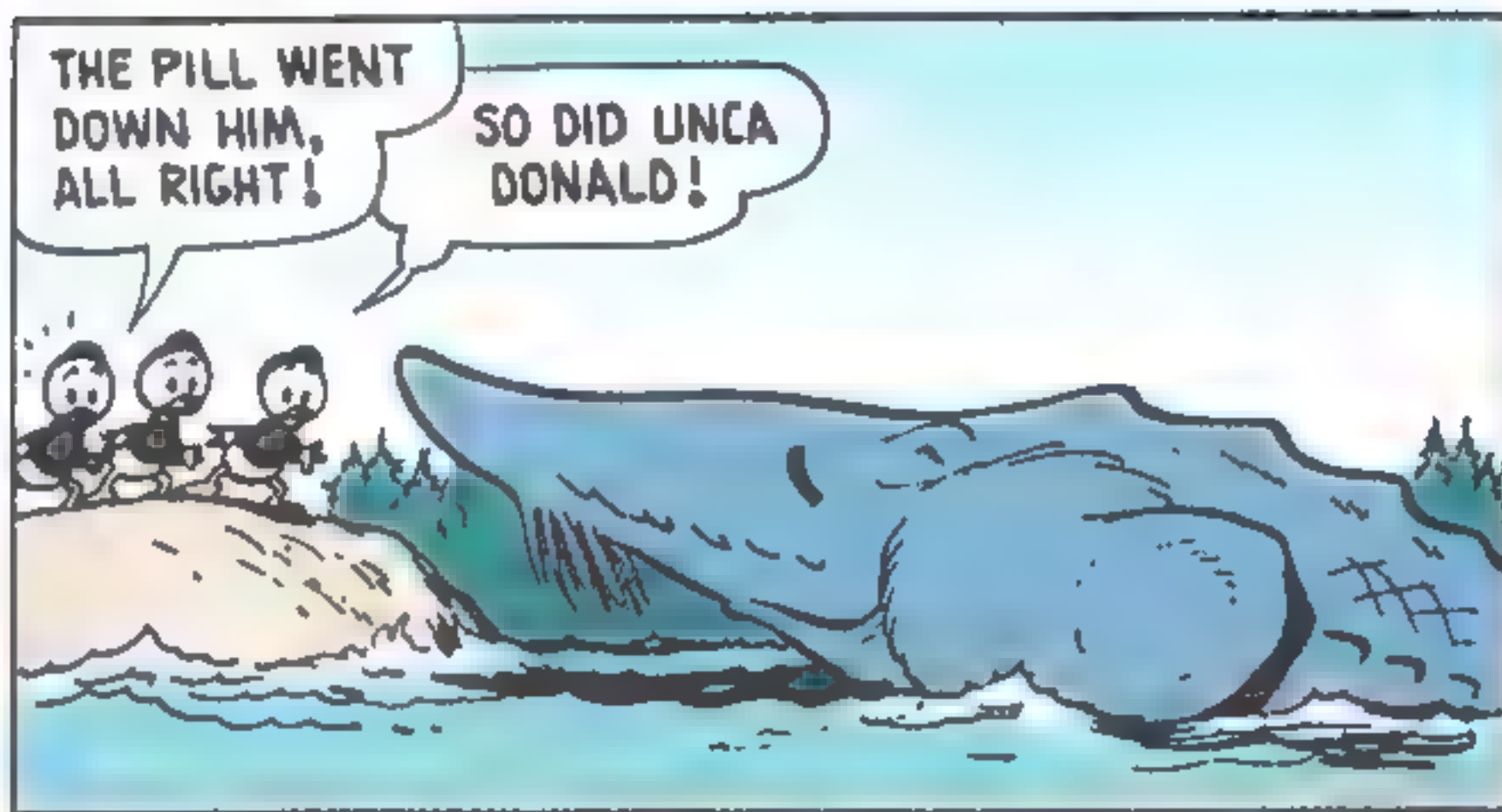


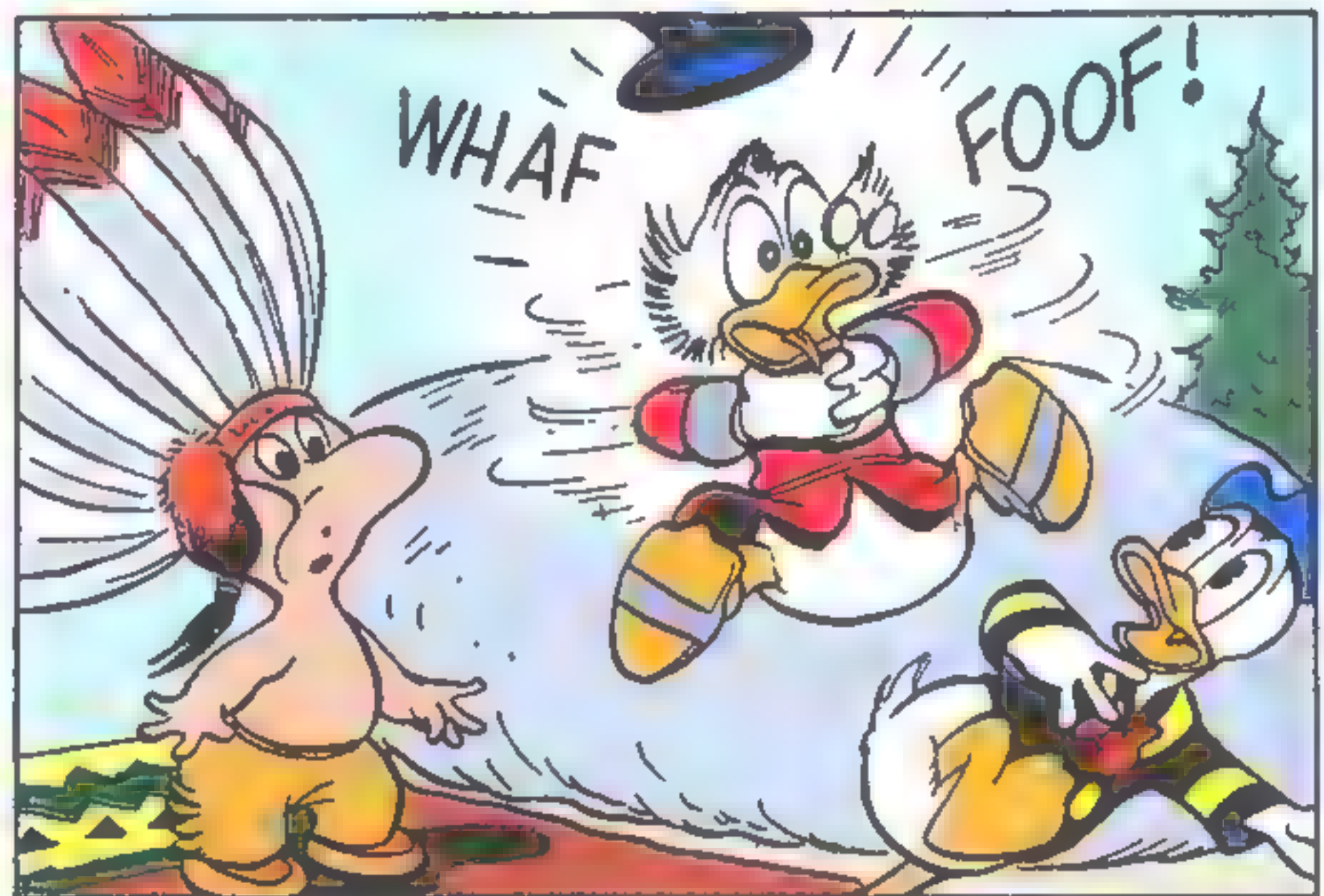
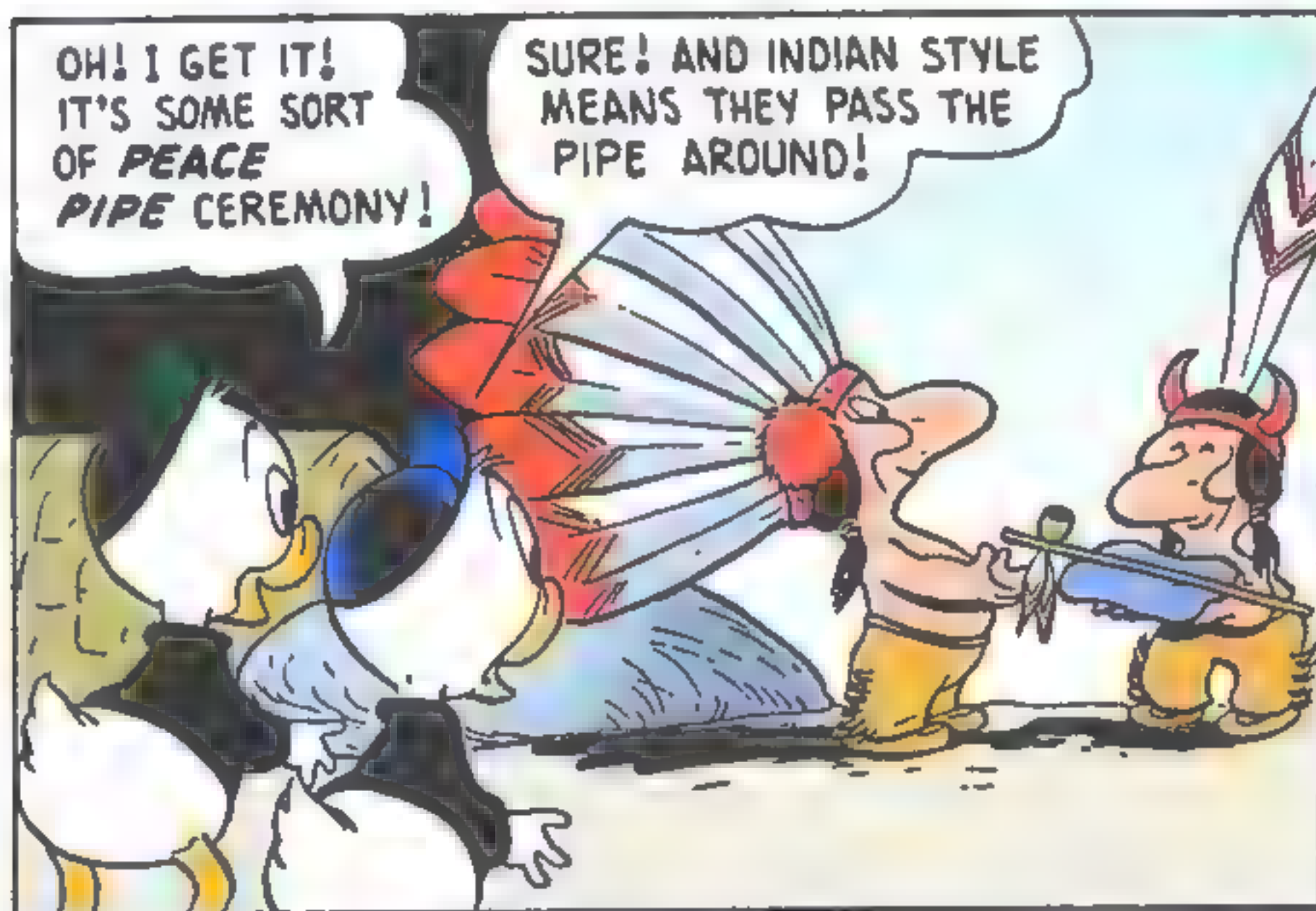
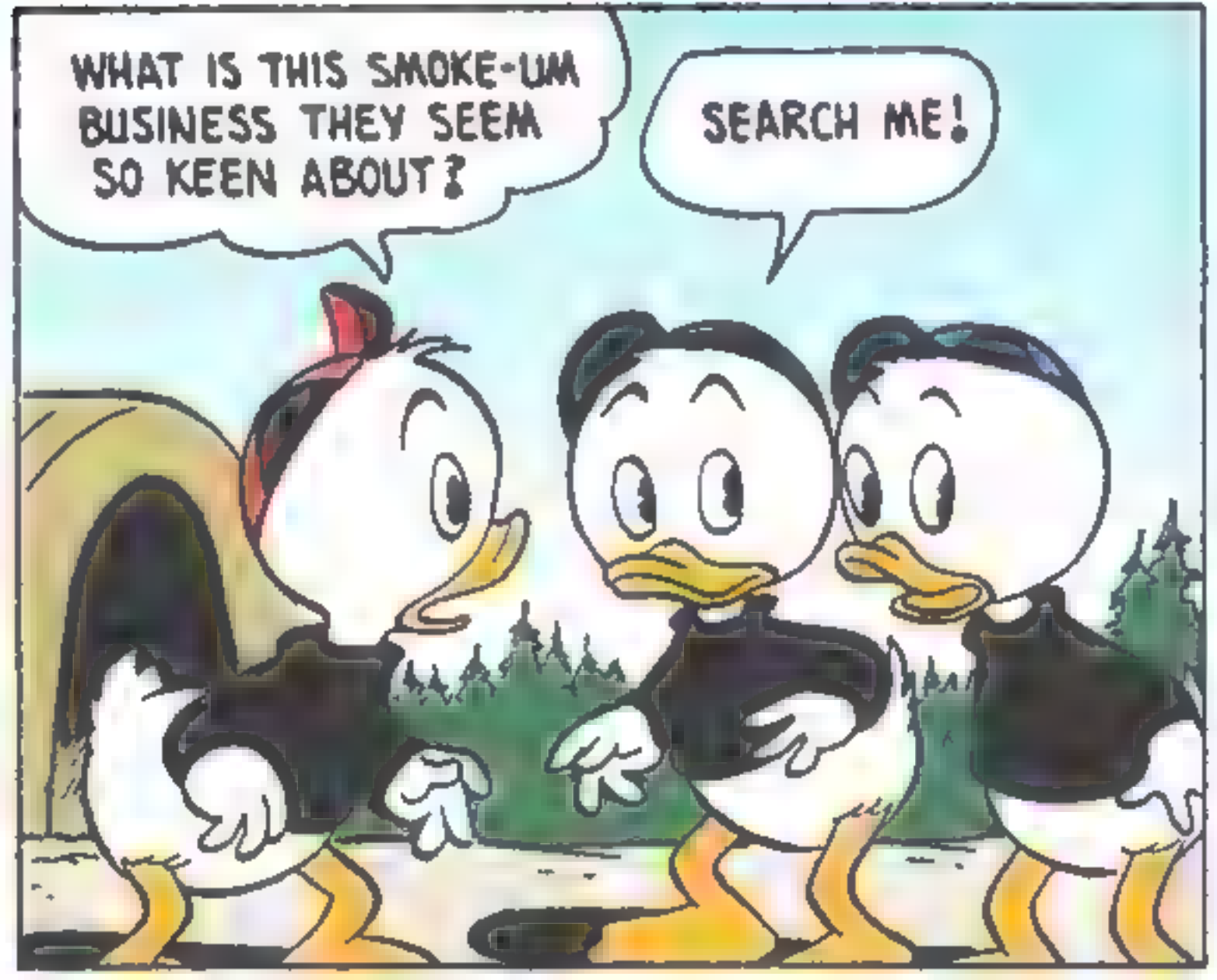


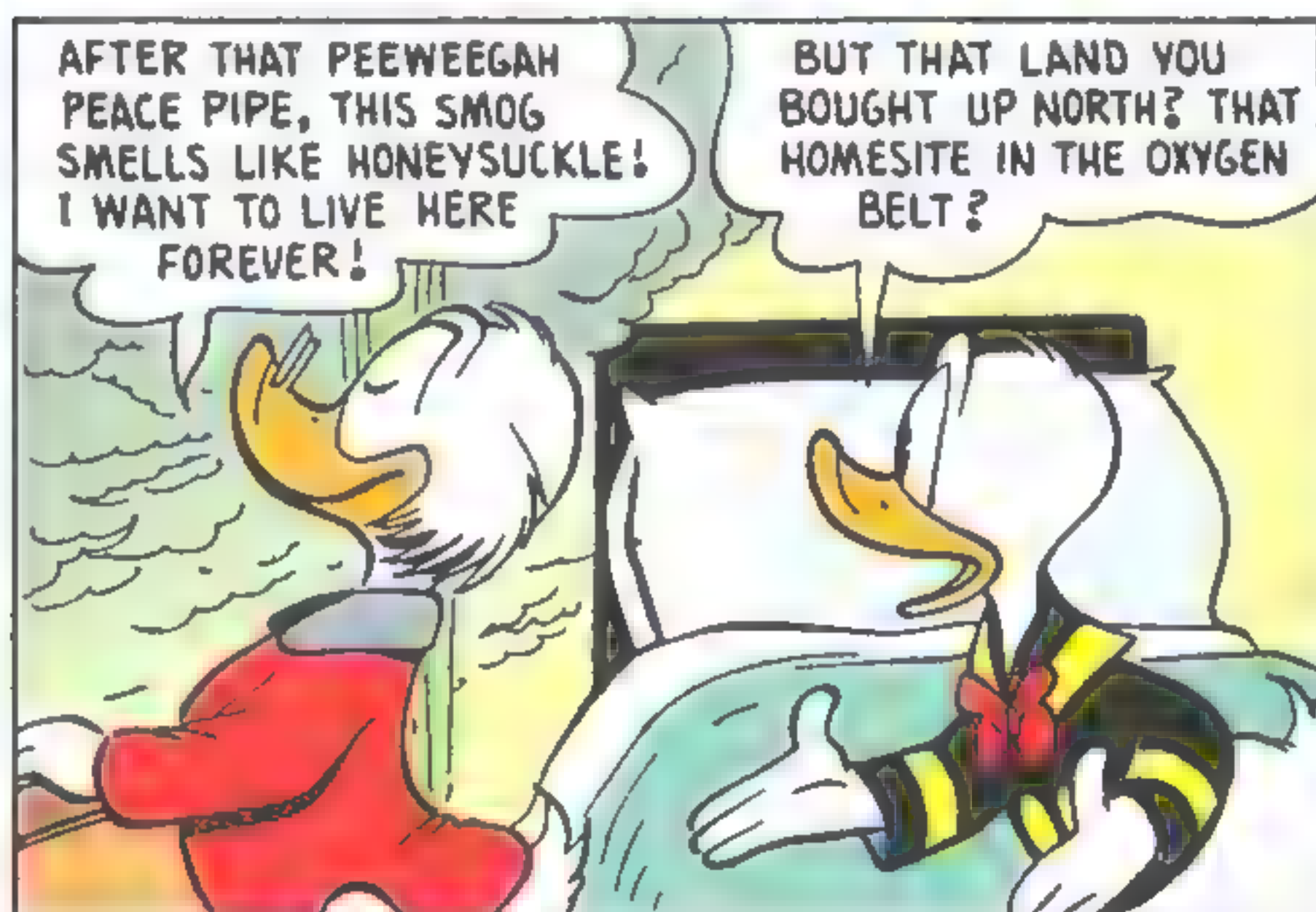
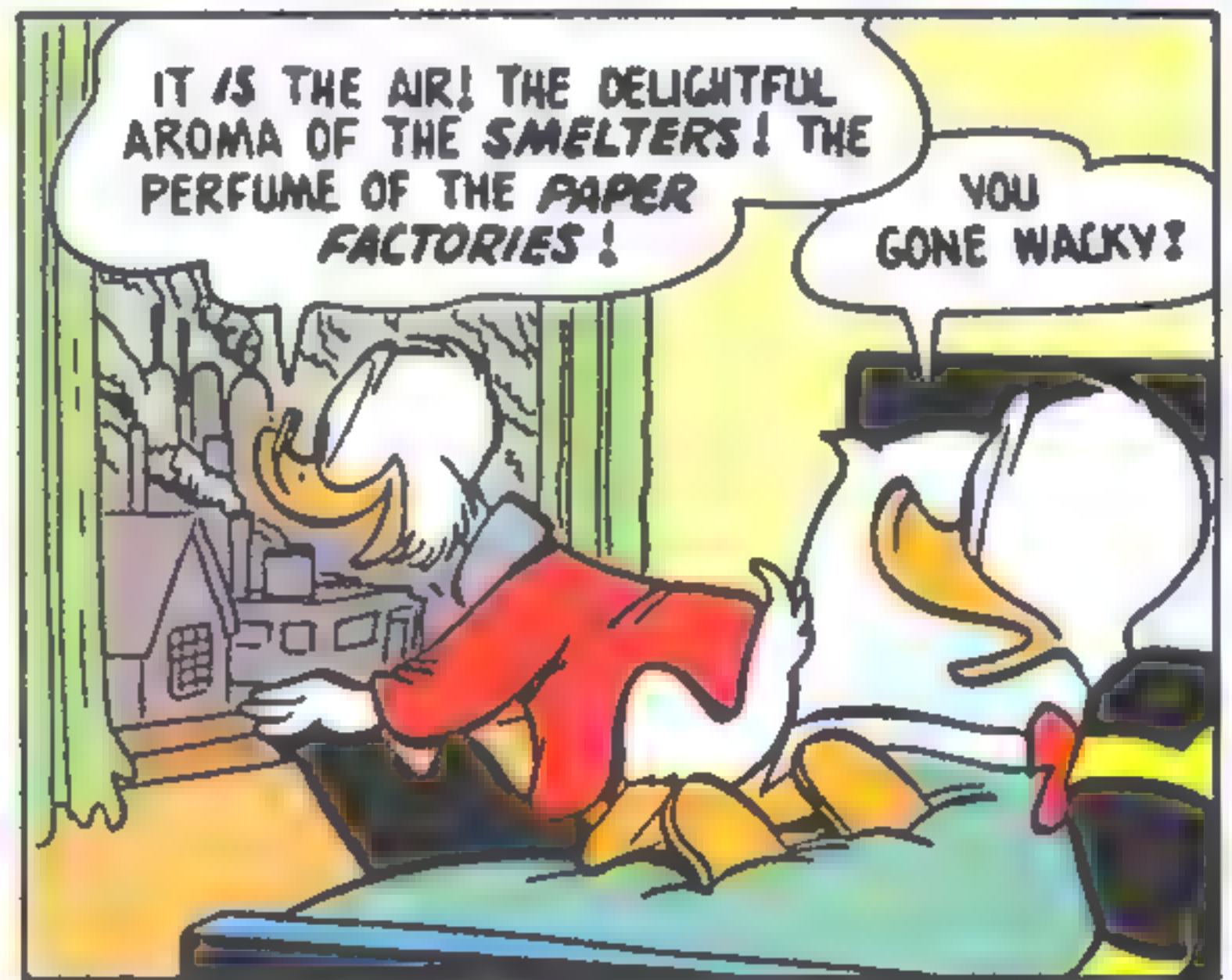
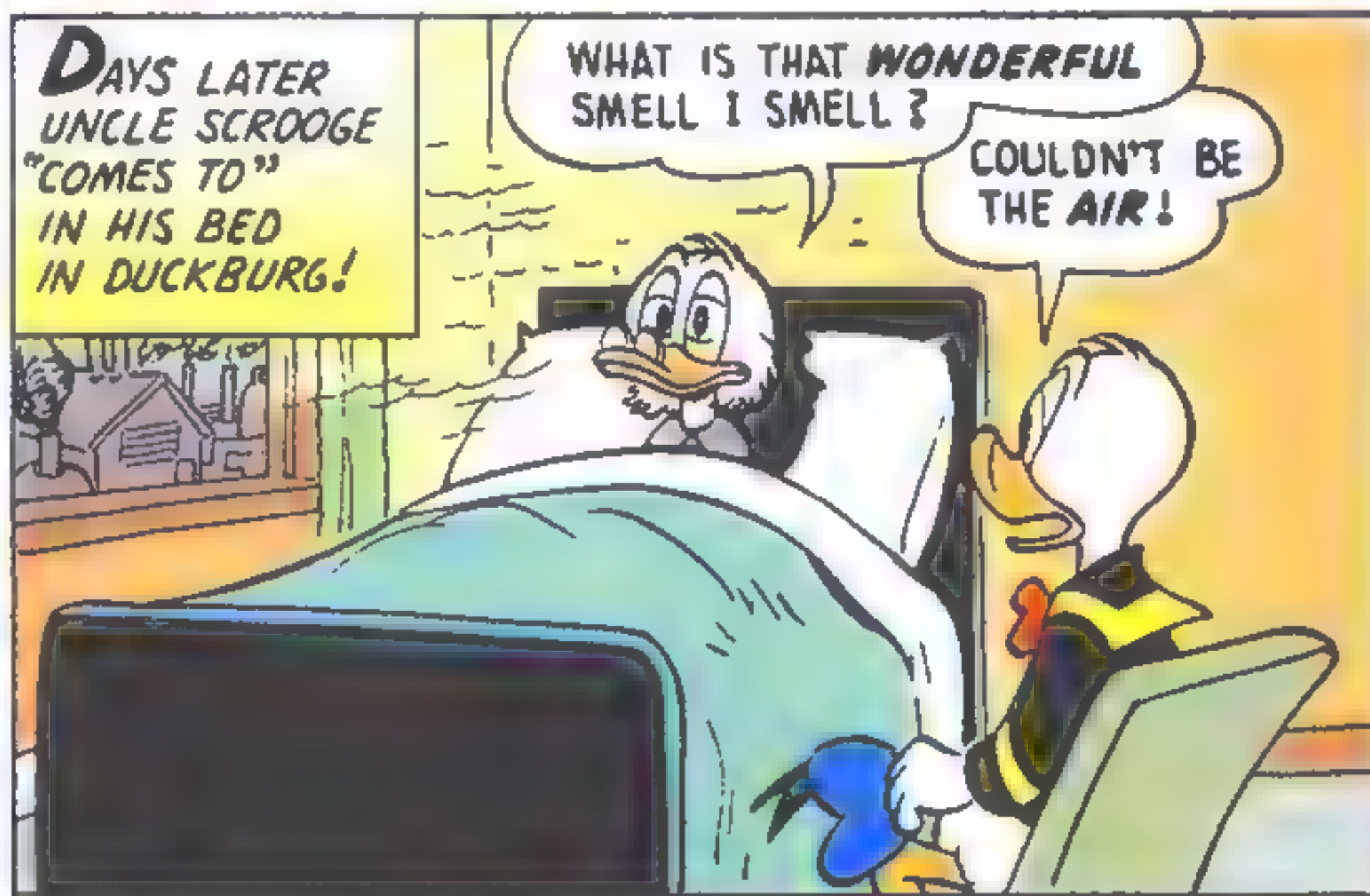
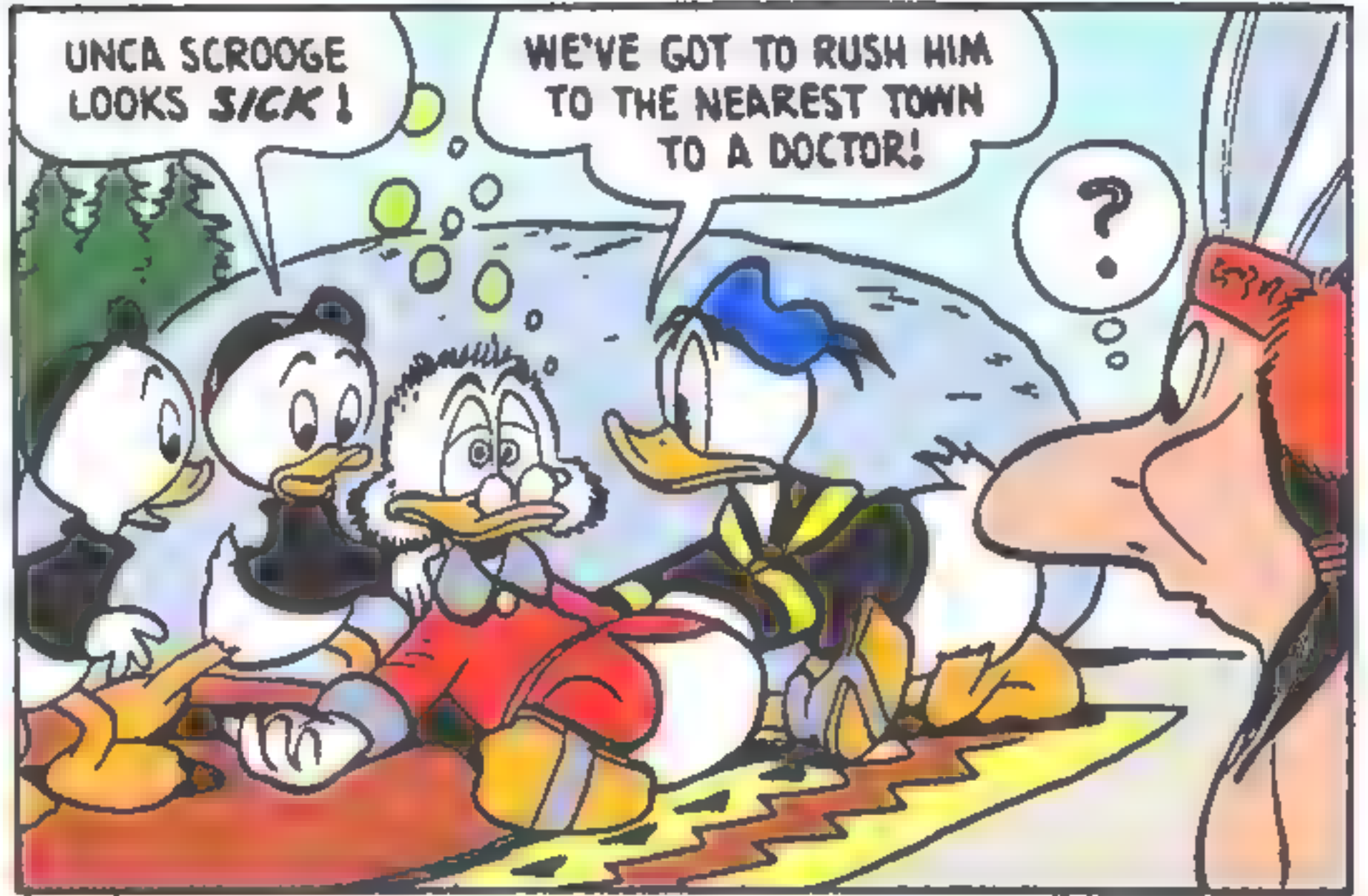
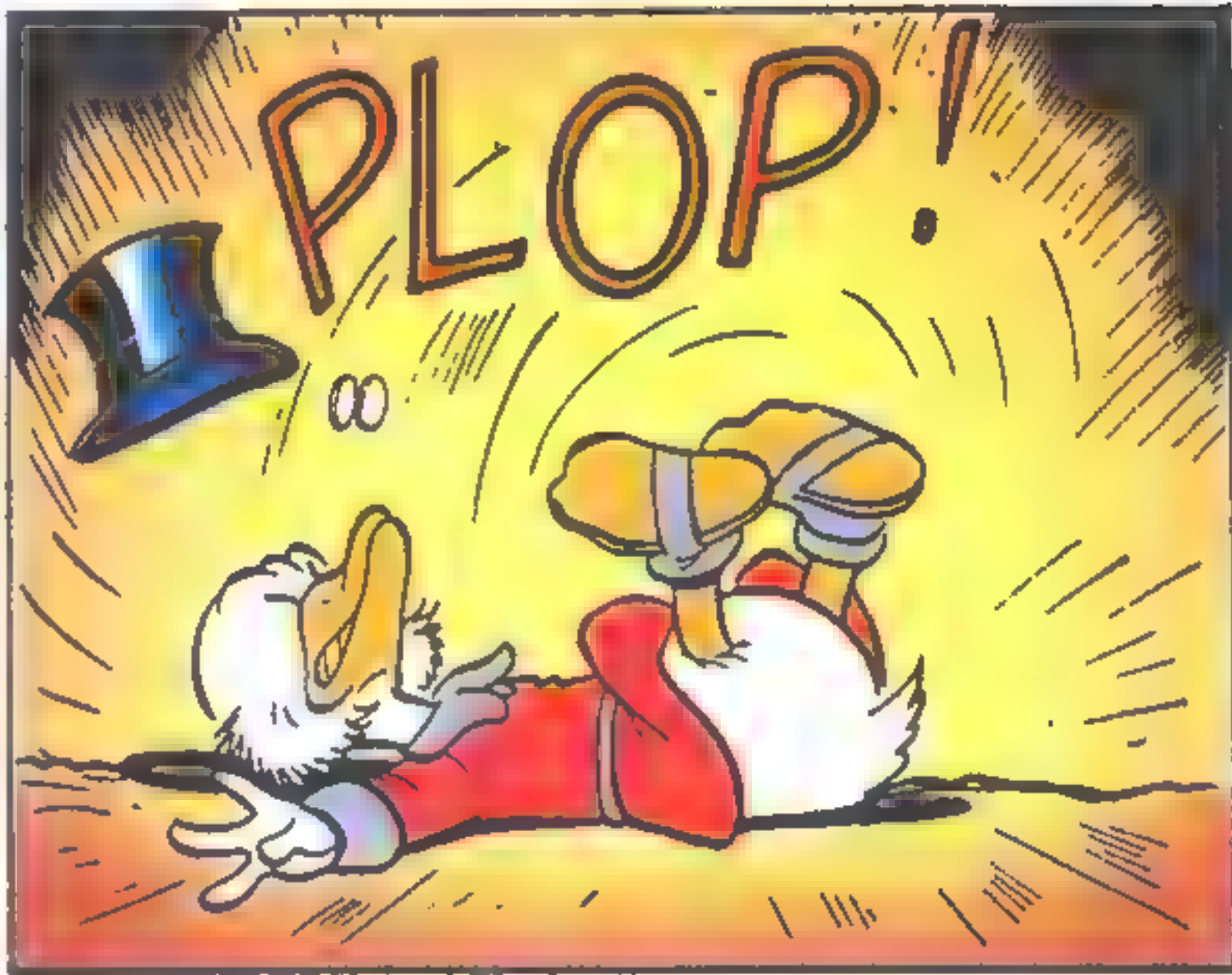














Walt Disney's

10¢

UNCLE \$CROOGE



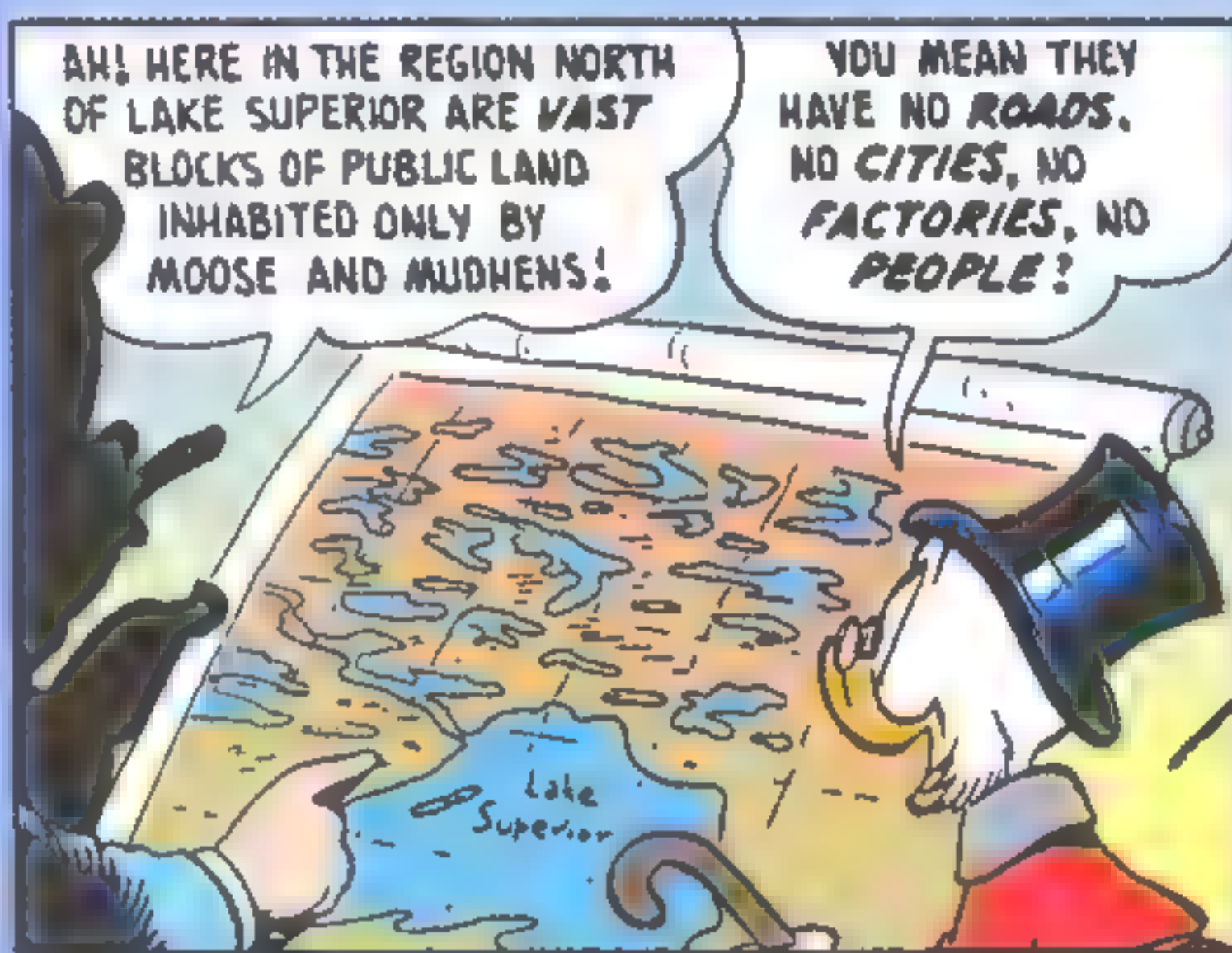
Carl Barks' cover for the original printing of "Land of the Pygmy Indians."

IN THE LAND OF THE PEEWEEGAH

by Don Rosa

"LAND OF THE PYGMY INDIANS"

I first saw Carl Barks' "Land of the Pygmy Indians" in my sister's brand new issue of *Uncle Scrooge* 18 in 1957, and it became one of the favorite Duck comics of my youth! I didn't know the story was Barks' remake of his own 1945 "Mystery of the Swamp" from *Donald Duck Four Color* 62. But even if I'd ever seen that original, I would have liked the remake much more! It's a far nicer story. The Gneezles were a mean-spirited bunch of miniature hillbilly hermits who wanted to feed Everglades visitors to the alligators. The Peeweegahs, on the other hand, are noble savages who preserve and protect the sanctity of their woodlands for the good of all the indigenous animals, fish, fowl, and flora, and even for worthy visitors. Scrooge's intentions for his ownership of the Peeweegah homeland are actually quite honorable. Despite his baser urges, he seems like he actually does want to preserve the land like a national park, keeping it quiet and clean and safe from pollution and industrial incursion. The Peeweegah don't claim they have a right to be the only ones to enjoy their land. They at first try to scare Scrooge and company away only due to their well-justified suspicions, but once a confrontation is forced, the Peeweegah seem willing to welcome the Ducks as "brothers to the gophers, the moose and the porcupine." As in "Mystery of the Swamp," Donald is put to a physical challenge—but in "Mystery" it was to save his life! The Peeweegah just want Donald to prove by a show of courage that the Ducks' intentions are as noble as they claim. Yes, a much kinder, gentler tale, and one that spoke to my own love of the woodlands that I gained from growing up in a remote home in the Kentucky hills with my sister's 1950's comic book collection.



This being the 50th birthday of Barks' Peeweegah adventure, another way to explain my special interest in his story is to tell you how I chose to spend my own 50th birthday! First, let me ask you this: where exactly *is* the Land of the Pygmy Indians? When Scrooge buys the property from Sidewalk Sam the Real Estate Man, Sam points to a map of the region of Canada north of Lake Superior. But he's not really pointing at the whole region... note that the shadow of his finger shows that he is touching the map at a specific point. Compare that

to your own atlas and you'll see that Sam is pointing *precisely* to the Quetico Wilderness Provincial Park of Ontario. Probably a coincidence, and besides, that park has been in existence for nearly a century and the land could not have been for sale in 1957. Nonetheless, this is a region (as the story says) of thousands of lakes into which no one is allowed to venture except in unmotorized canoes. No hunting, limited fishing, and very limited camping is allowed only in designated sites. It is a region that is being preserved as close as possible to the way it was a thousand years ago, just as the Peeweegah want to preserve their land. And since travel in the park is limited to canoes and certain campsites, the interior of the land and islands has seldom been explored even by the 18th and 19th century French trappers. There is plenty of room there to hide hundreds of Peeweegah villages.

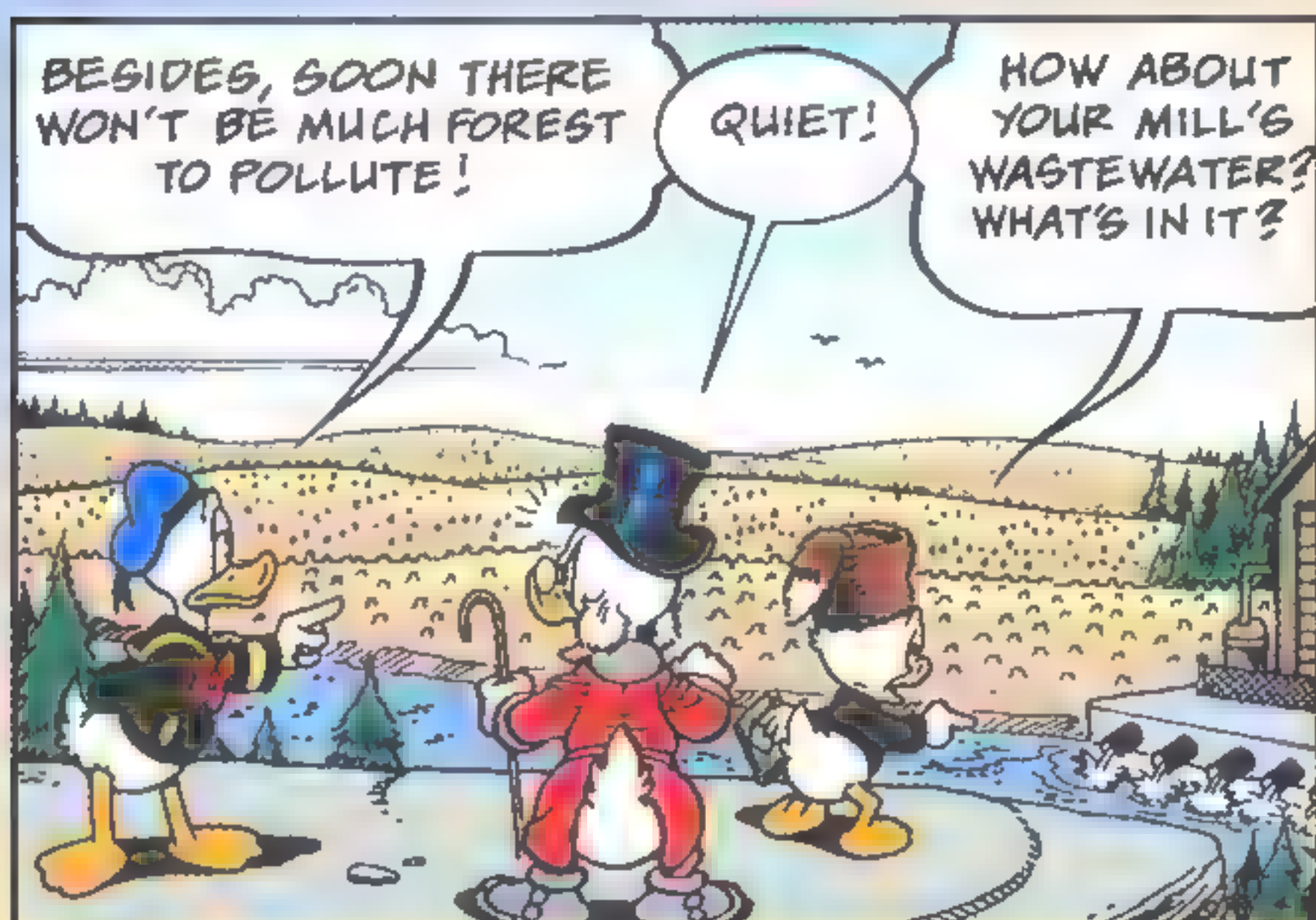
But, as to my 50th birthday activities: in honor of Barks' Peeweegah story, my wife and I spent two weeks canoe-camping in the Quetico Wilderness. Just the two of us. And believe me, it's not as easy as the Ducks make it look! Aside from hardly being able to transport such a roomy tent, pots, pans, tables and a cooking stove (with *legs* yet) as the Ducks did, to travel that region by canoe involves paddling leisurely for a half-hour, followed by an hour of portaging the canoe on your (my!) back between lakes, with more trips back and forth for the bags of gear! Repeat as needed *all day long!* And the mosquitoes! Barks portrayed such mosquito attacks in other stories but could have easily included such a scene in this Peeweegah tale. Just before sunset every night we would start to hear from the direction of the woods what sounded like a distant jet. It was the beating of untold trillions of mosquito wings as they took flight from their hidey holes. We learned to always be inside the tent by sundown. Forget wildcats and king sturgeons—if the Peeweegah merely sent their mosquito pals after unwanted visitors, they'd be safe and secure forever!



"Oh no! Our camp stuff has been dumped into the lake by the Peeweegah! Everything is ruined but the canoe!"

“WAR OF THE WENDIGO”

As with several of the other stories I've done for Egmont, this adventure was created in 1990 at the request of an editor of one of their European branch publishers. In this instance, an editor wanted me to do a Duck story concerning the terrible “acid rain” problem that is plaguing the forests of Scandinavia. Of course, we have the same problem here in North America where industrial pollution causes acid to rain down on the lovely woodlands of Canada, and since my stories take place in America, that's the situation with which I would be dealing. Well, the subject of the pollution of the Canadian wilderness immediately causes any Barks fan to think of the plight of the Peeweegahs in his “Land of the Pygmy Indians”! And other Egmont editors had already mentioned that old story as one of the Barks classics to which the readers had long been requesting a sequel. So, this was the *perfect* opportunity to see how the Peeweegahs had been doing!



I was rather pleased with the result, and it's not all that often that I am totally happy with one of my stories. I showed how Scrooge was unthinkingly destroying the Peeweegah forest refuge that he had promised to protect in Barks' original story, and I made the point without trivializing the acid rain problem. If I'd had Gyro Gearloose pop in and invent some goofy solution to acid rain, I wouldn't have been dealing honestly with a very real and very serious situation. My story does not offer a

Gearloosian solution but only shows that we must constantly redouble our efforts to preserve the environment because so much of what we do has unimagined effects on even wilderness areas far from our homes and industries.

There were three elements of this story which caused difficulties to myself, Euro-editors and Gladstone Publishing. First was the extra difficulty in writing the Peeweegah dialogue in the same rune-o-meter poetic rhythm used by Barks, emulating Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha." I created this story for Egmont, meaning that I knew my dialogue would be translated into a few dozen other languages and all of my extra work would be a complete waste of time. Many of those translators wouldn't even bother to carefully rewrite my dialogue into a rune-o-meter translation—they'd just use the general meanings of each balloon. But my efforts would not be wasted since the story would be eventually used in America by Gladstone Comics, right? Think again!

But before that problem manifested itself a few years later, the more immediate second problem came when some Euro-editors disliked my description of how the villain was retaliating against the animals that were attacking his pollution factory. Europeans are very sensitive to mistreatment of animals. But I felt it was important to vividly depict the cruelty and thoughtlessness of the greedy polluter. My aim was to show how we can only live on this planet with the help and permission of the flora and fauna, and how tough it would be for us if nature ever realized who its worst enemy was.

The third problem arose when Gladstone wanted to print this story. The timing was such that publication approval was not granted. It seemed Gladstone would not be able to print "War of the Wendigo," though they did manage to do so just before their license expired.

I apologize for two elements in the original design of the story. For one thing, we have those redundant and annoying half-page panels occurring on pages 10 and 19. As you may know, Egmont only allows long stories to appear serialized in short chapters, so these panels were necessary. (My current method is to create extra full-page opening-chapter recaps that can be completely left out of one-part printings.) Also, the fact that the Wendigos in my story are actually the Peeweegahs was supposed to be the "surprise ending" of chapter one. But I guess it's pretty obvious who the mysterious Wendigo are since this is a "Peeweegah Special."

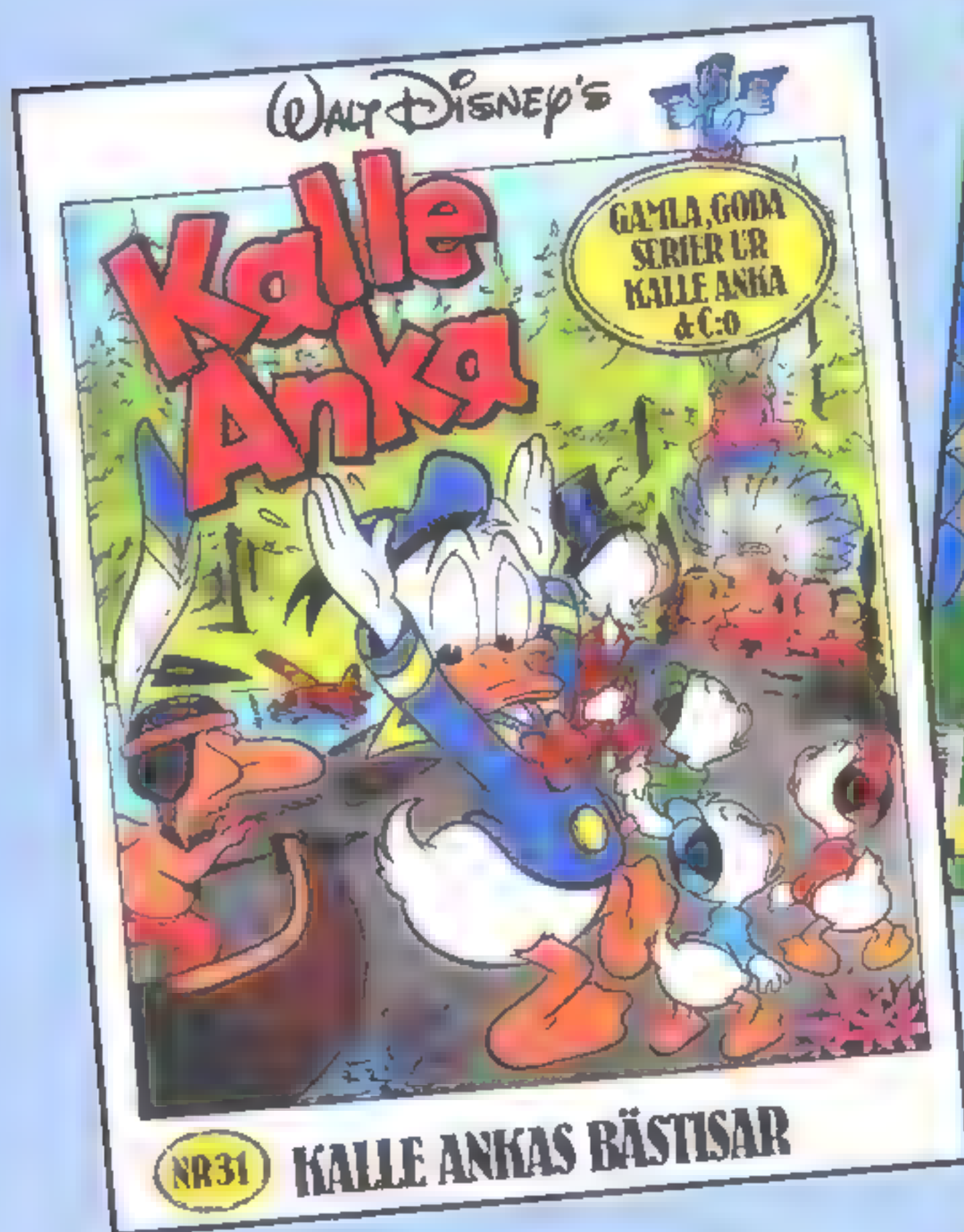


Don Rosa on his 50th birthday in the Land of the Pygmy Indians

WORLD OF THE WENDIGO

by David Gerstein

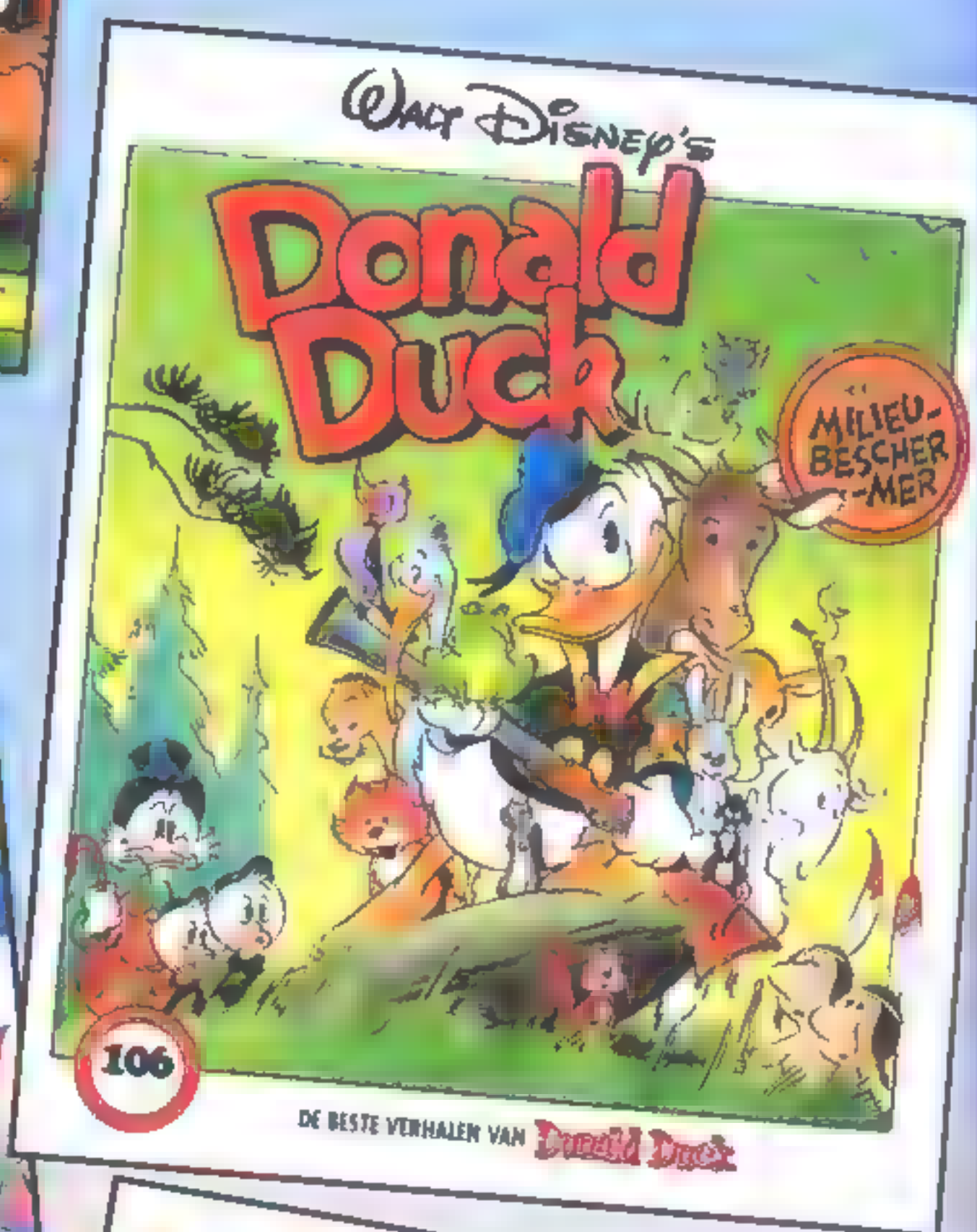
Despite its popularity, Carl Barks never drew a cover for "Land of the Pygmy Indians," and until the publication of this book, Don Rosa had not created a cover for "War of the Wendigo." Instead, local publishers employed other noted Duck talent to illustrate cover artwork. A collection of those covers is presented here.



Cover to Swedish *Kalle Ankas Bästisar* 31 (1990), art by Daniel Branca.



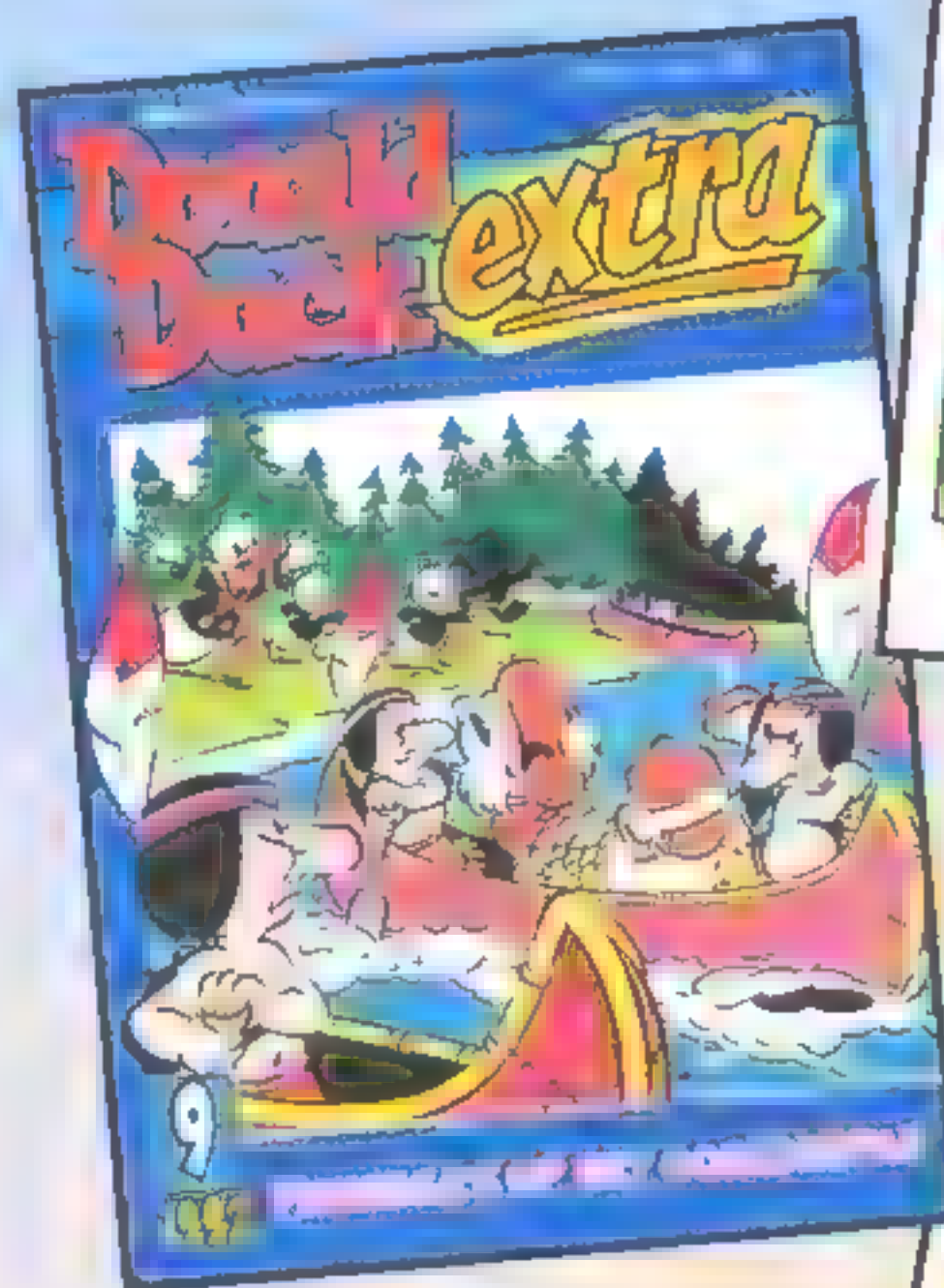
Cover to Danish *Anders And & Co.* 45/1991, art by Busen.



Cover to Dutch *Beste verhalen van Donald Duck* 106 (2001), art by Daan Jippes. See page 64 for Jippes' most famous Peeweegah cover.

Cover to Dutch *Donald Duck Extra* 9/1992, art by Michel Nadorp.

Cover to Dutch *Oom Dagobert* 61 (1999), Rosa art adapted and reinked by Viktor Venema.



Front cover drawing and back cover vignette from Italian *Zio Paperone* 84 (1996), art by Marco Rota.



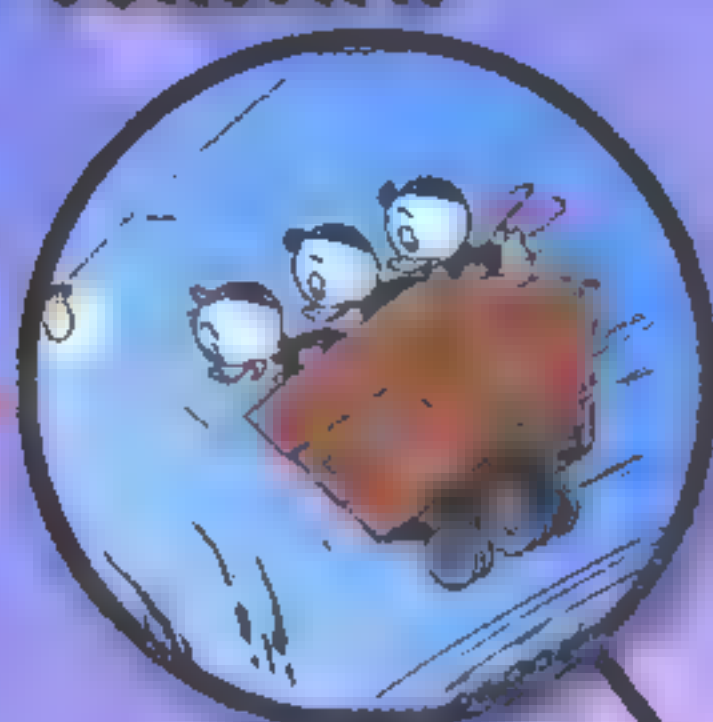
DUCK TALES

BEFORE

DUCK TALES



LAND ~~BEHATH~~ ^{the} GROUND



MICRO-DUCKS
from
OUTER SPACE



HOUND
of the
WHISKERVILLES

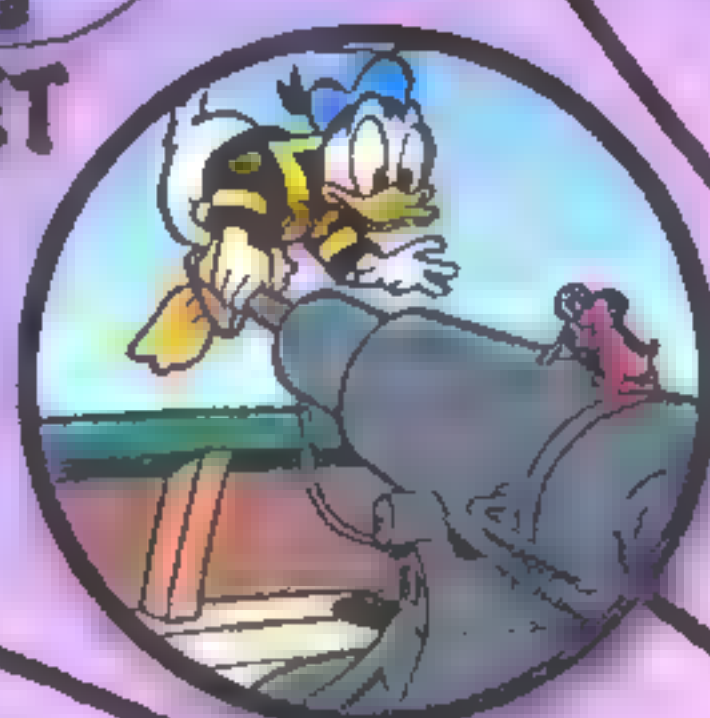


ON SALE
NOW

BACK to the
KLONDIKE



LEMMING
with the
LOCKET



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Did you know that some of your favorite DuckTales stories were created more than 50 years ago by one of the greatest Disney cartoonists of all times? Gemstone Publishing presents a collection of stories written by the legendary Carl Barks, originally published in comic books and then later adapted for the cartoon series DuckTales. See these wonderful adventures as they originally appeared and then go back and watch them animated!

Look for Carl Barks' Greatest DuckTales Stories Volume 1 at your favorite comic shop or visit www.gemstonepub.com/disney.

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GEMSTONE PUBLISHING PRESENTS

More DUCKTALES

AVAILABLE
NOW!

before
they were
Duck Tales
by Carl Barks
VOLUME 2

We knew how much you would enjoy the works of Carl Barks in our first presentation of his "duck tales before they were *DuckTales*," so we've assembled a second volume containing the remaining Barks stories that were adapted into *DuckTales* cartoons! Yes, more of your favorite duck characters along with an array of appearances by various villains.

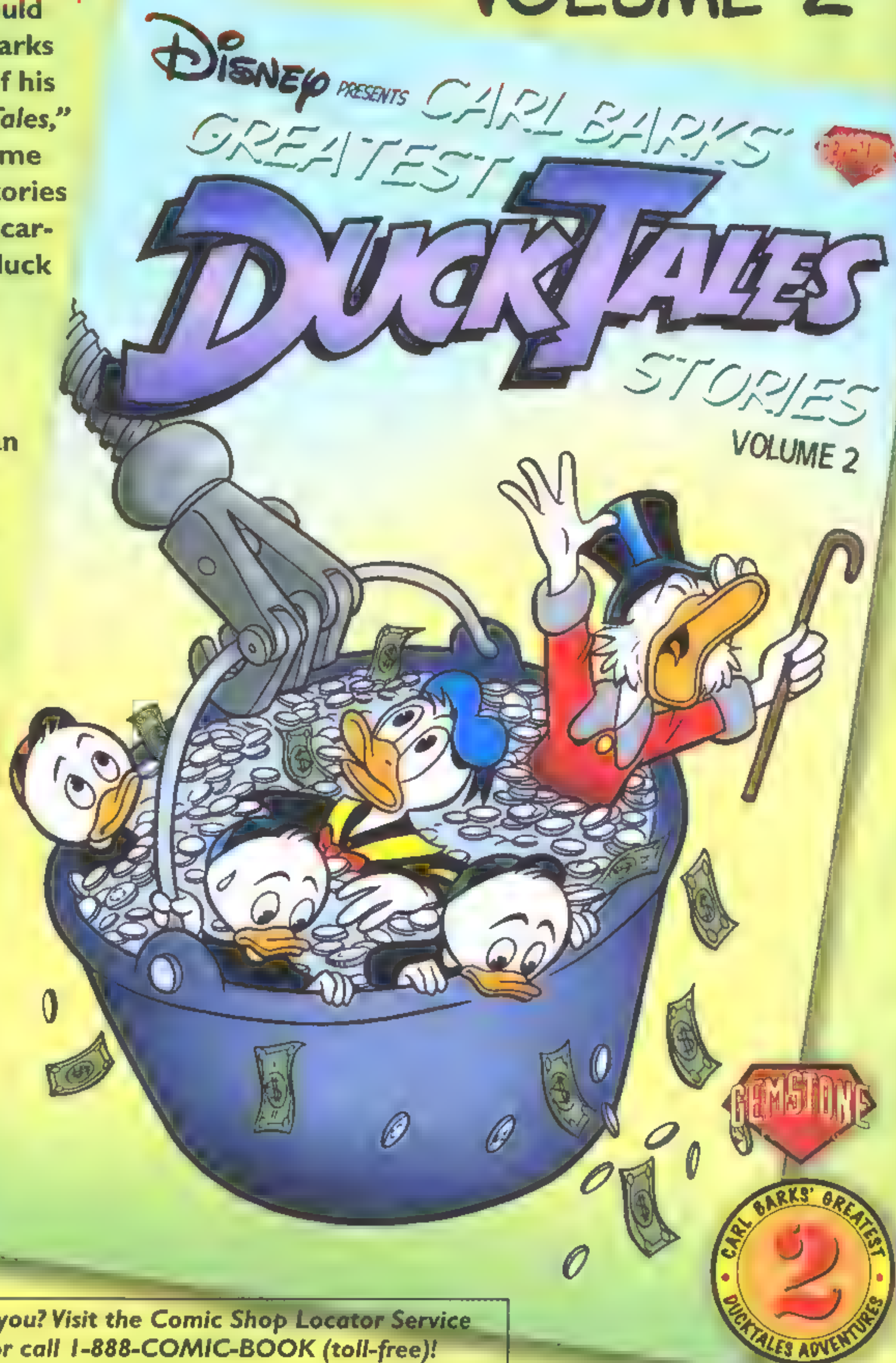
Here's what you can expect:

- Relive Uncle Scrooge's Himalayan bottlecap adventure "Tralla La"
- Travel along with Scrooge as he searches for glittering wool in "The Golden Fleecing"
- Discover every kind of diamond imaginable (Carl Barks kind of imaginable) in "The Status Seeker"
- The Beagle Boys are at it again, this time taking on "The Unsafe Safe"
- What? Someone else after Scrooge's money in "The Horseradish Story"?
- "Giant Robot Robbers" run wild in Duckburg with one particular Money Bin in their sights!

Enjoy!

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Need help finding a comic shop near you? Visit the Comic Shop Locator Service at <http://csls.diamondcomics.com> or call 1-888-COMIC-BOOK (toll-free)!

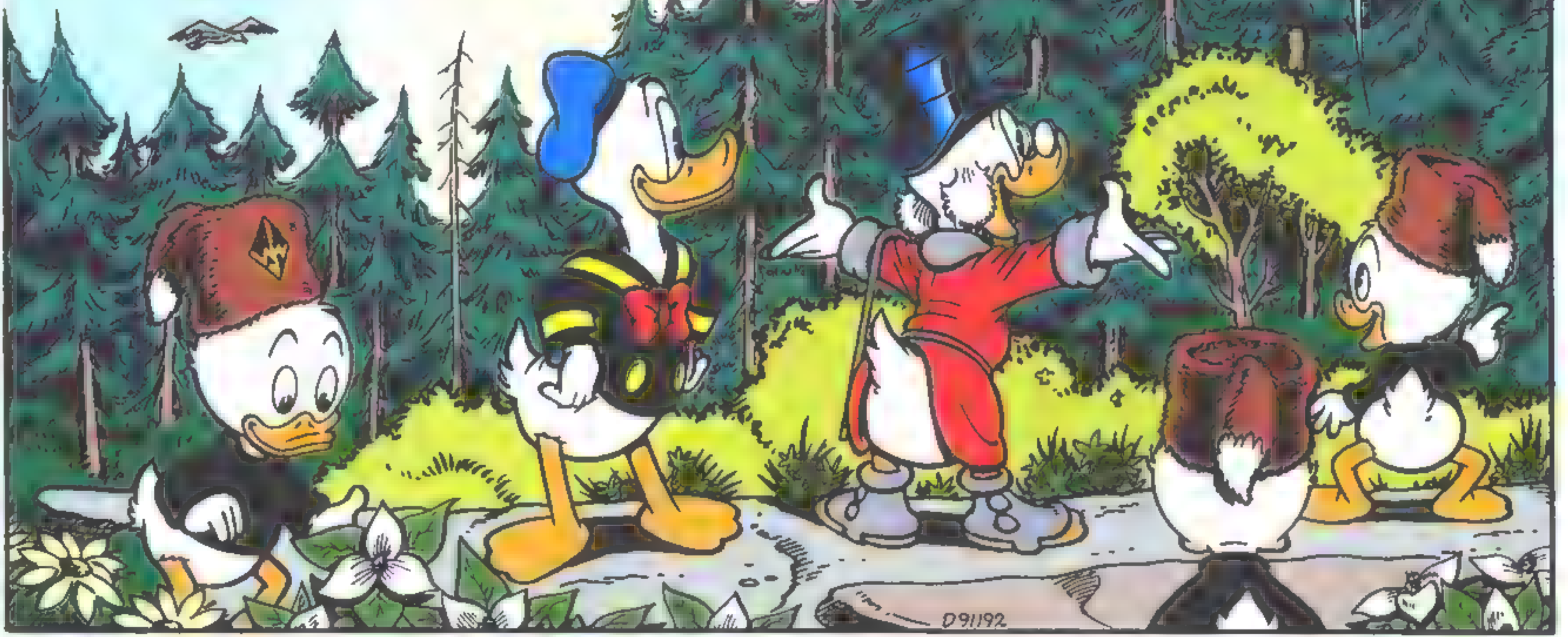


WALT DISNEY'S

UNCLE SCROOGE

WELL, BOYS,
WELCOME TO THE
GREAT WHITE
NORTH!

THE GREAT WHITE
NORTH LOOKS
A LITTLE GREEN
THIS MORNING!



WHITE OR GREEN, IT WAS NICE
OF YOU TO BRING US ON YOUR TOUR
OF YOUR CANADIAN MILLS, UNCA
SCROOGE!

WE CAN DO SOME
NATURE STUDIES!

WE MIGHT EARN OUR
MERIT BADGES IN
LEARNING THE
SQUAWKS OF THE
COMMON LOON!

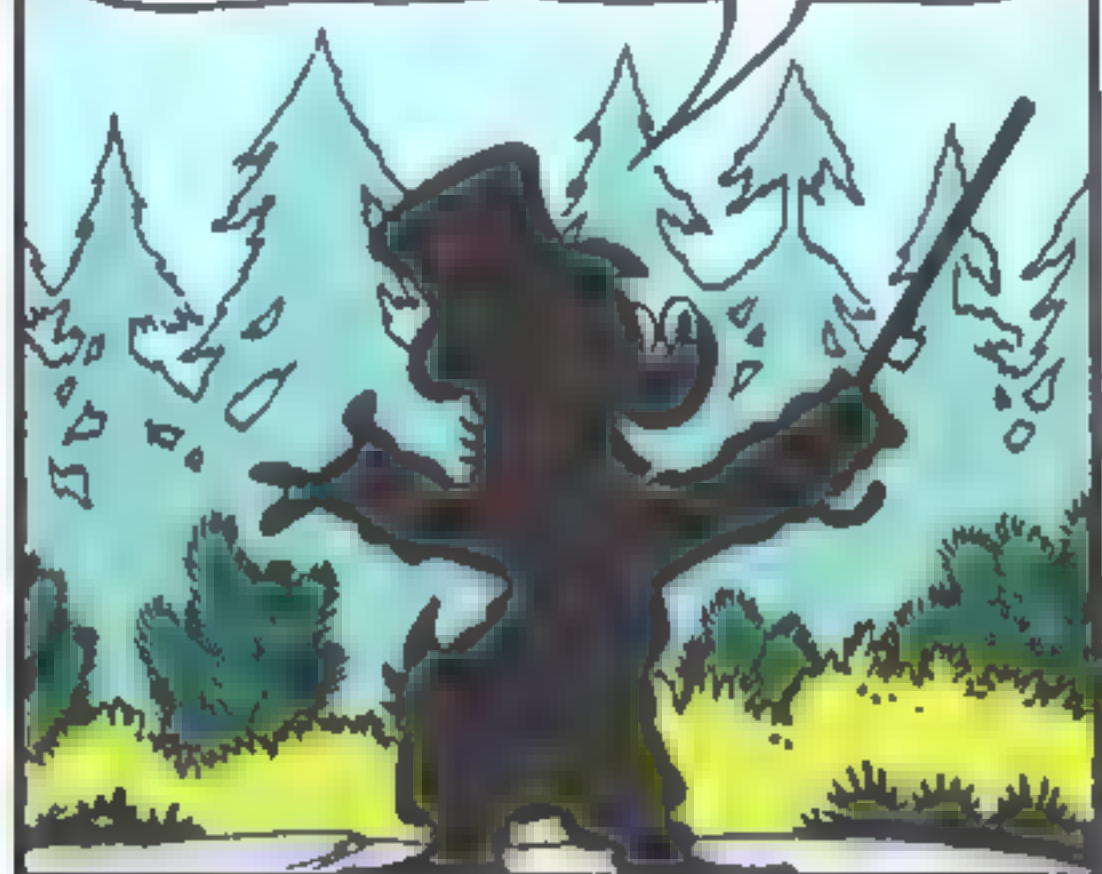
SEEMS LIKE YOU COULD
DO THAT BACK HOME,
LIVING WITH YOUR
UNCLE DONALD!



JUST LOOK AT THE BEAUTY
THAT SURROUNDS US ON ALL
SIDES! CLEAN, UNPOILED
VISTAS!

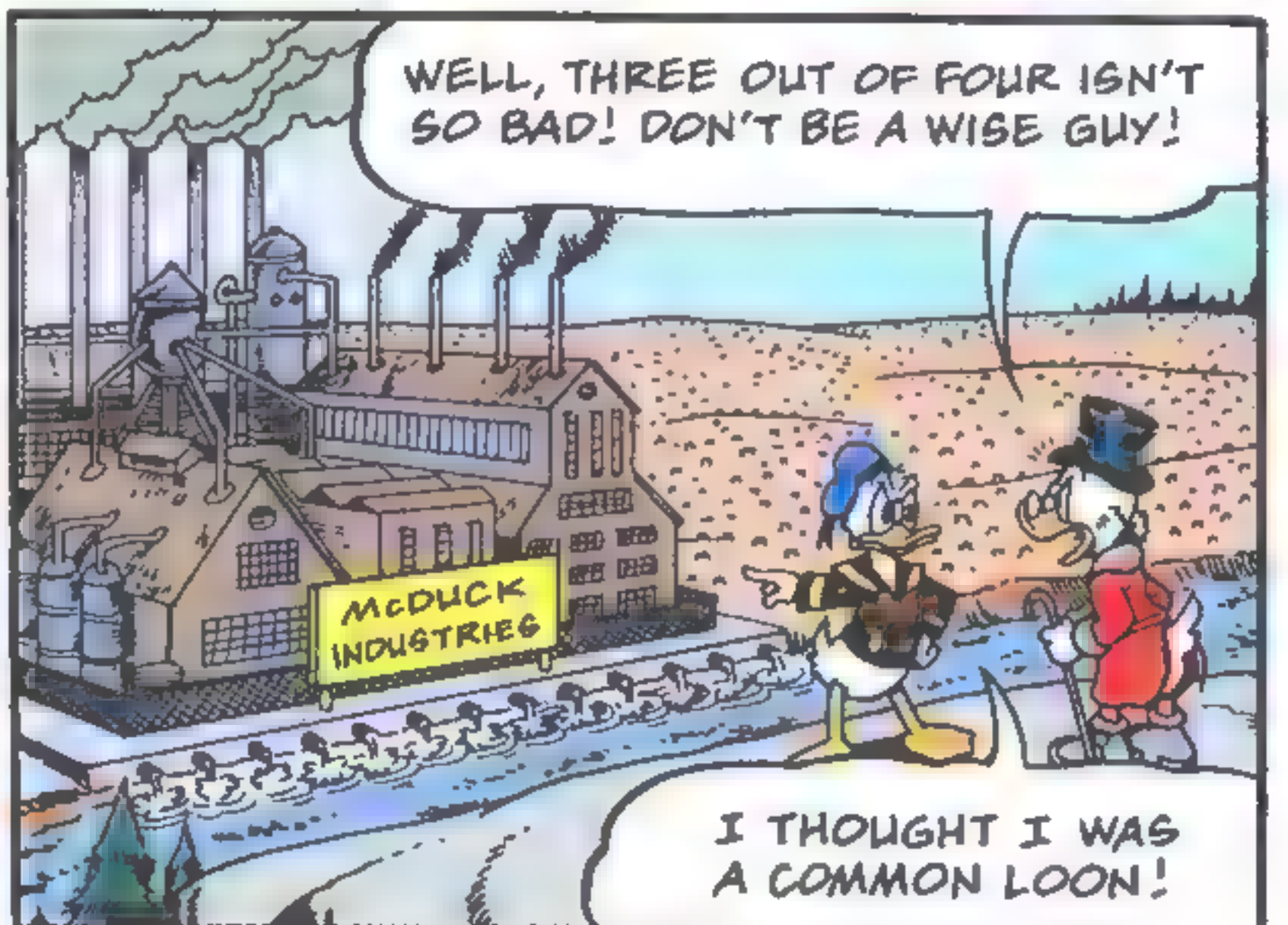
PARADISE TO
ALL FOUR COMPASS
POINTS —❄️

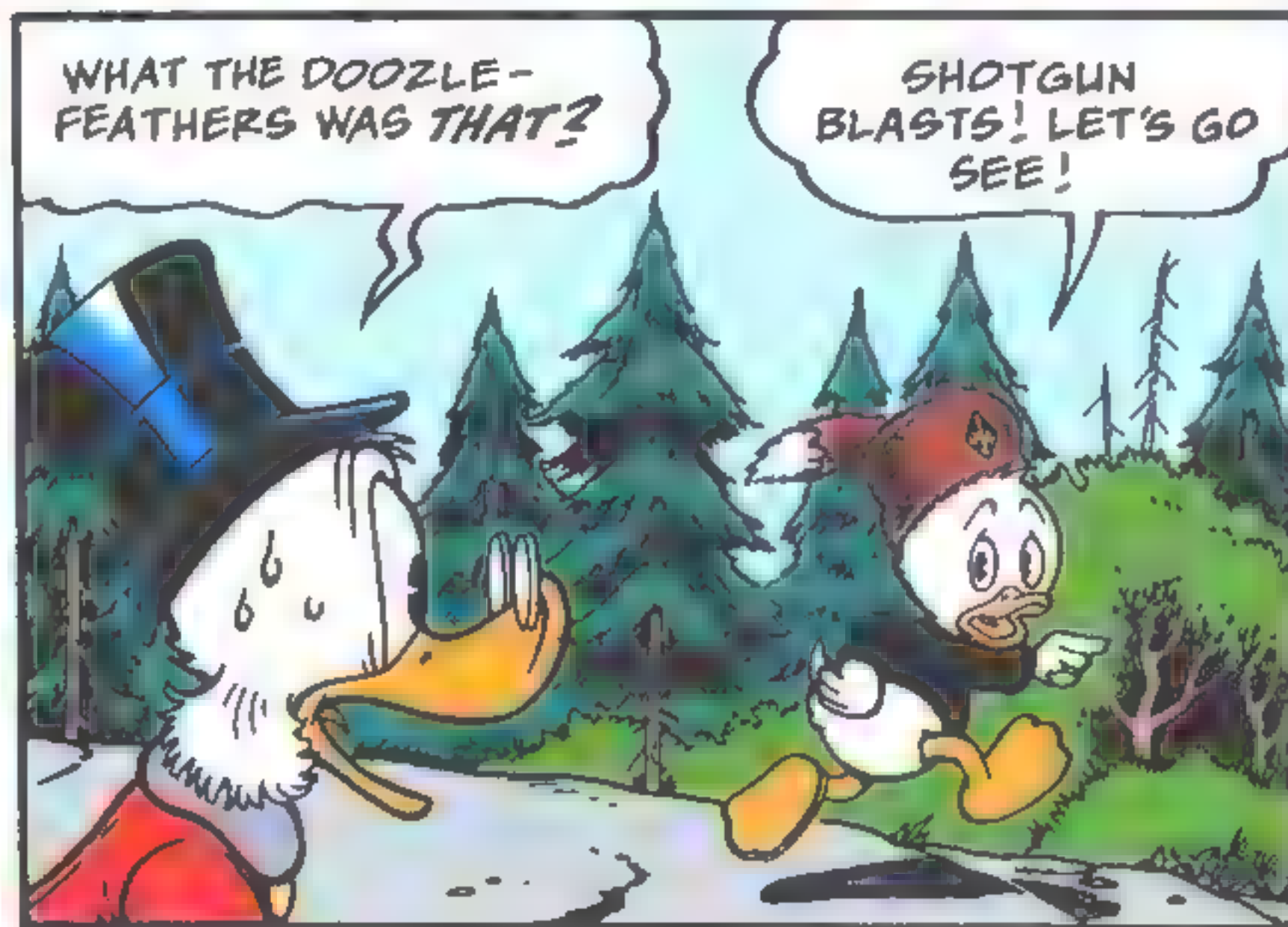
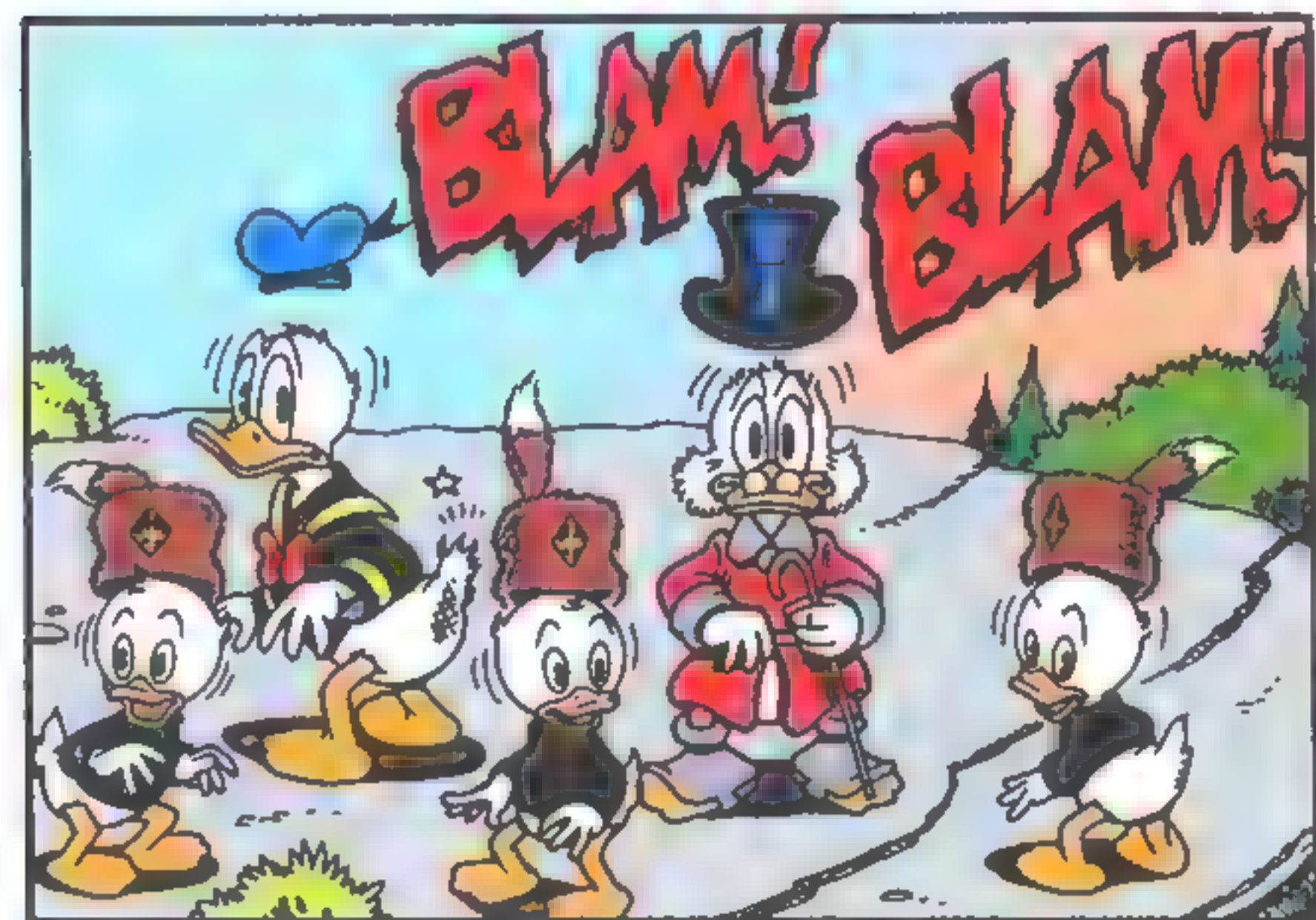
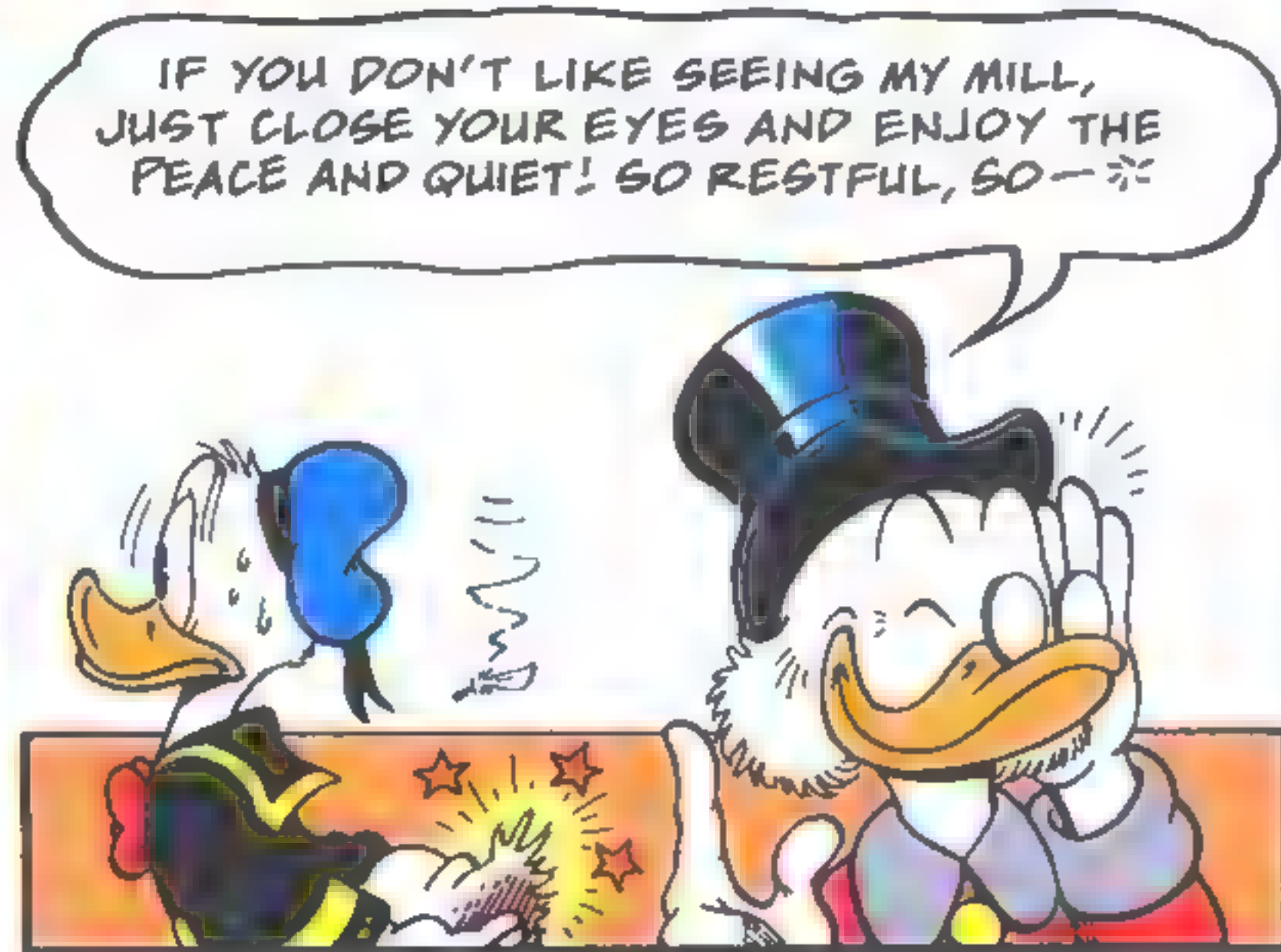
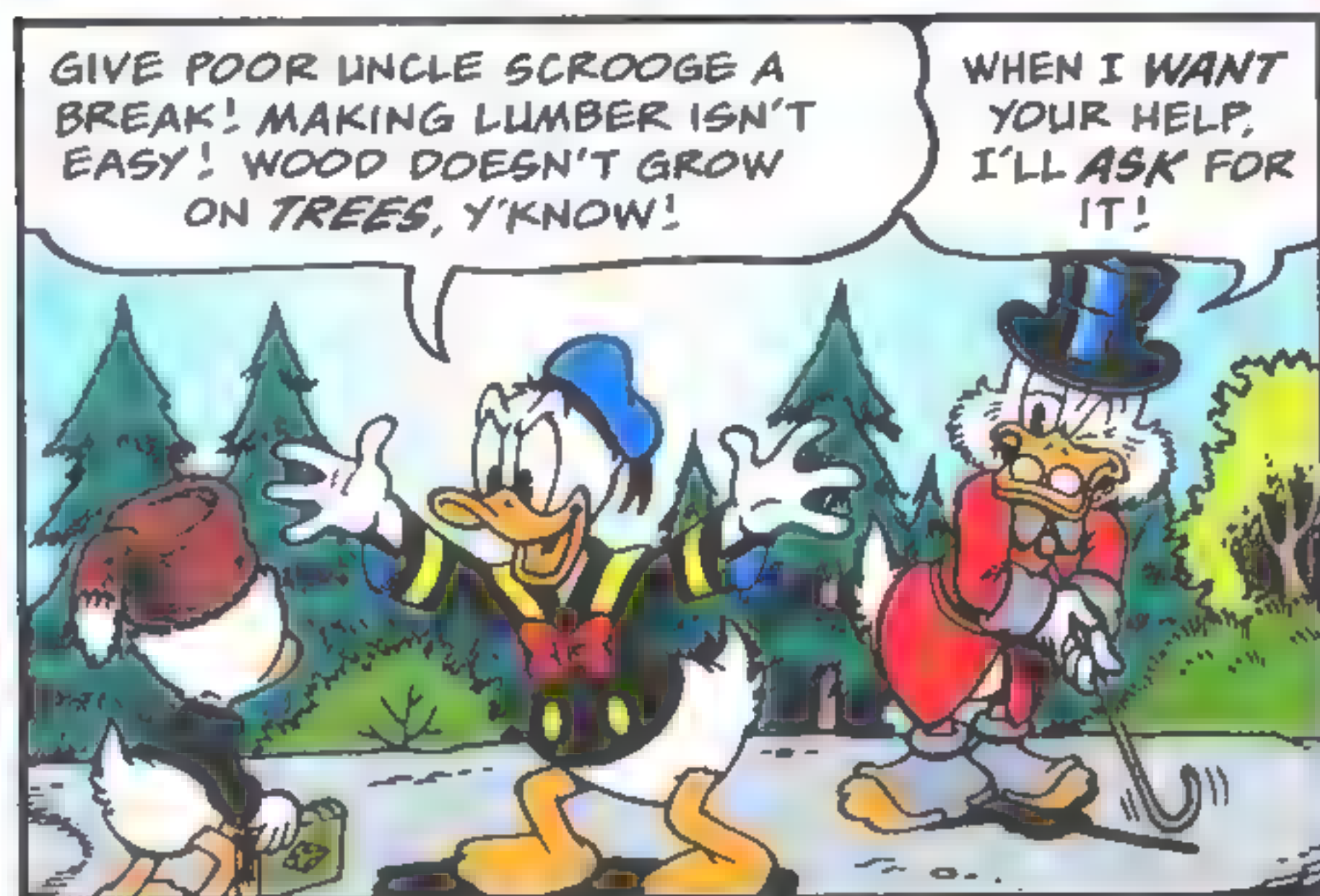
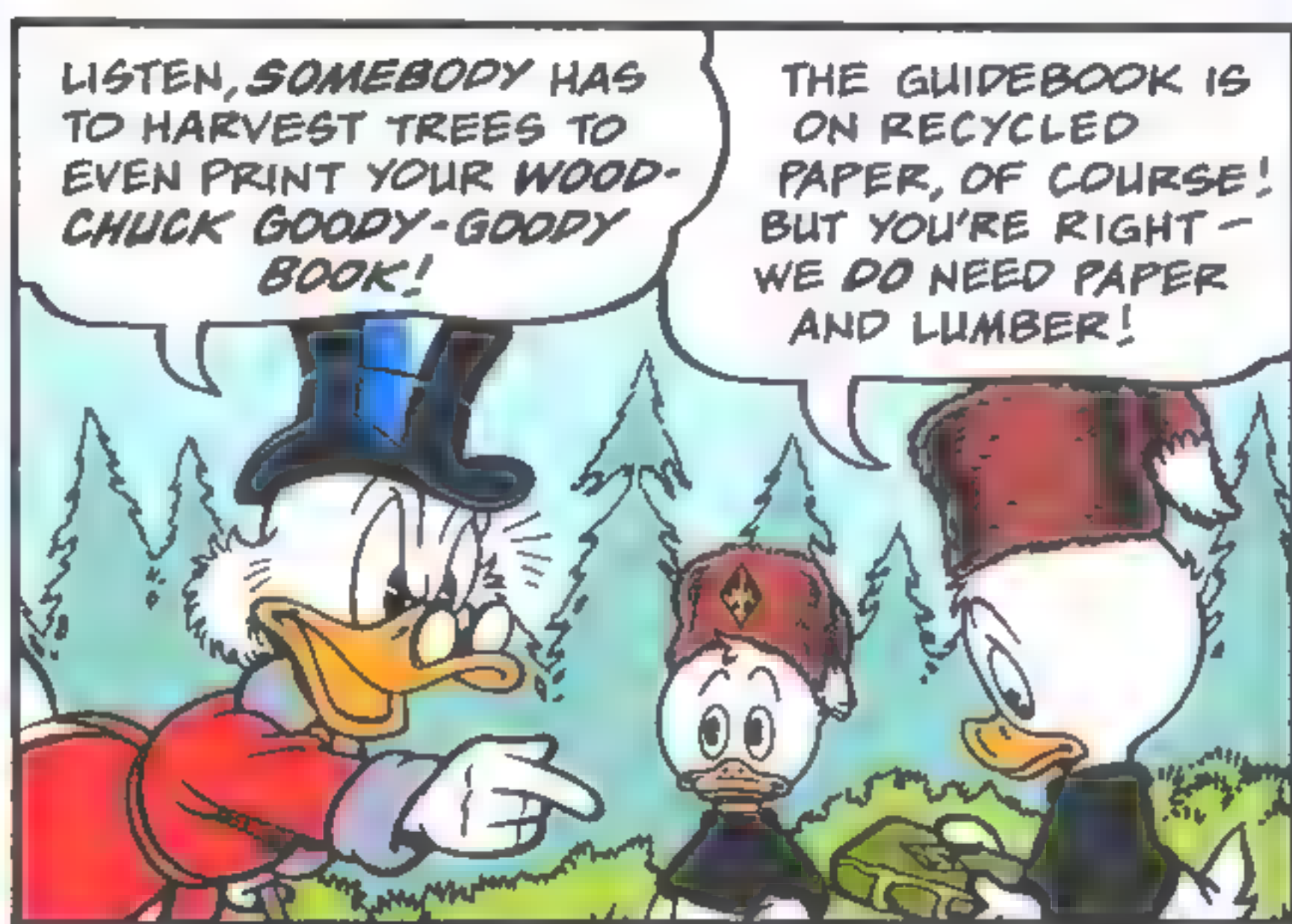
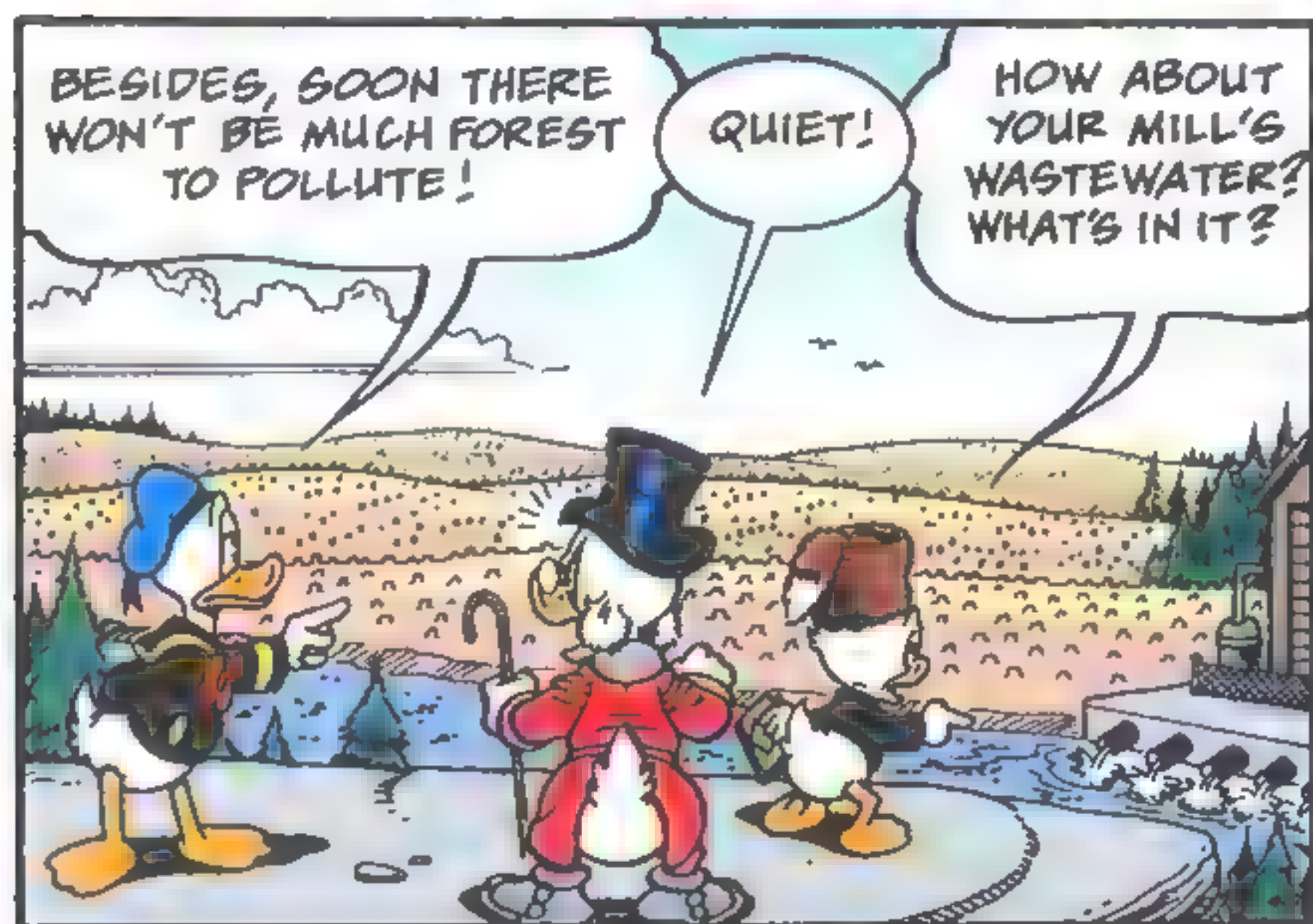
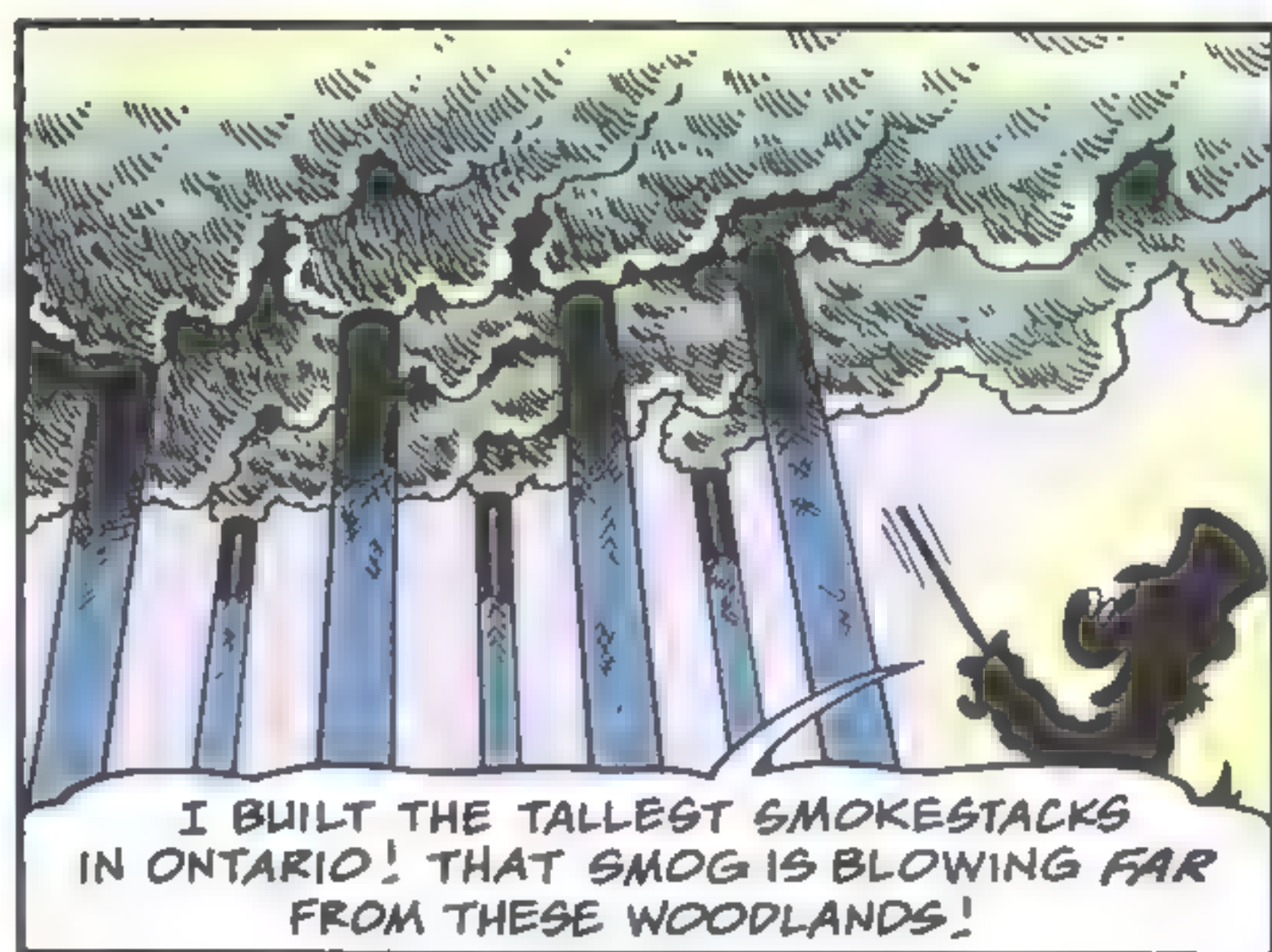
TAPI!
TAPI!

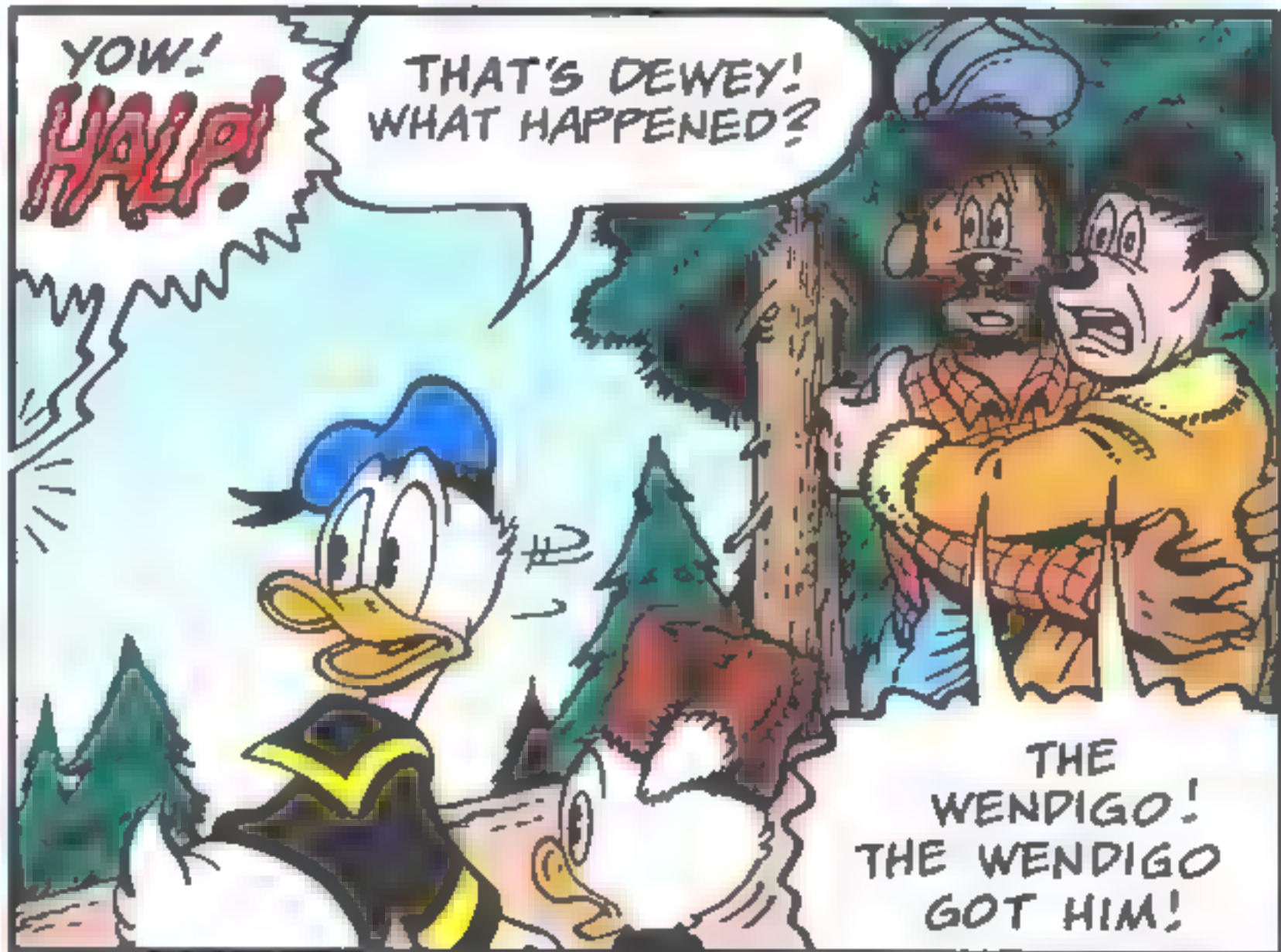
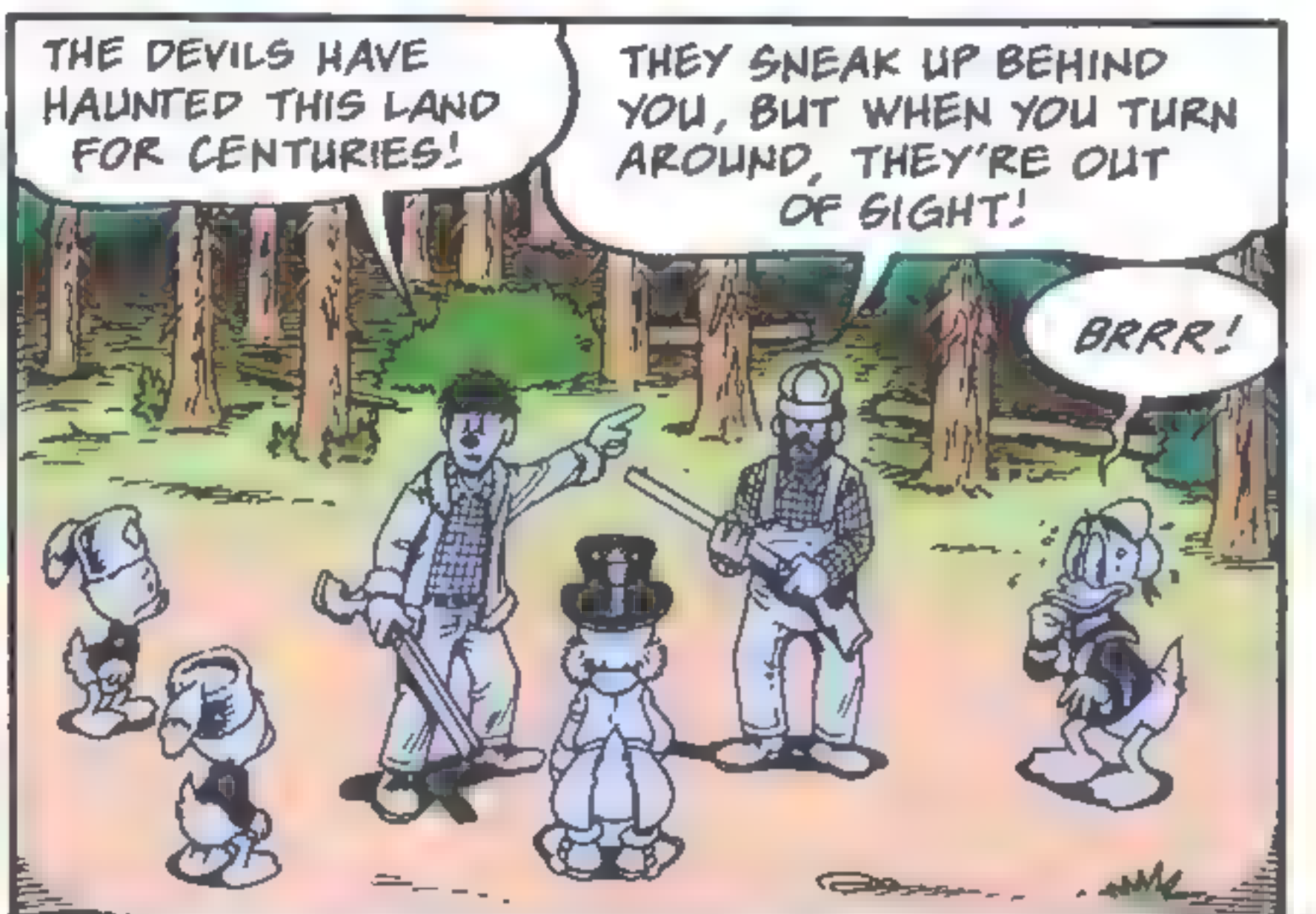
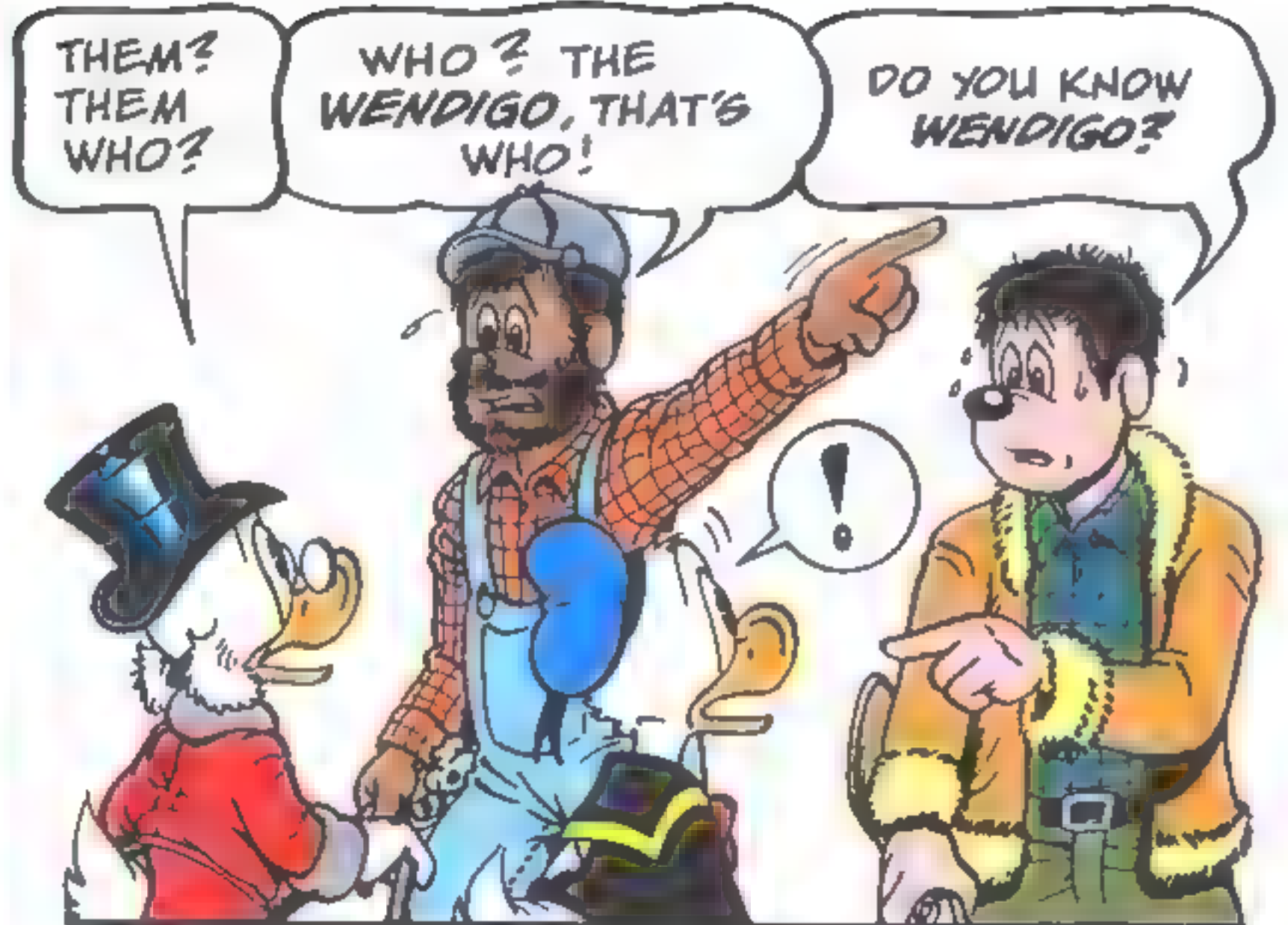
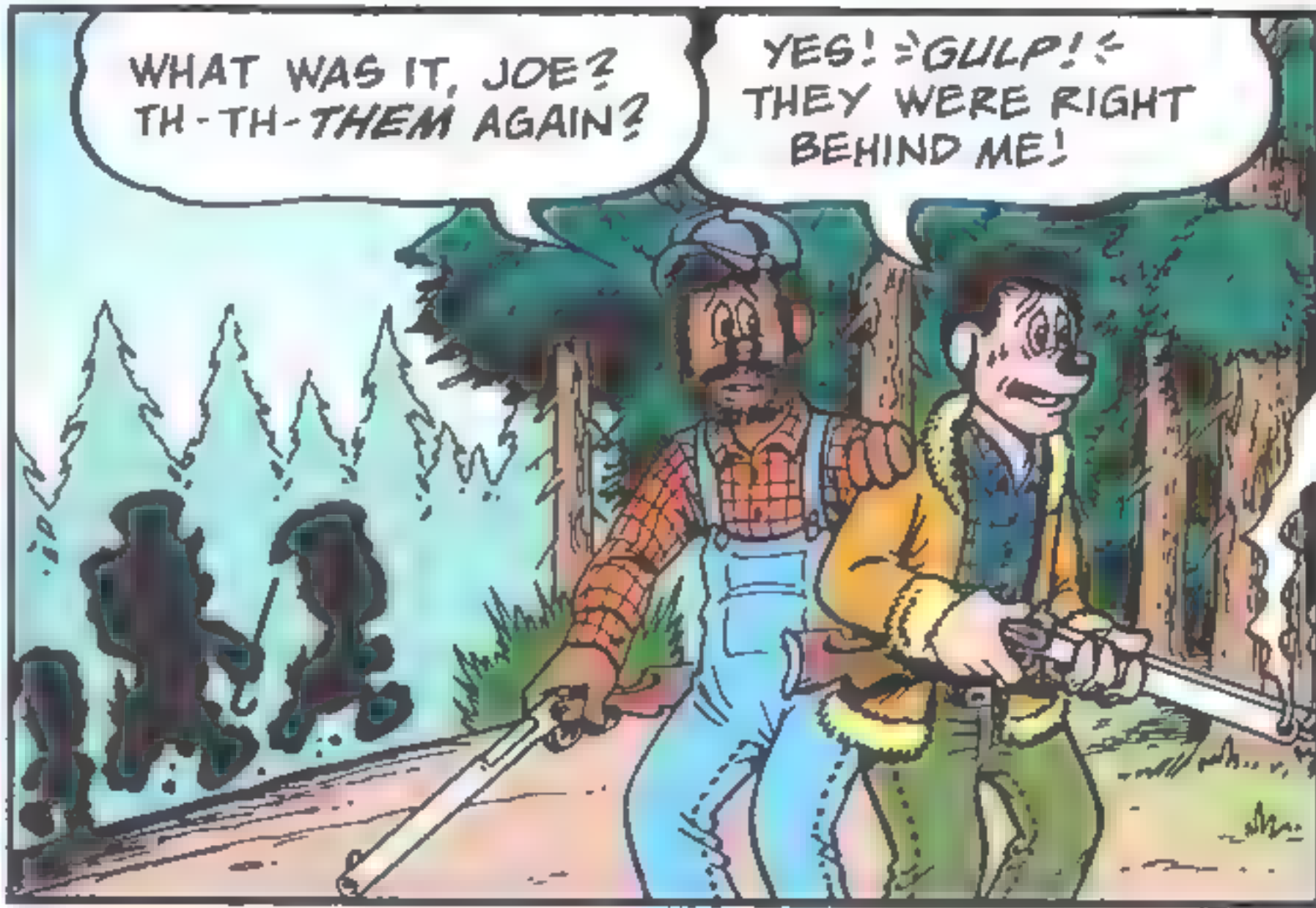


WELL, THREE OUT OF FOUR ISN'T
SO BAD! DON'T BE A WISE GUY!

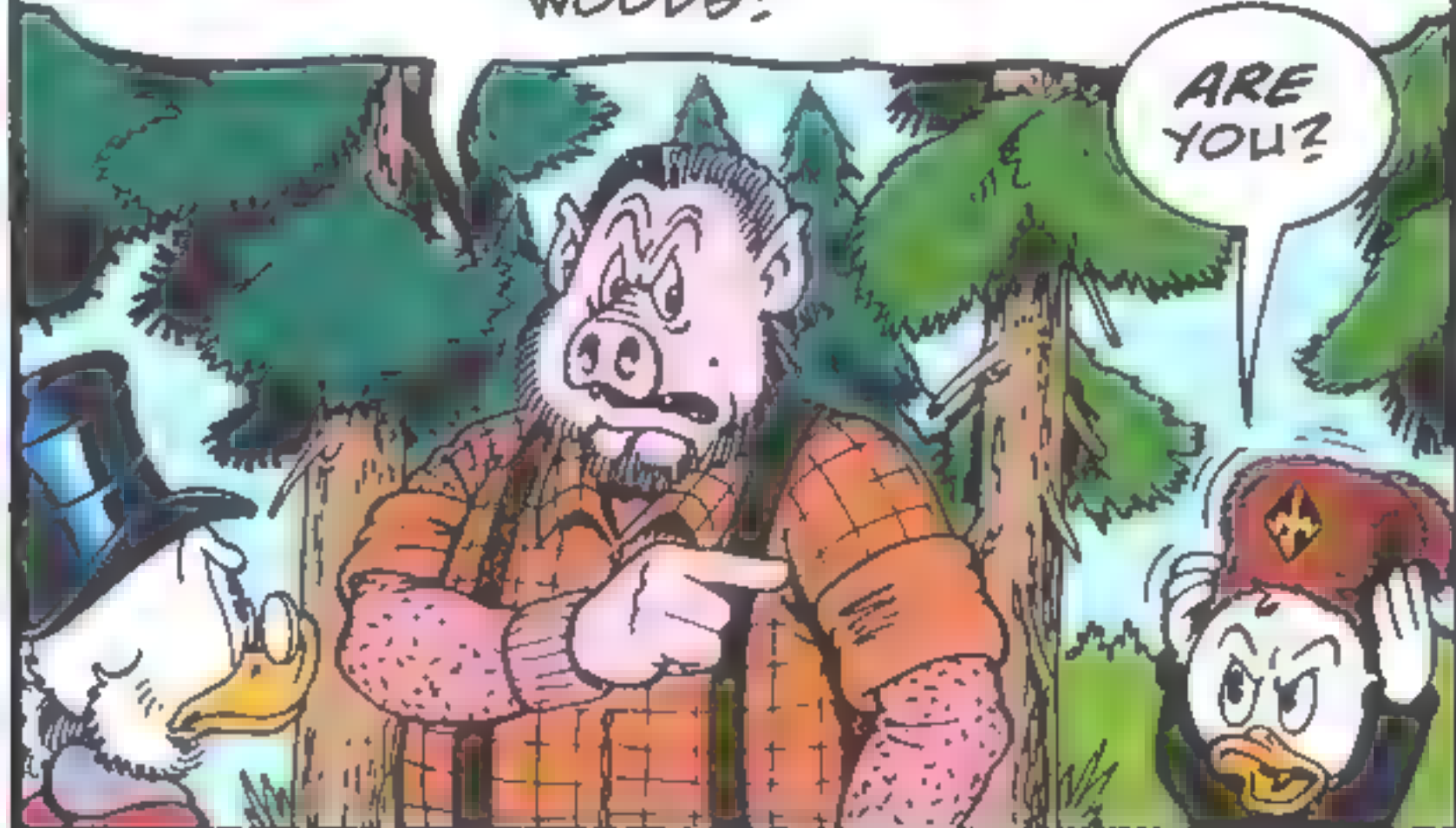
I THOUGHT I WAS
A COMMON LOON!







FOR YEARS WE'VE GOTTEN MAIL FROM THESE MINIATURE NATURE BOYS ABOUT HOW WE'RE SUPPOSEDLY SPOILING THEIR PRECIOUS WOODS!

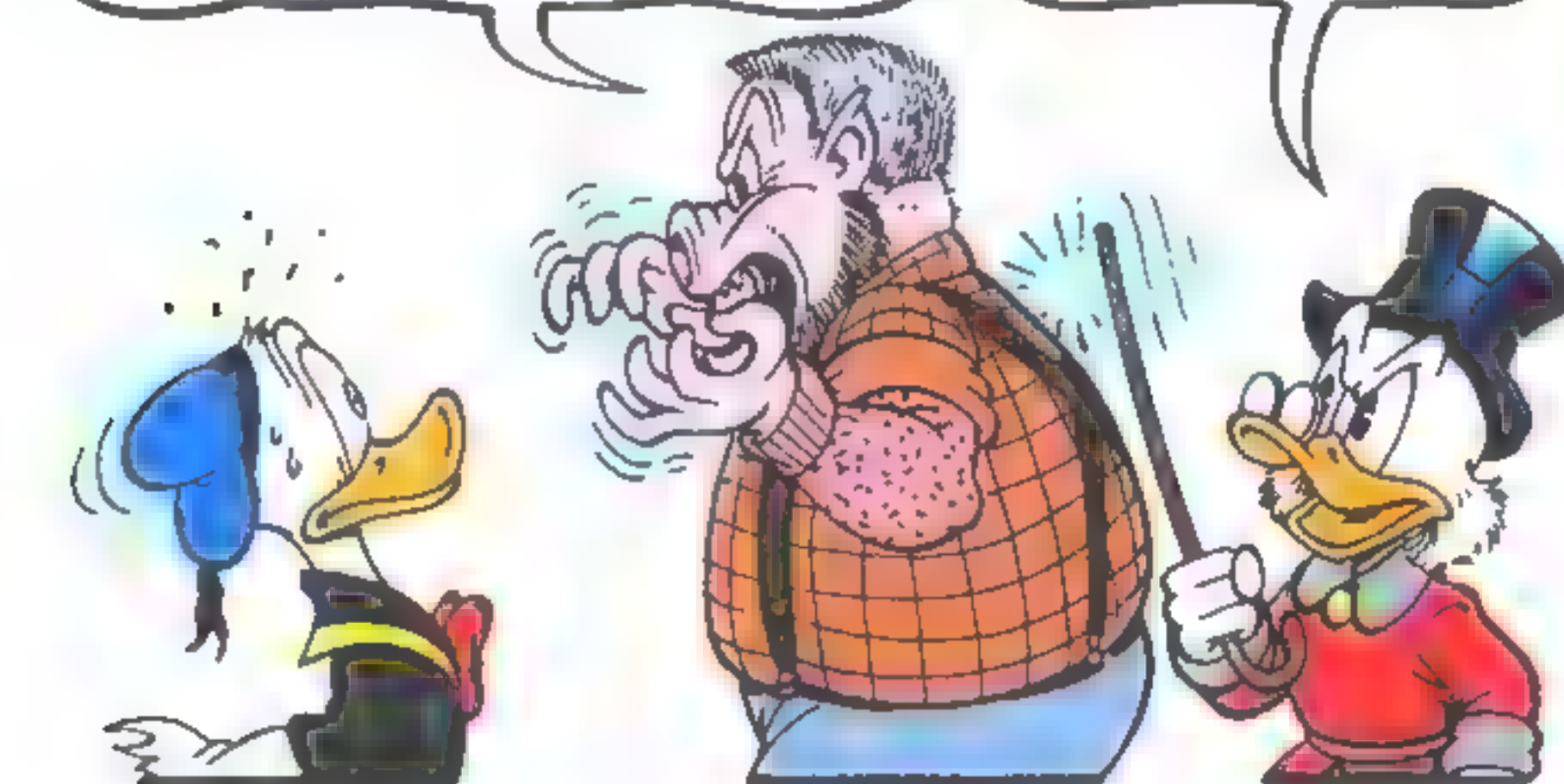


LOOK, KID, SAVING THE ENVIRONMENT IS FINE AND DANDY, BUT NOT IF IT COSTS ME MY JOB! HOW CAN YOU EVEN COMPARE THE TWO?



ANIMAL LOVERS - BAH! GIVE BAMBI HALF A CHANCE AND HE'LL TAKE YOUR ARM OFF WITH HIS FANGS!

WOODCHUCKS OR WENDIGO - WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT THEM?



MY GUARDS ARE WIMPS! THEY WON'T TRACK THOSE VANDALS INTO THE WOODS AND CATCH THEM!

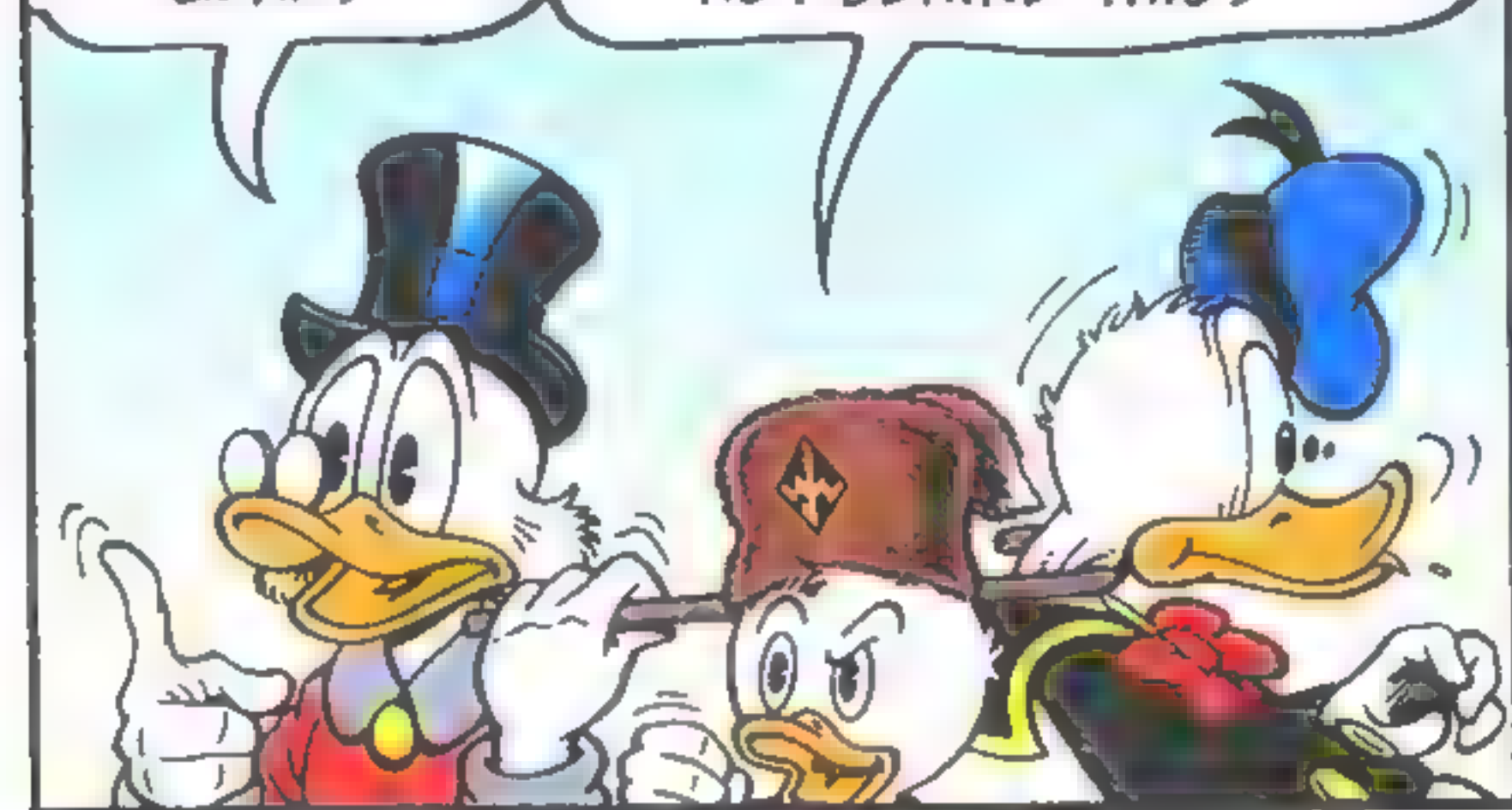
HMM...

UH-OH!



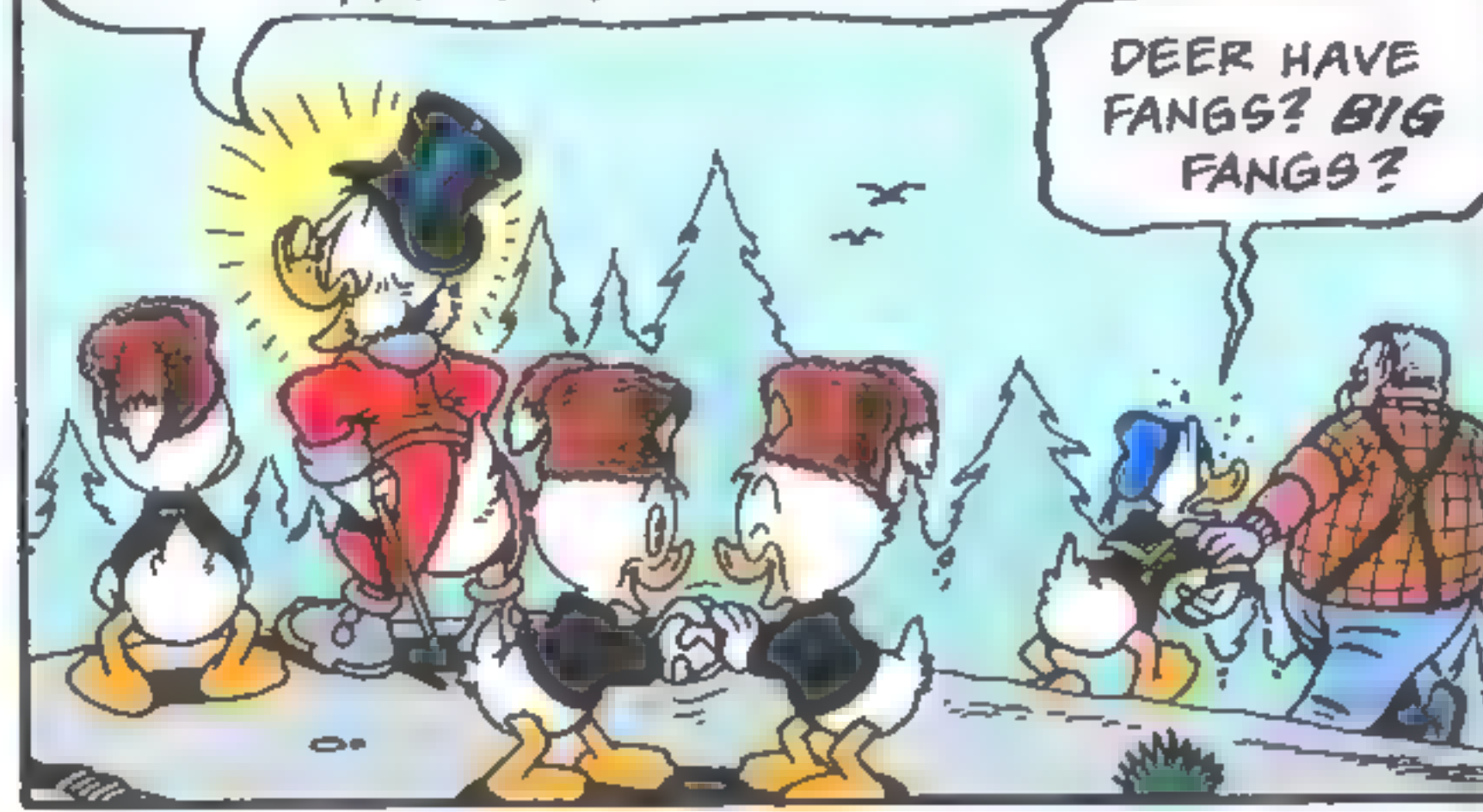
DEFLORA, GET ME FIVE PACKS OF CAMPING GEAR!

RIGHT! WE'LL TRACK THEM DOWN AND PROVE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS ARE NOT BEHIND THIS!

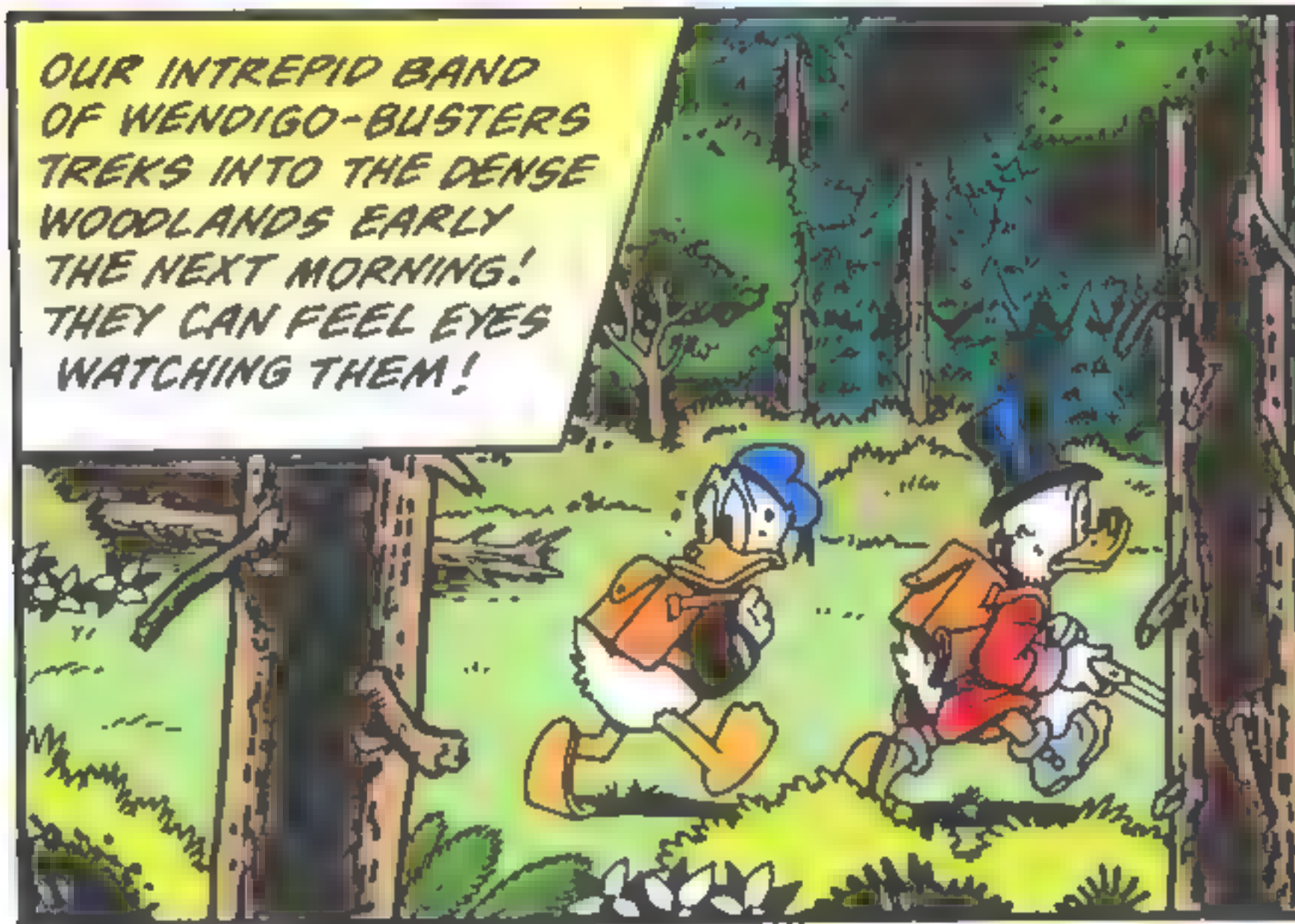


I'VE MATCHED WITS WITH MY SHARE OF LEGENDARY CREATURES! YETI, HARPIES!... THERE'S NOTHING IN THESE WOODS I CAN'T HANDLE!

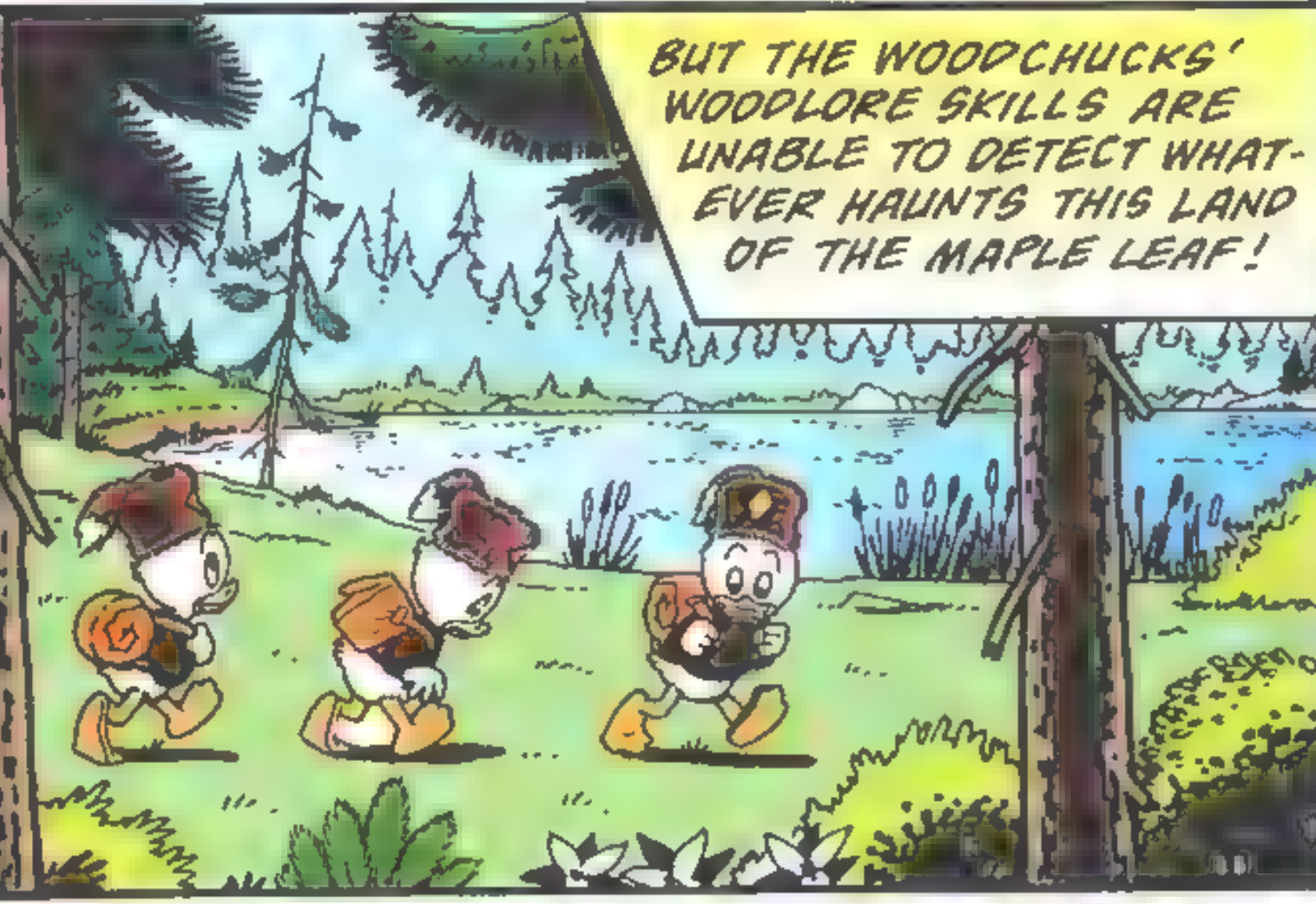
DEER HAVE FANGS? BIG FANGS?

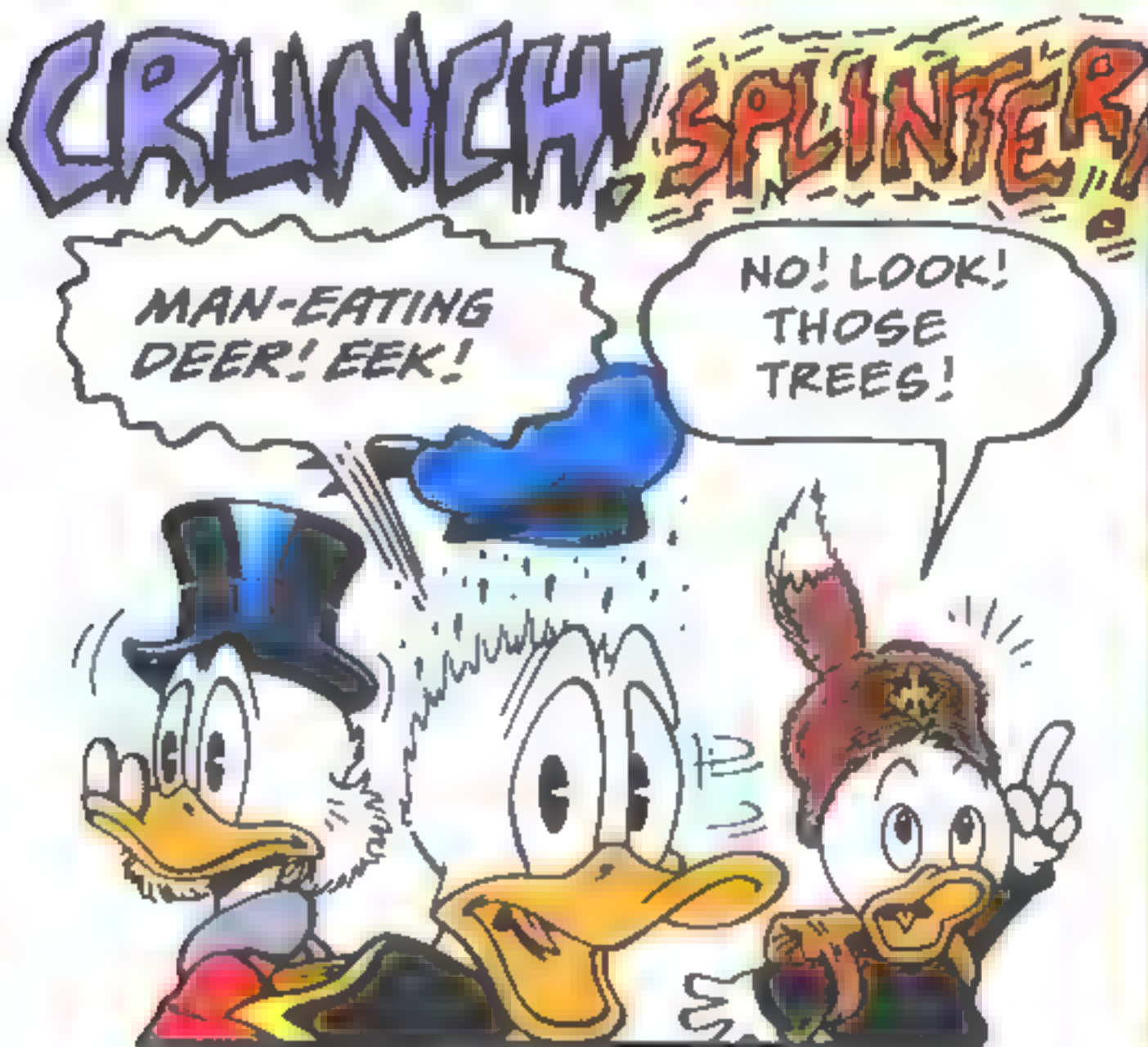
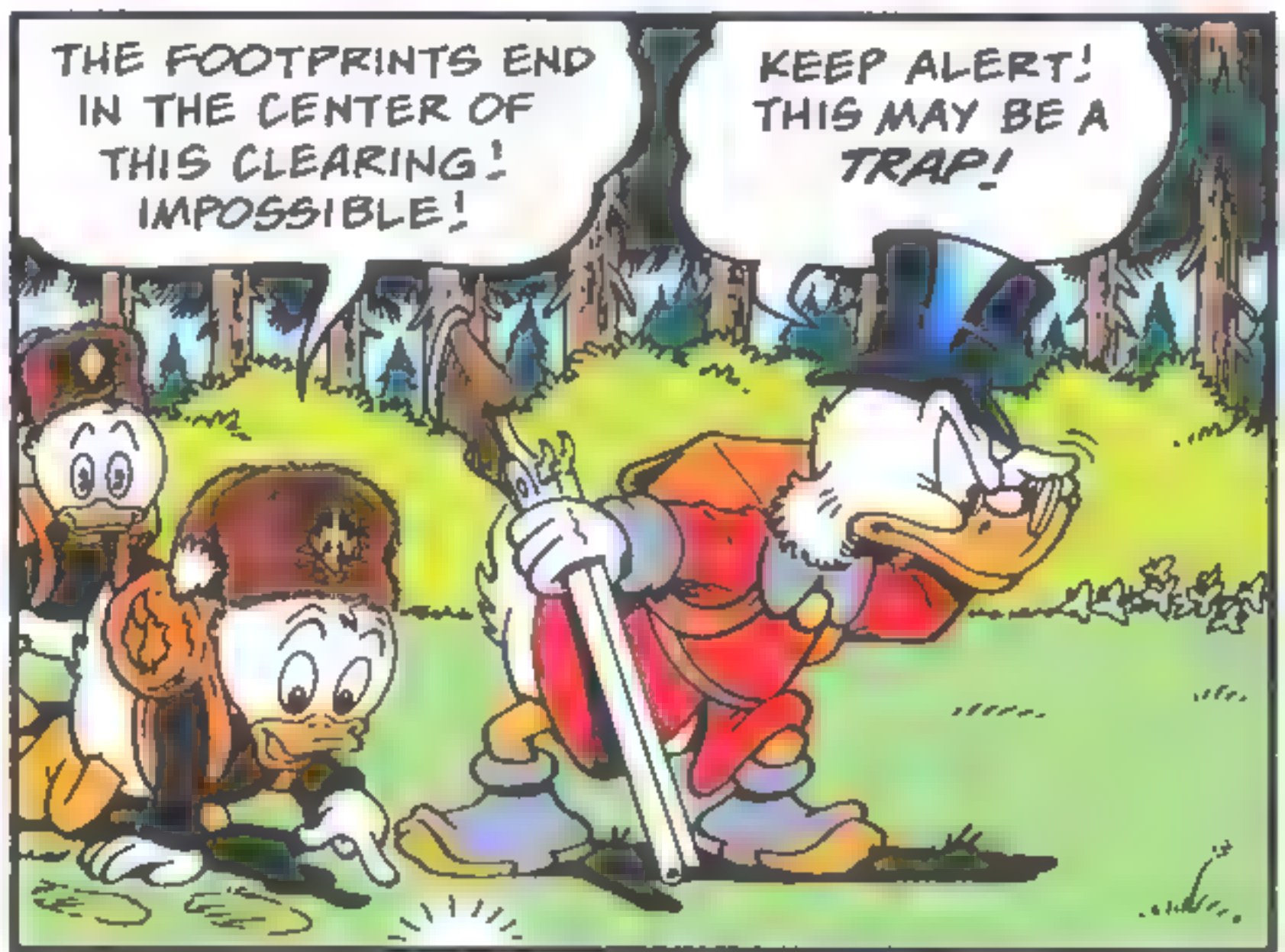
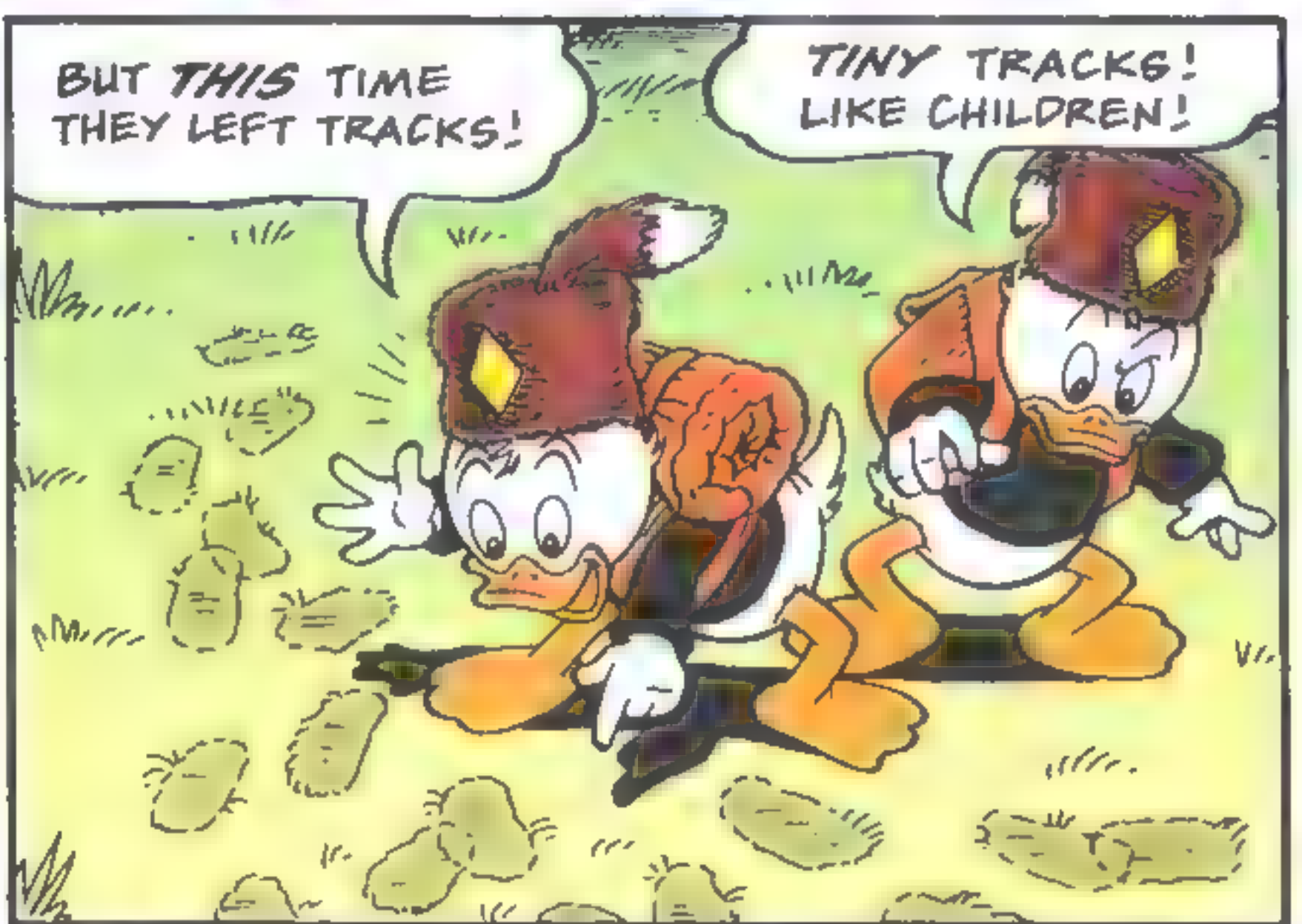
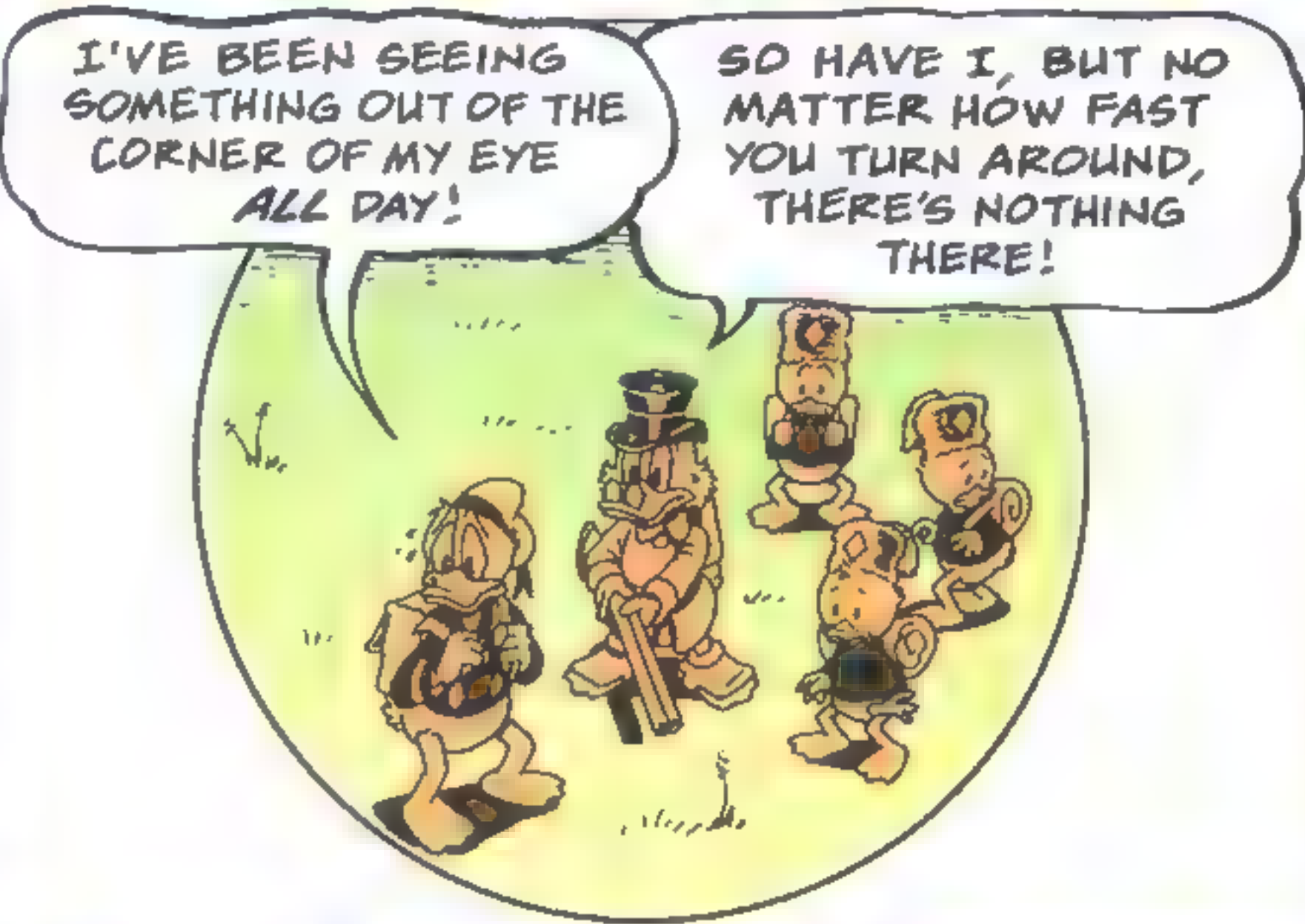
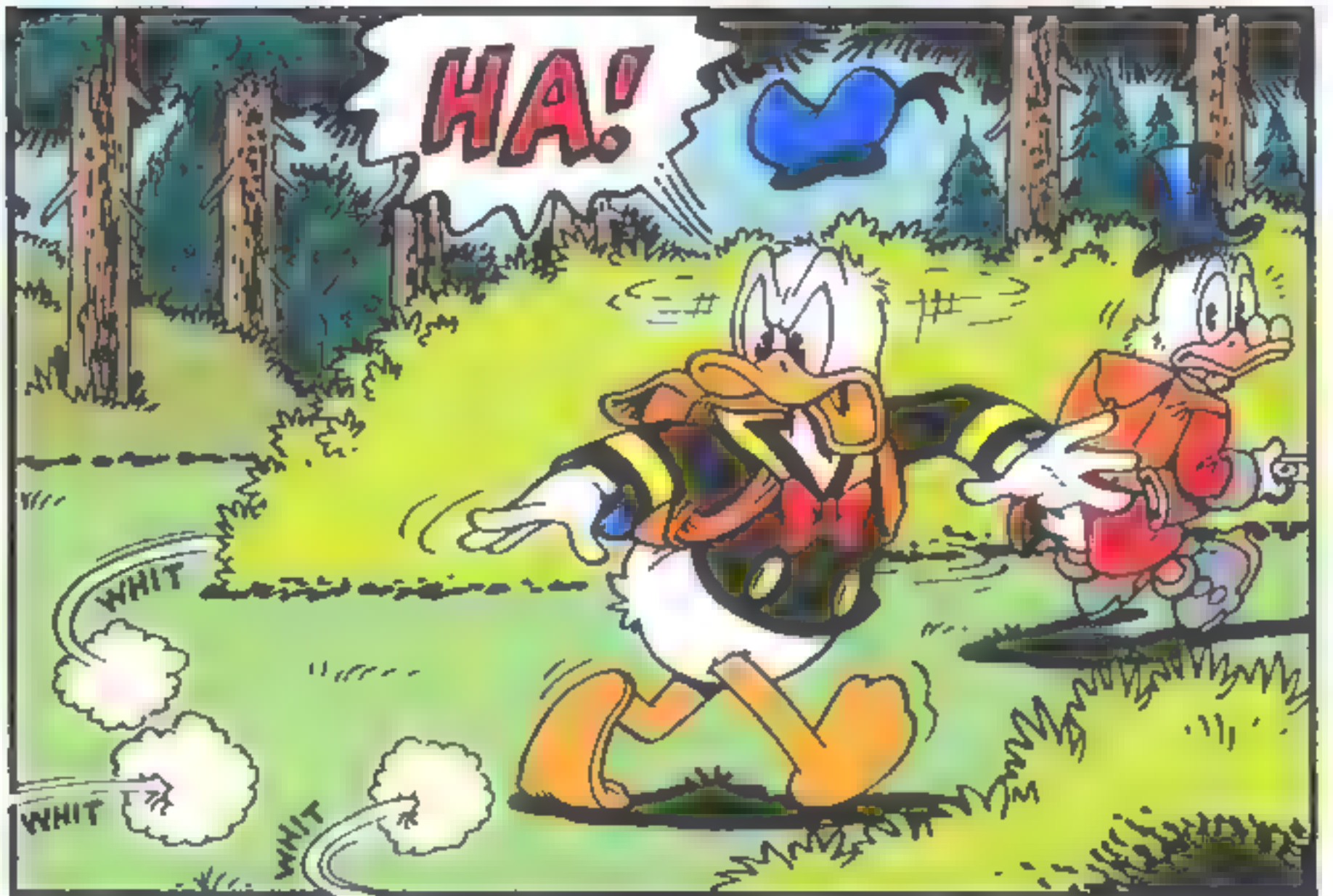


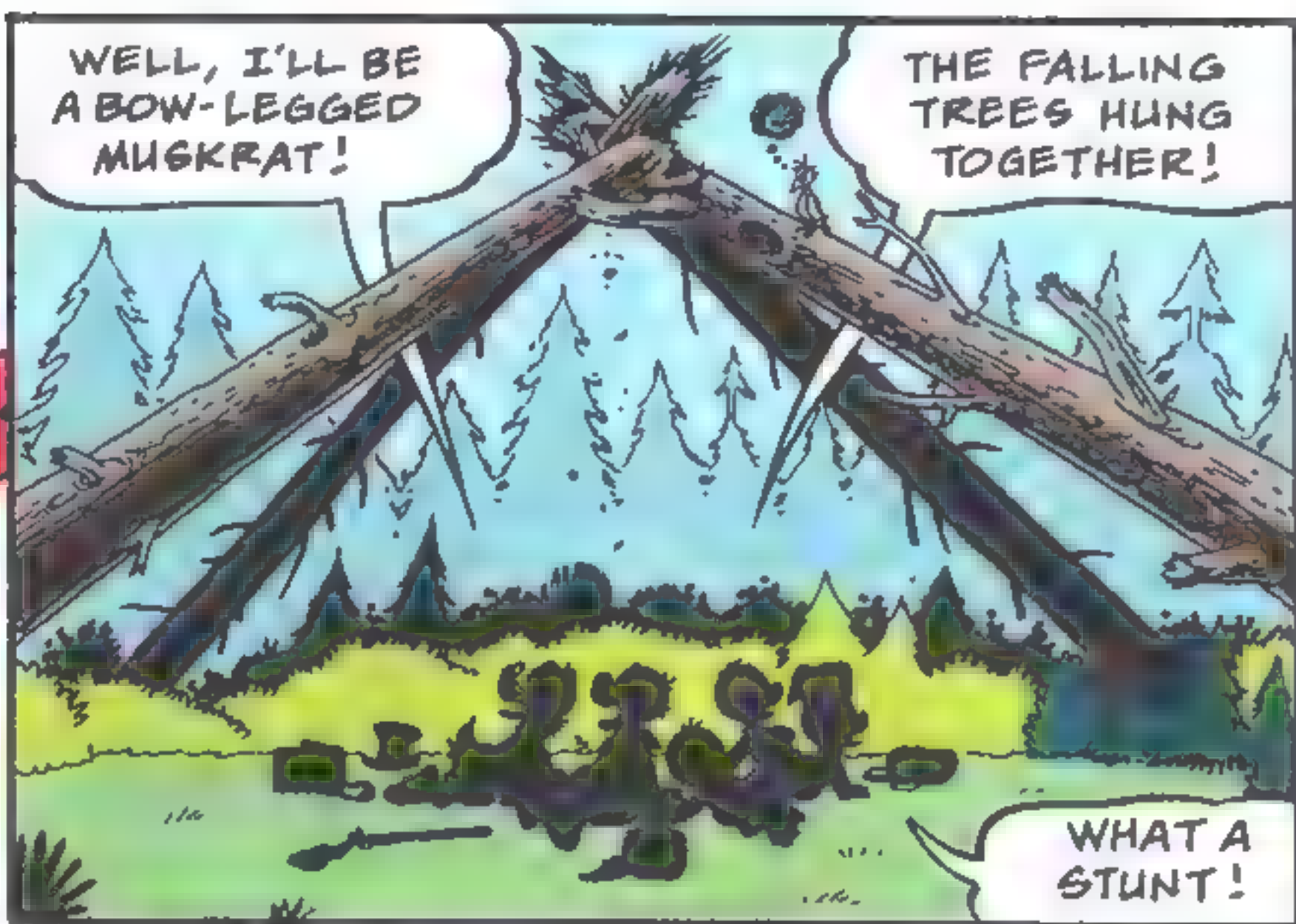
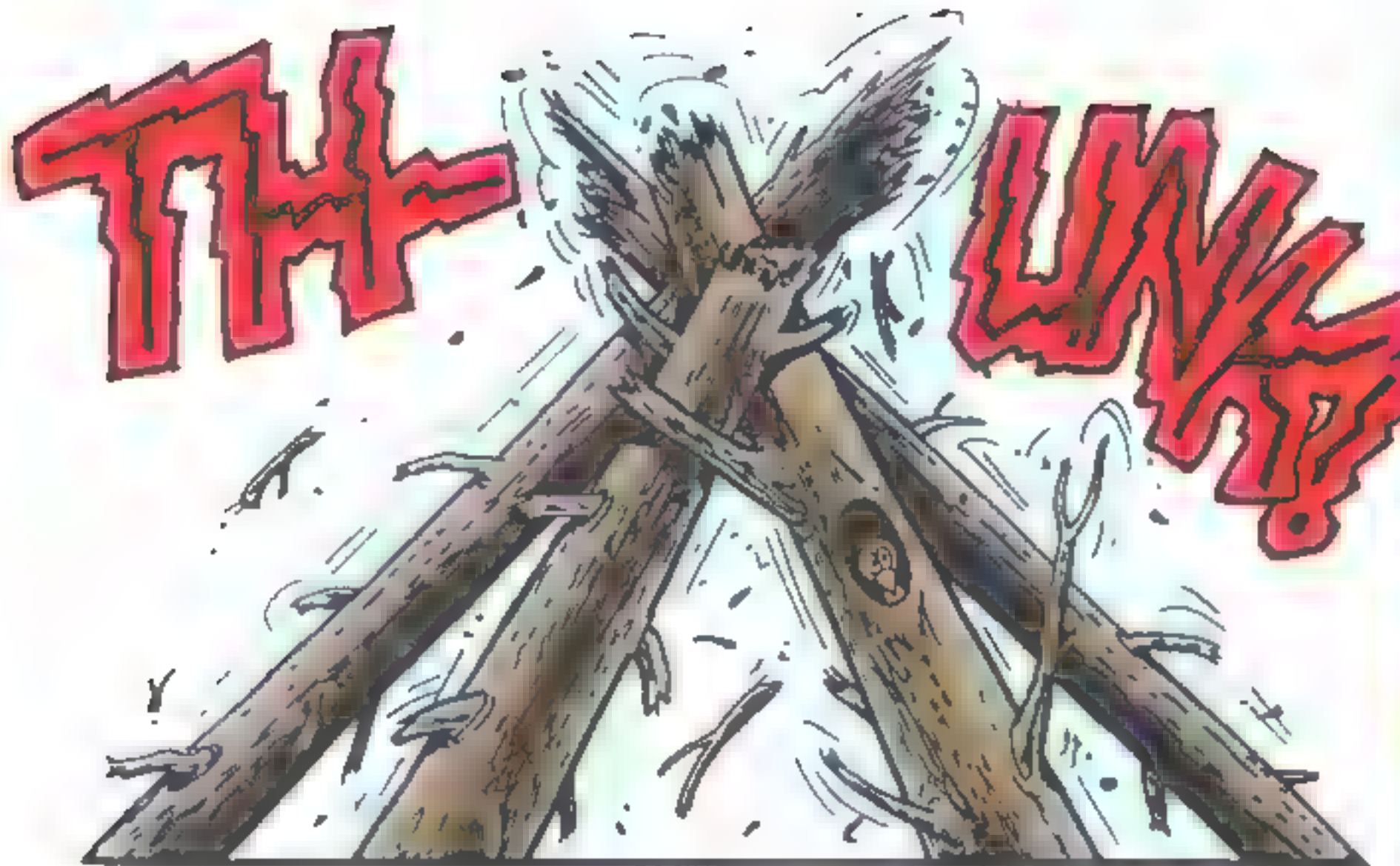
OUR INTREPID BAND OF WENDIGO-BUSTERS TREKS INTO THE DENSE WOODLANDS EARLY THE NEXT MORNING! THEY CAN FEEL EYES WATCHING THEM!



BUT THE WOODCHUCKS' WOODLORE SKILLS ARE UNABLE TO DETECT WHAT-EVER HAUNTS THIS LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF!



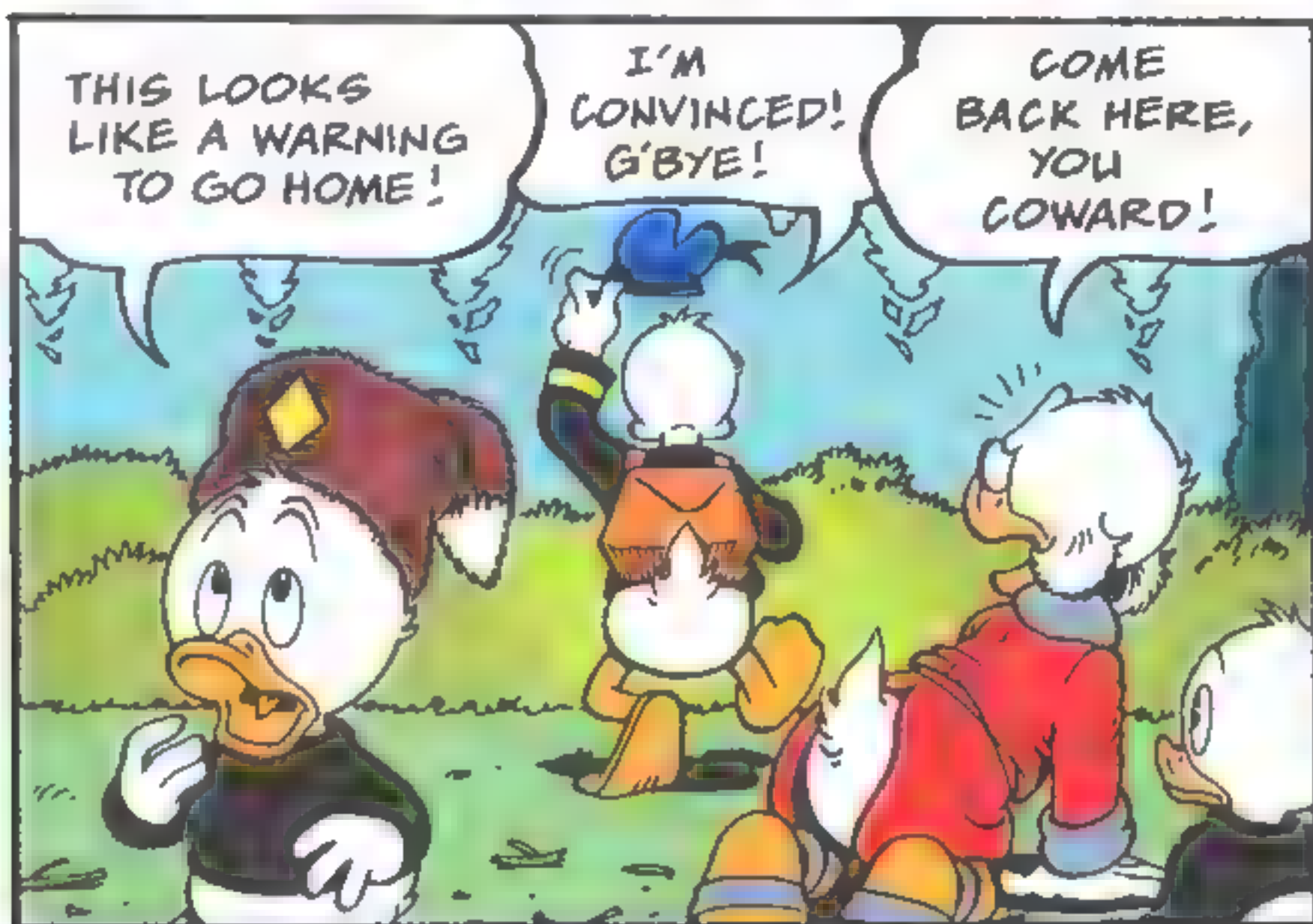




WELL, I'LL BE
A BOW-LEGGED
MUSKRAT!

THE FALLING
TREES HUNG
TOGETHER!

WHAT A
STUNT!



THIS LOOKS
LIKE A WARNING
TO GO HOME!

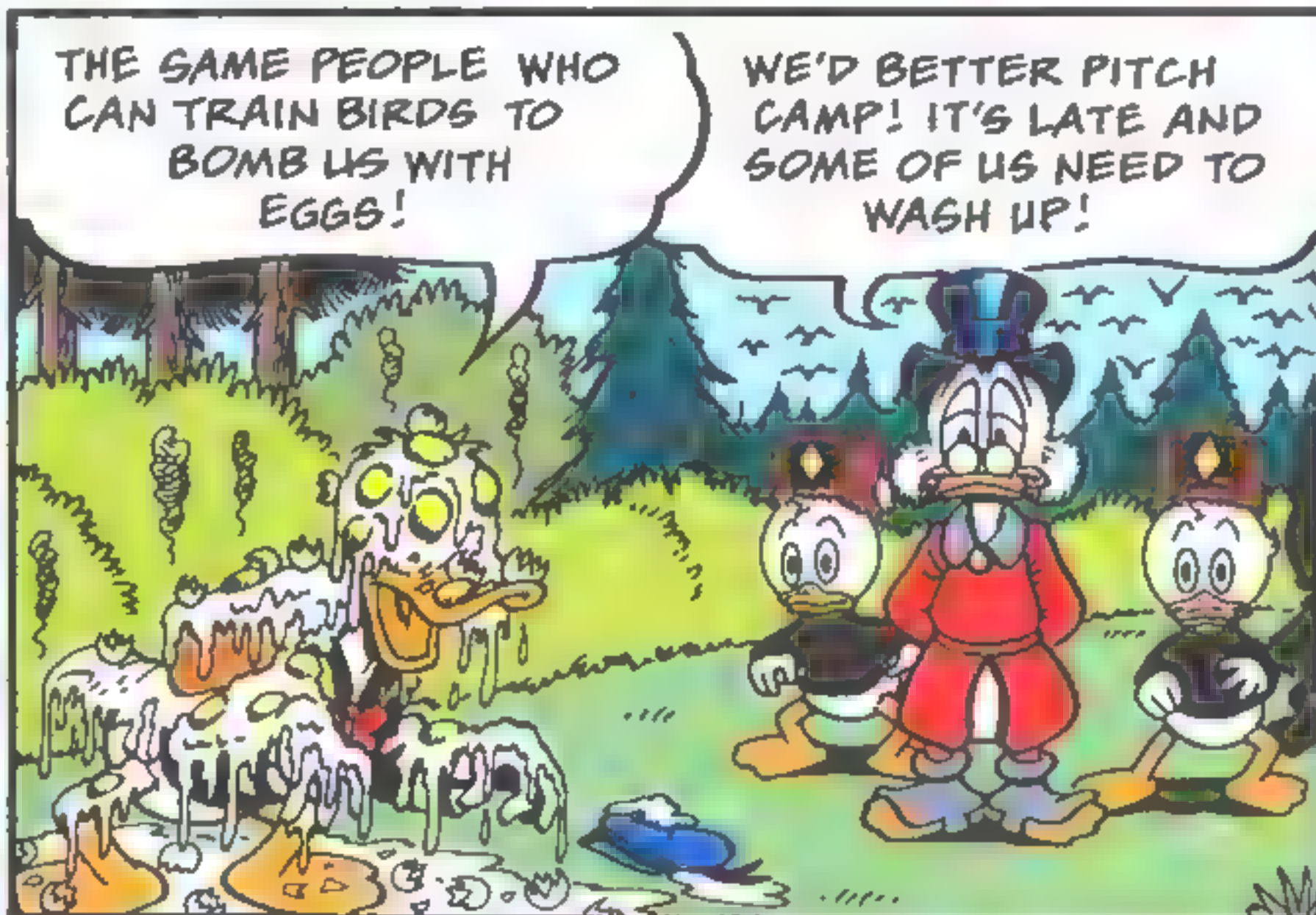
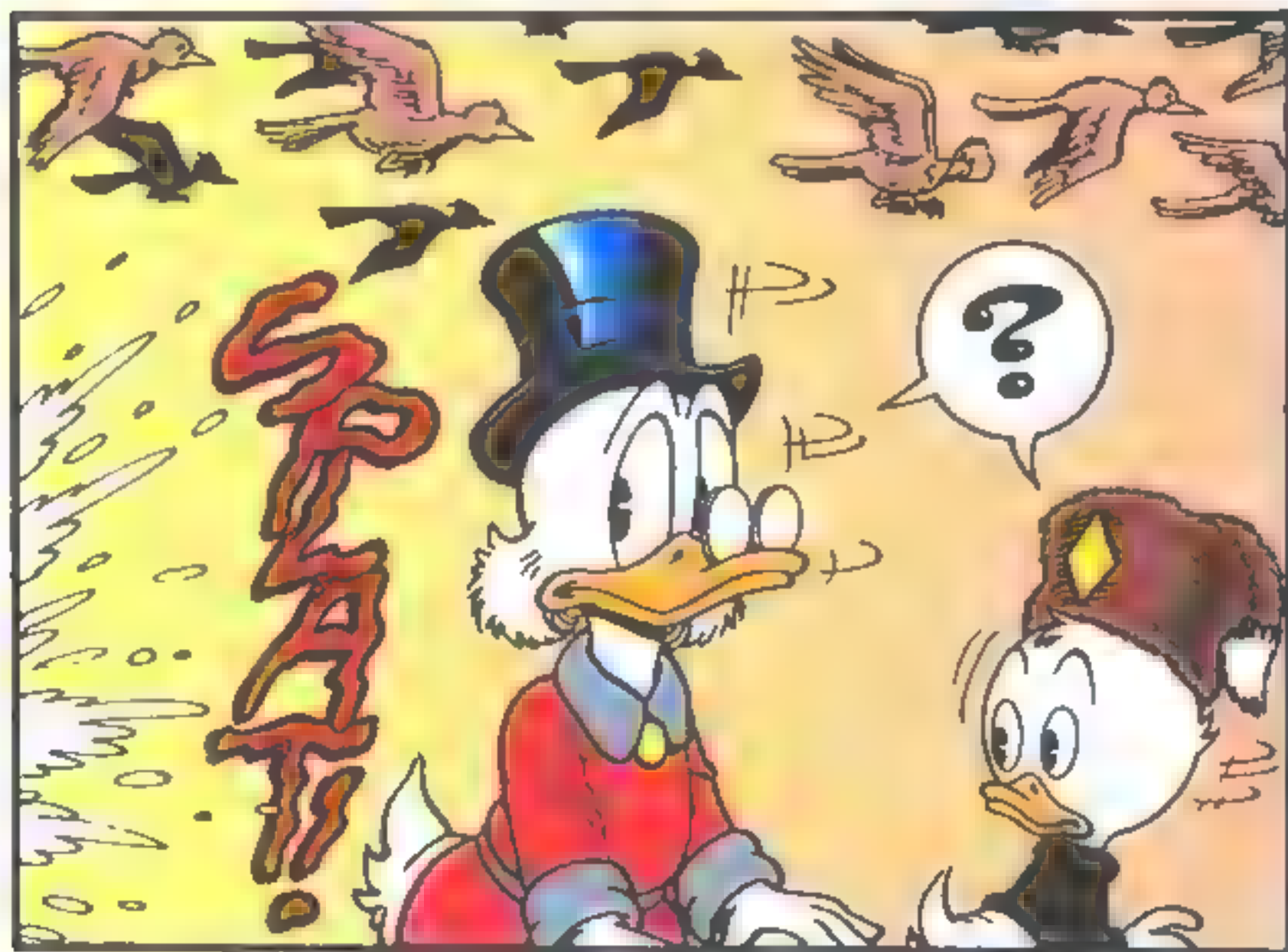
I'M
CONVINCED!
G'BYE!

COME
BACK HERE,
YOU
COWARD!



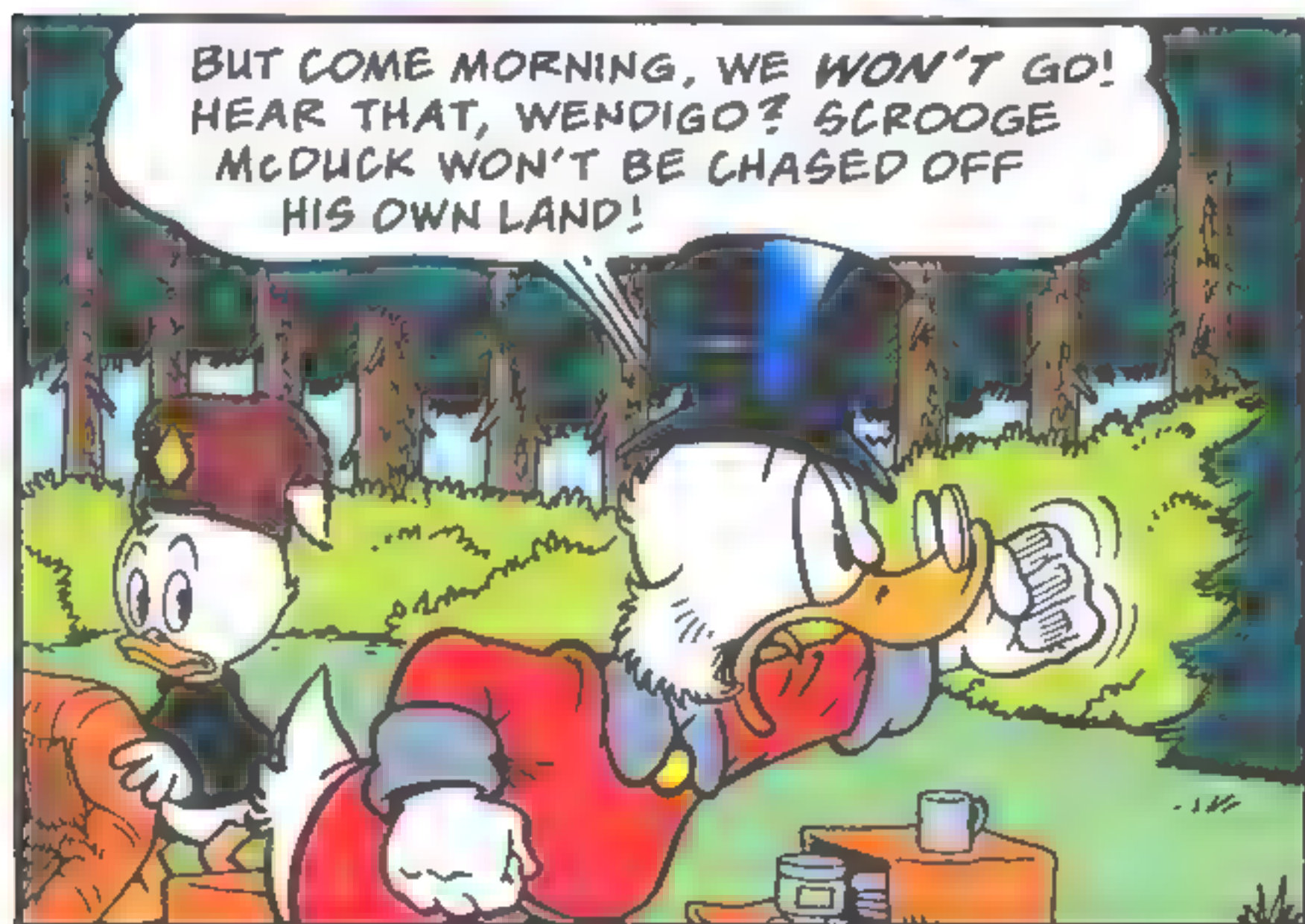
THESE TREES WEREN'T
CUT BY PEOPLE - THEY
WERE CHEWED BY
BEAVER!

TRAINED BEAVERS?
DON'T BE SILLY! WHO
COULD TRAIN BEAVERS
TO CHEW TREES ON
COMMAND?



THE SAME PEOPLE WHO
CAN TRAIN BIRDS TO
BOMB US WITH
EGGS!

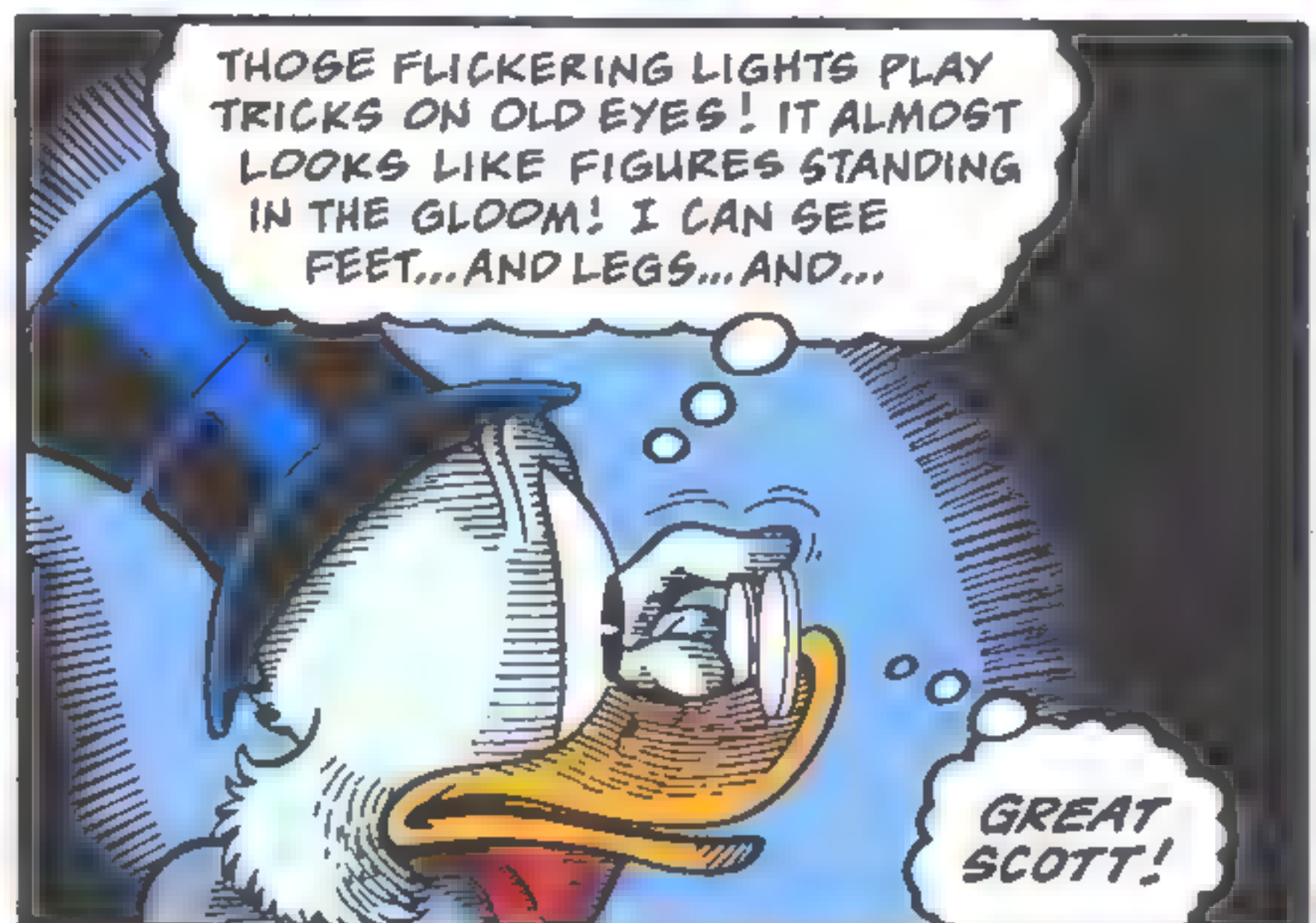
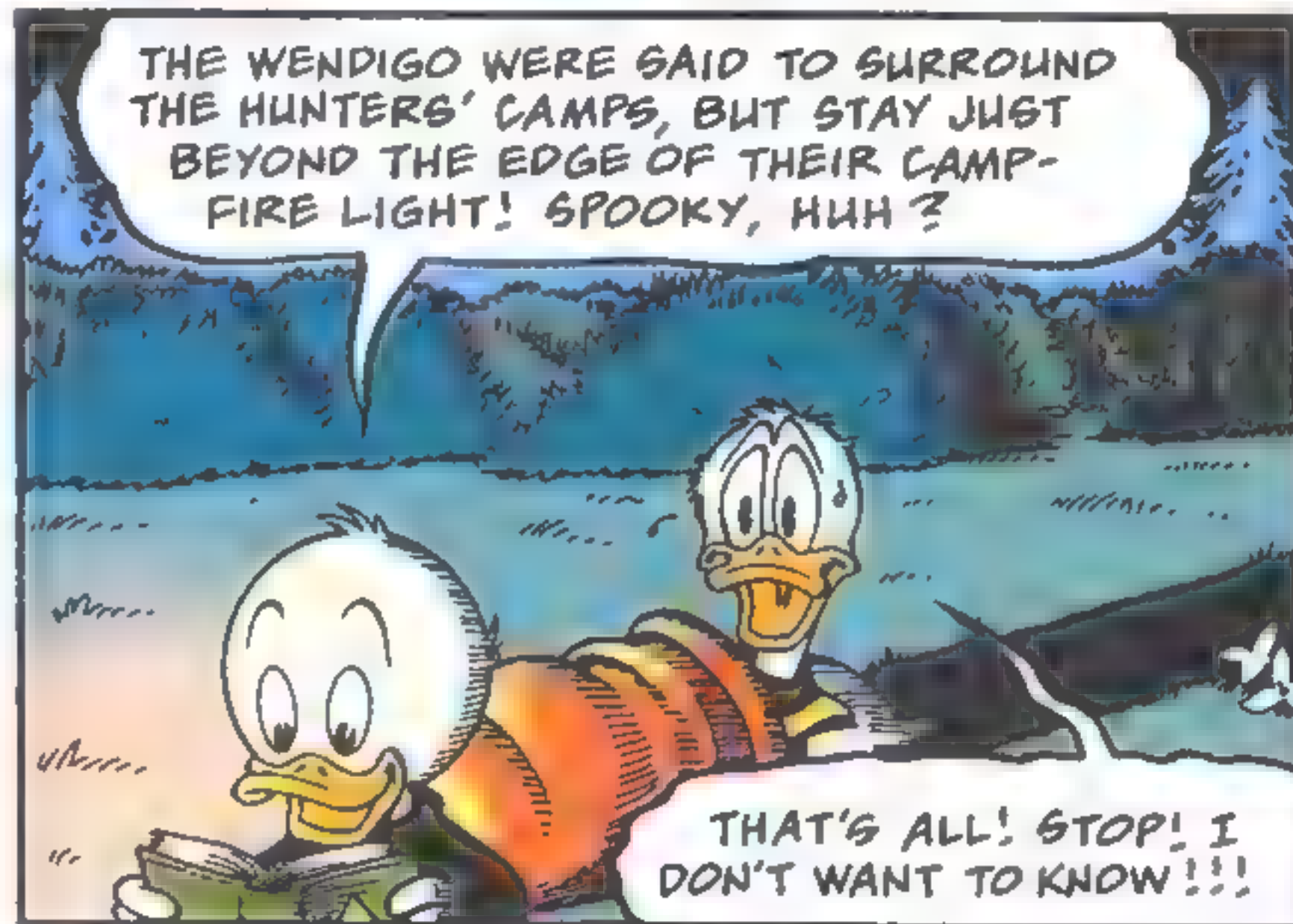
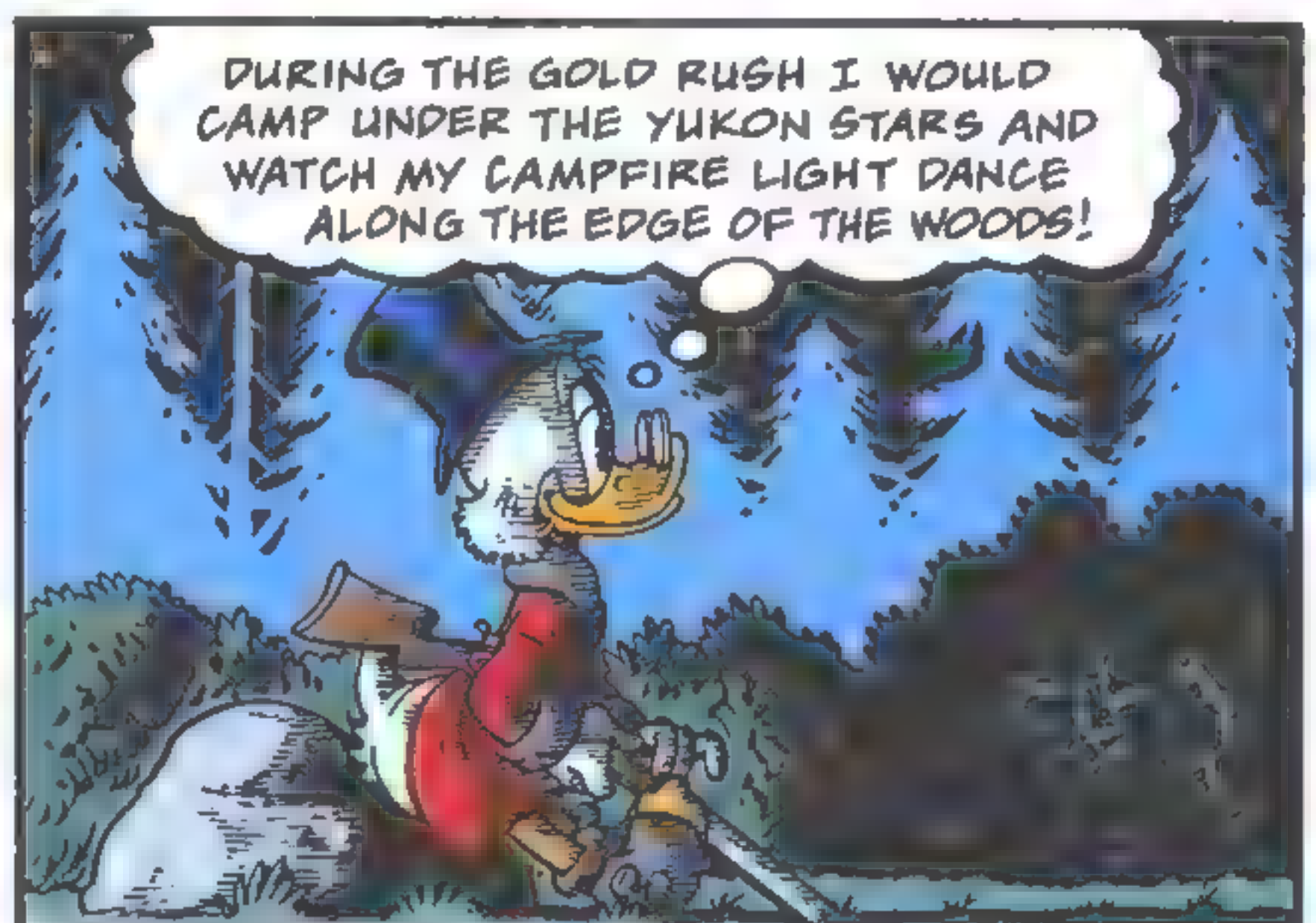
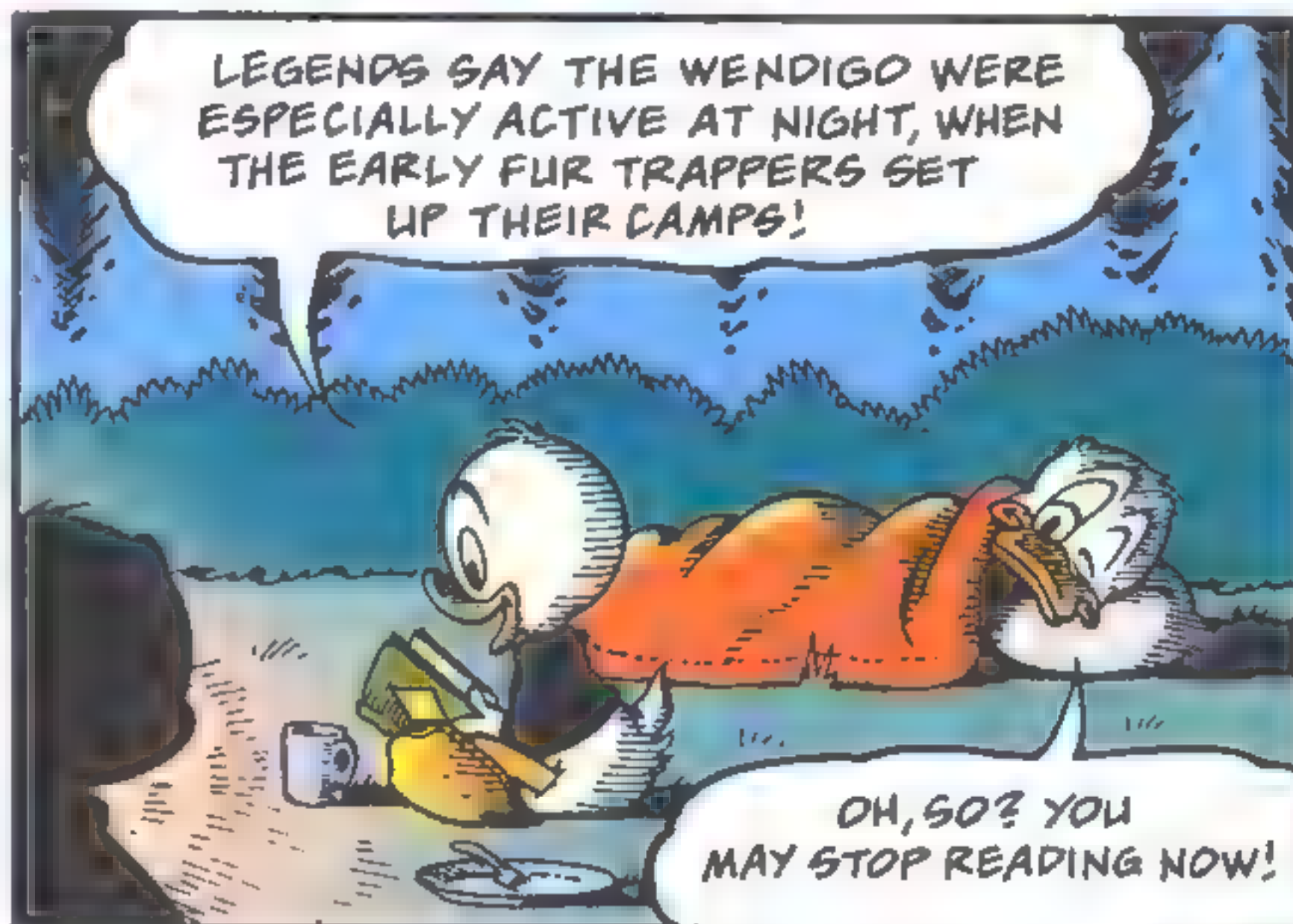
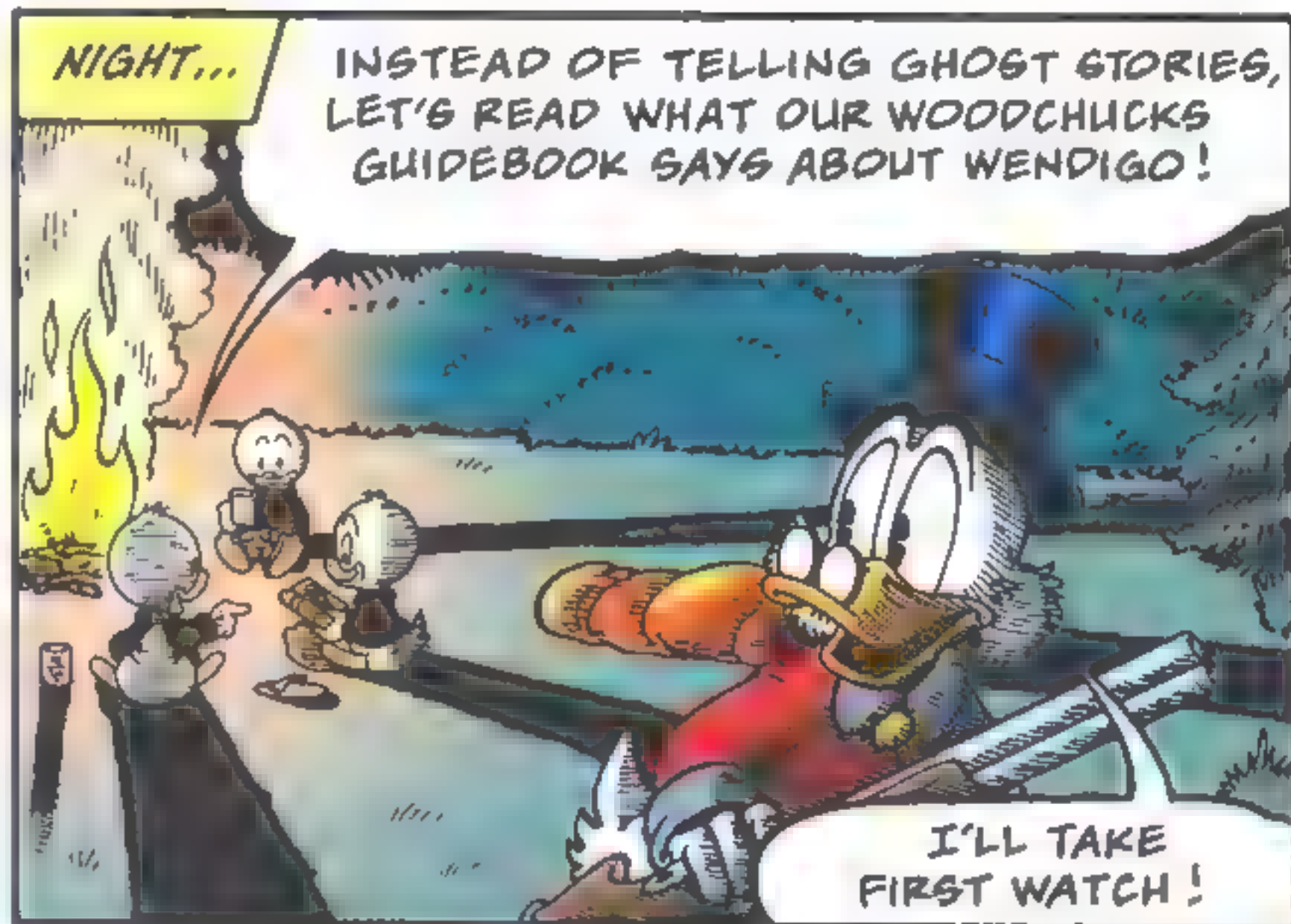
WE'D BETTER PITCH
CAMP! IT'S LATE AND
SOME OF US NEED TO
WASH UP!

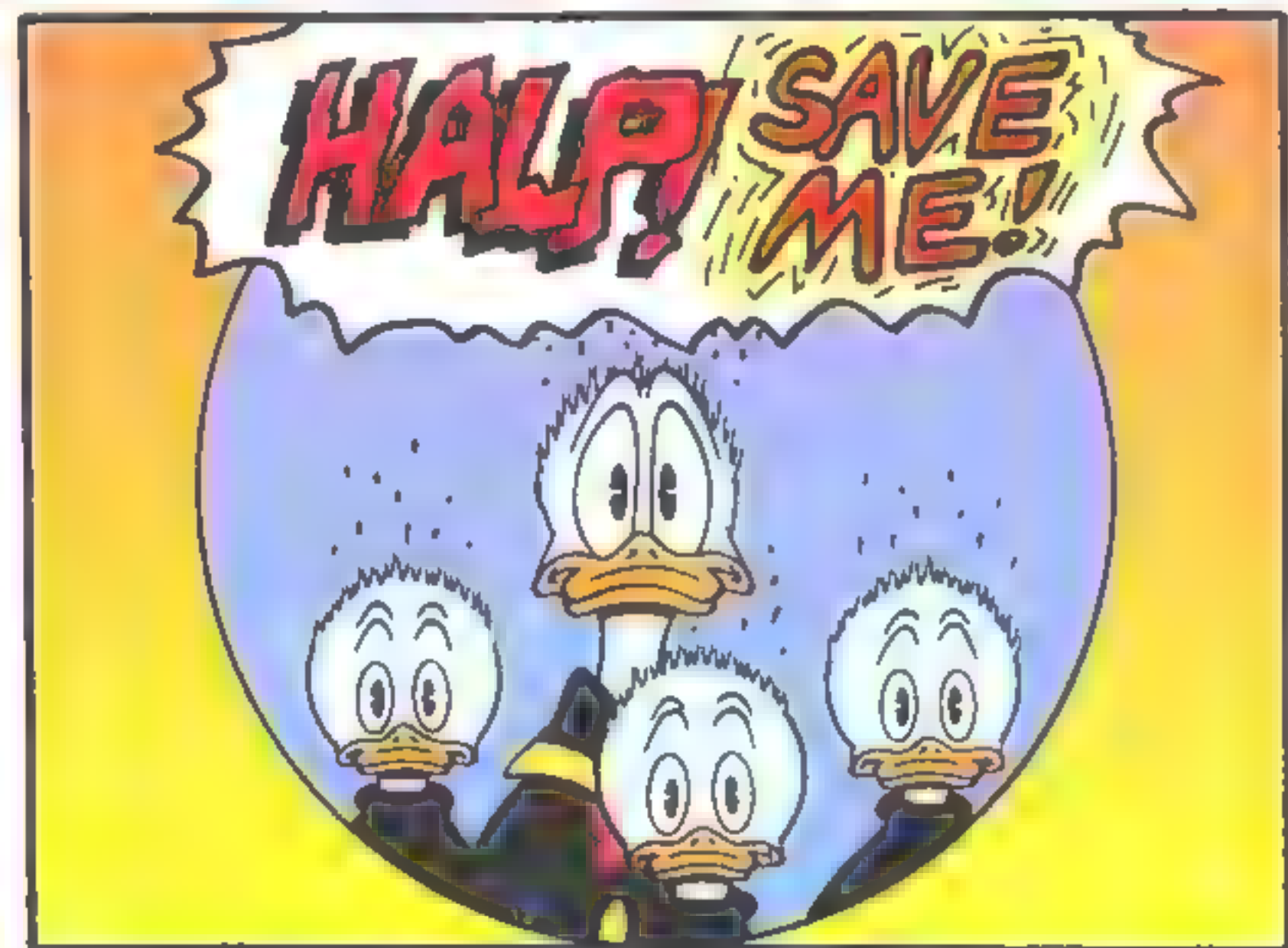
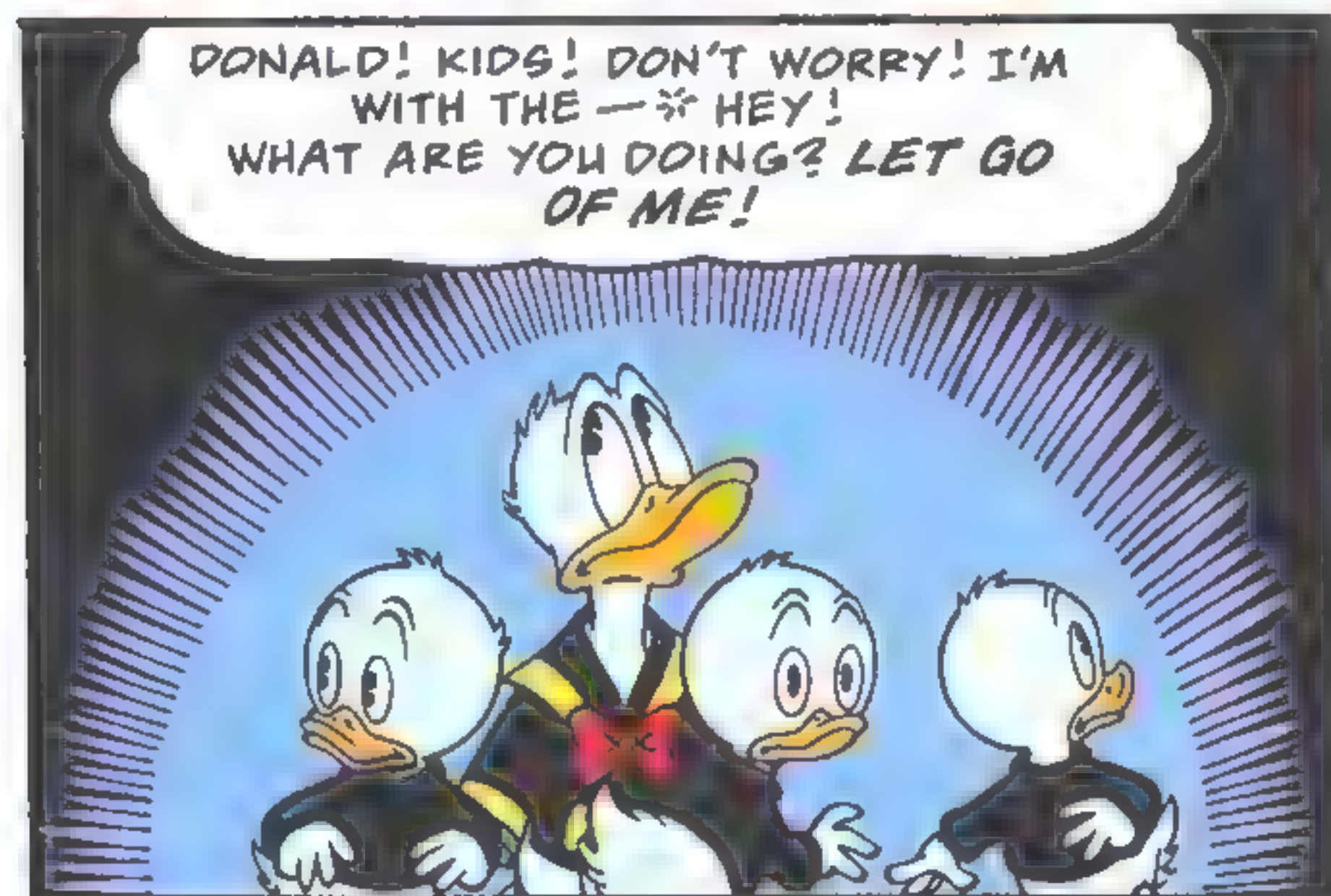
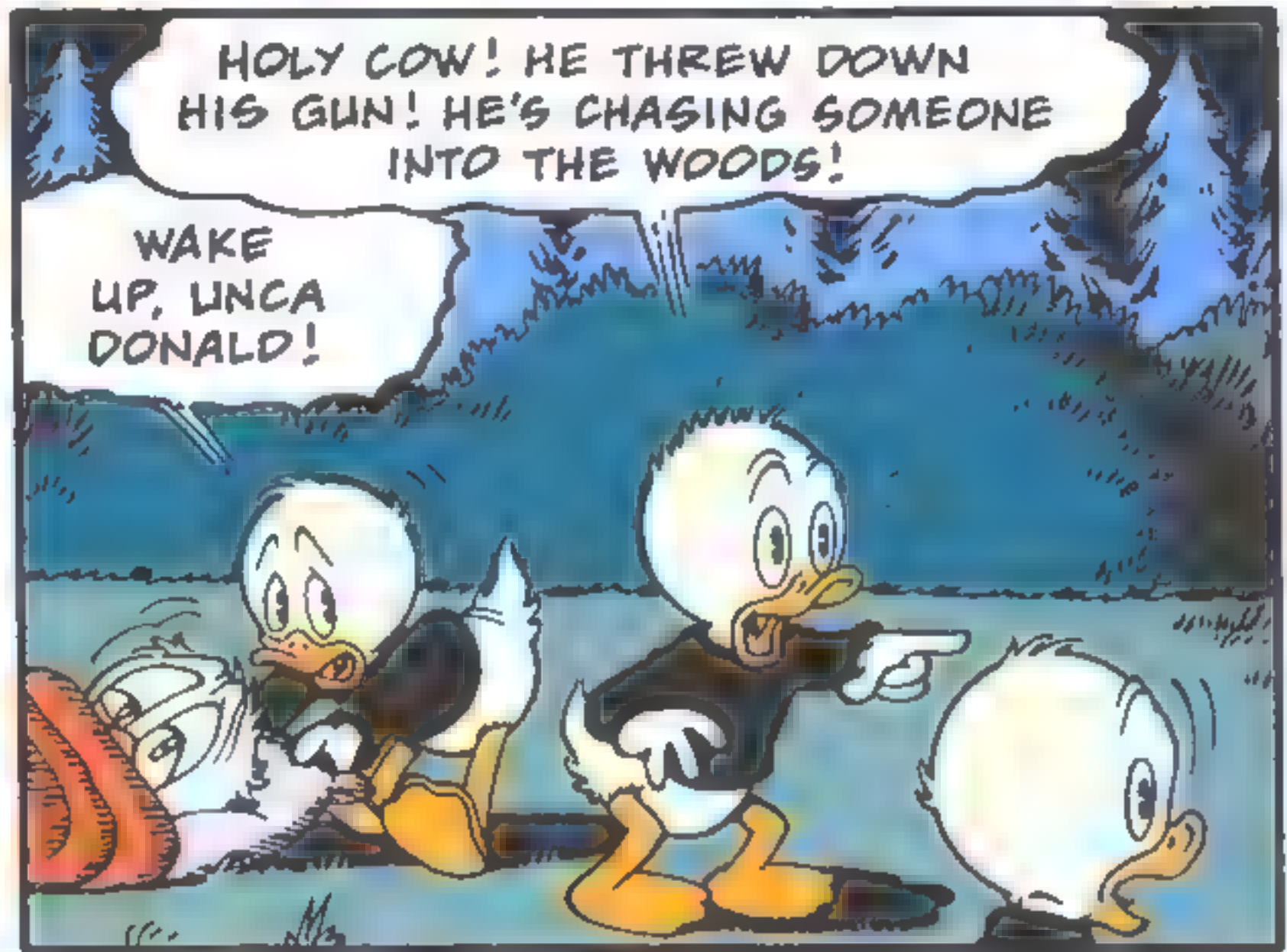
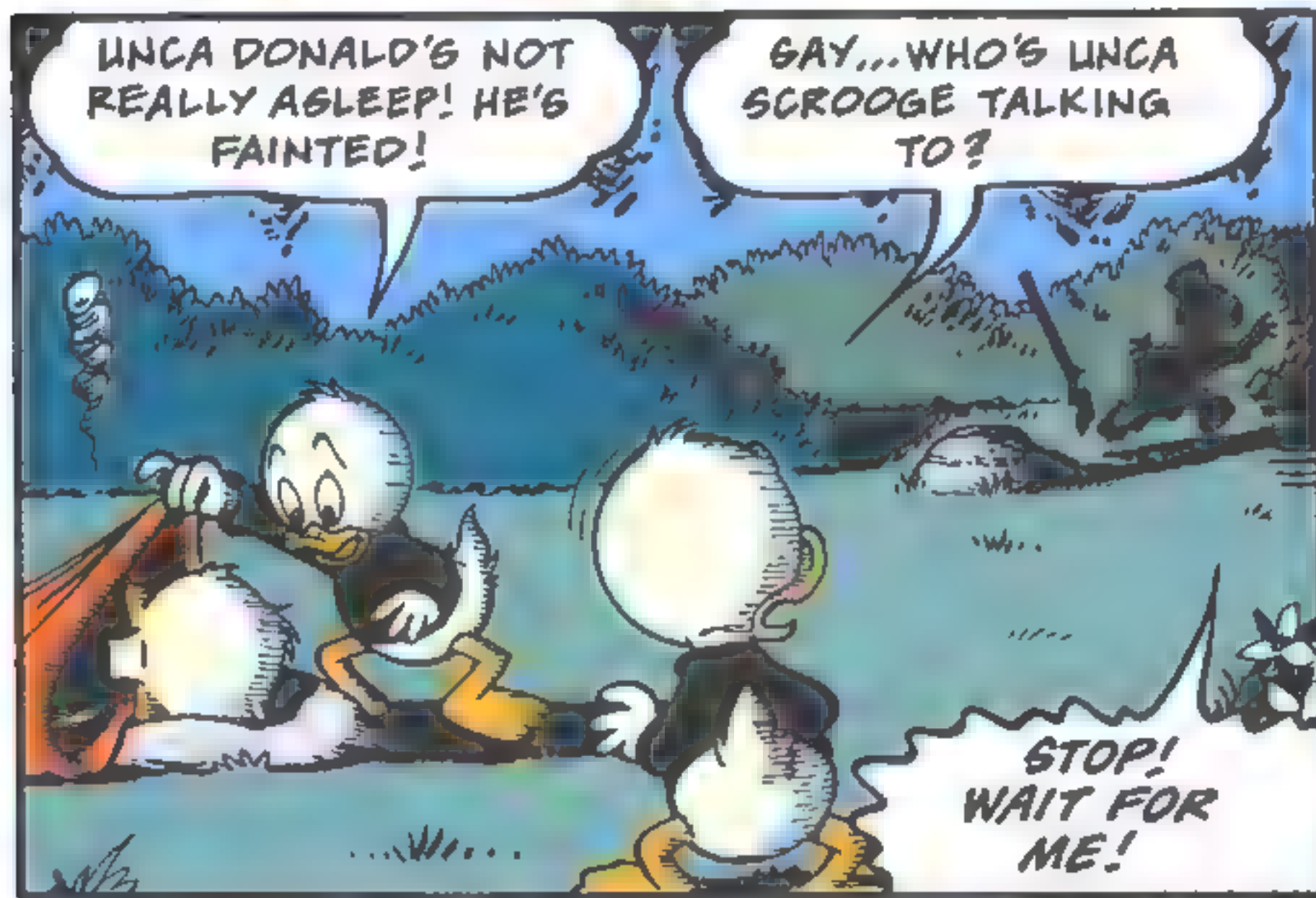
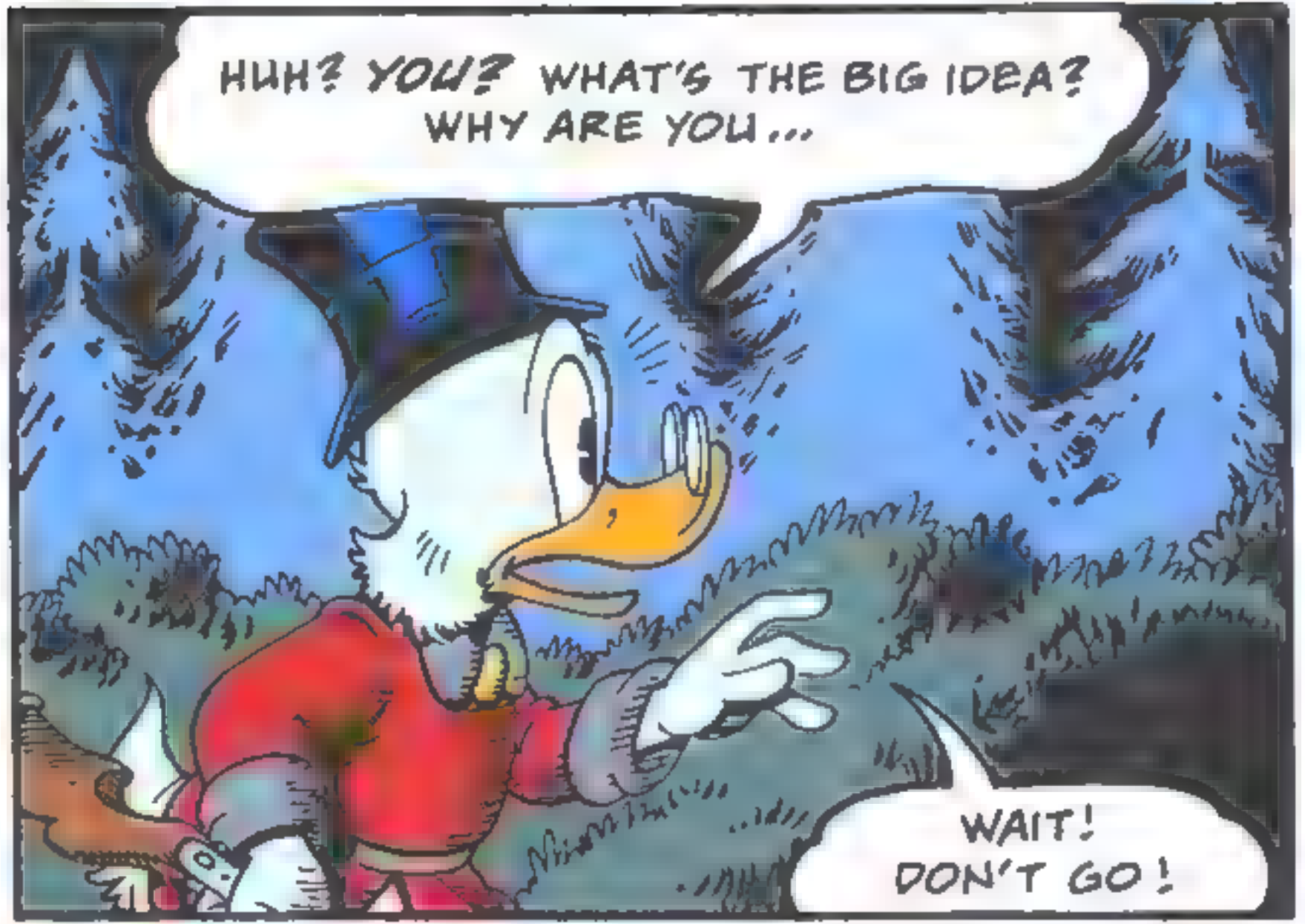
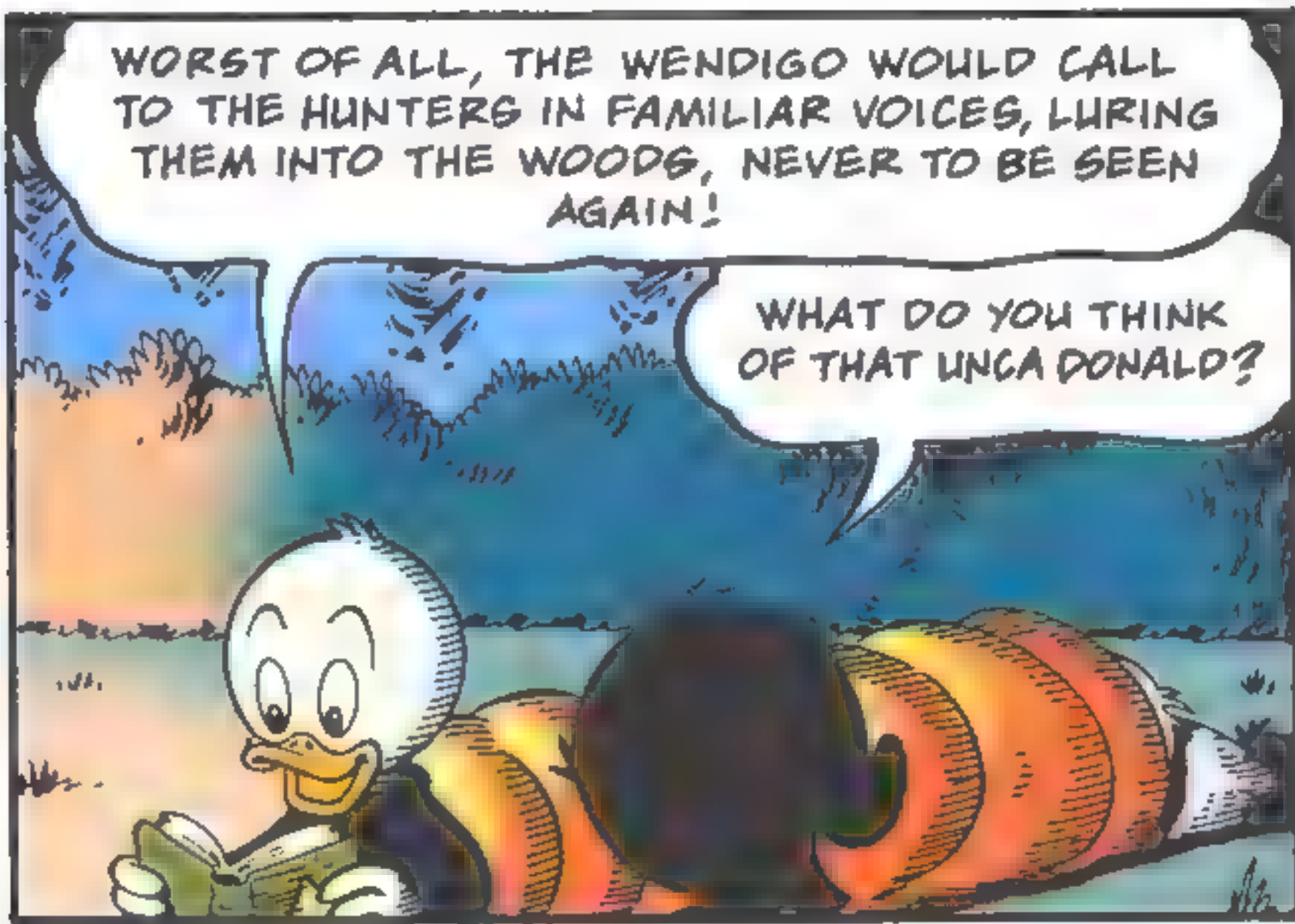


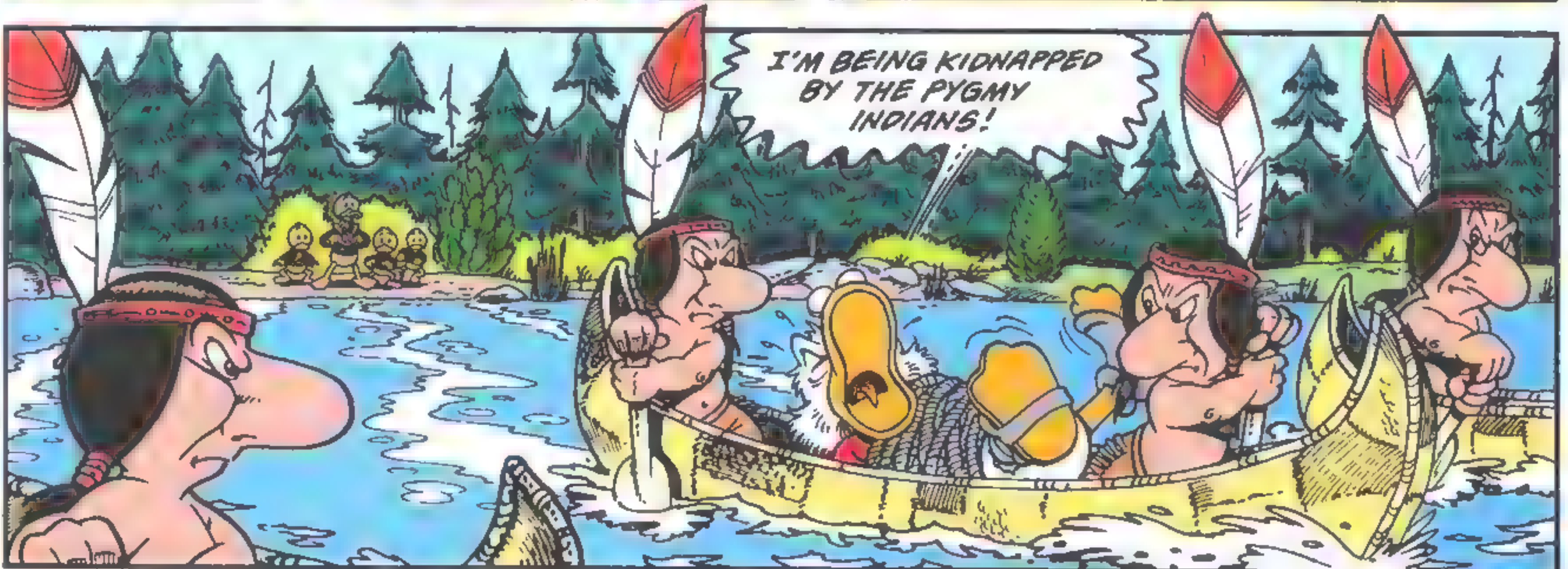
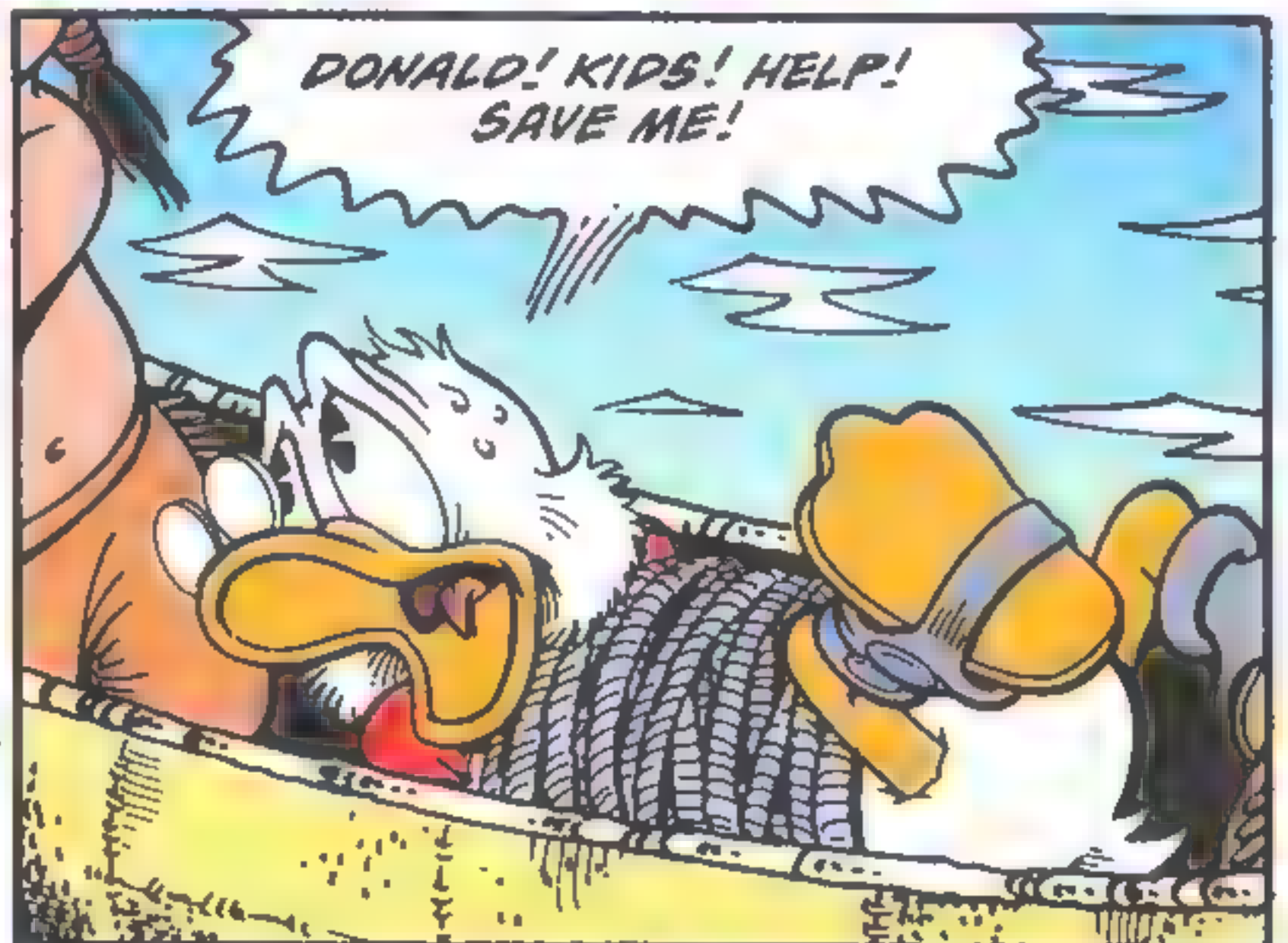
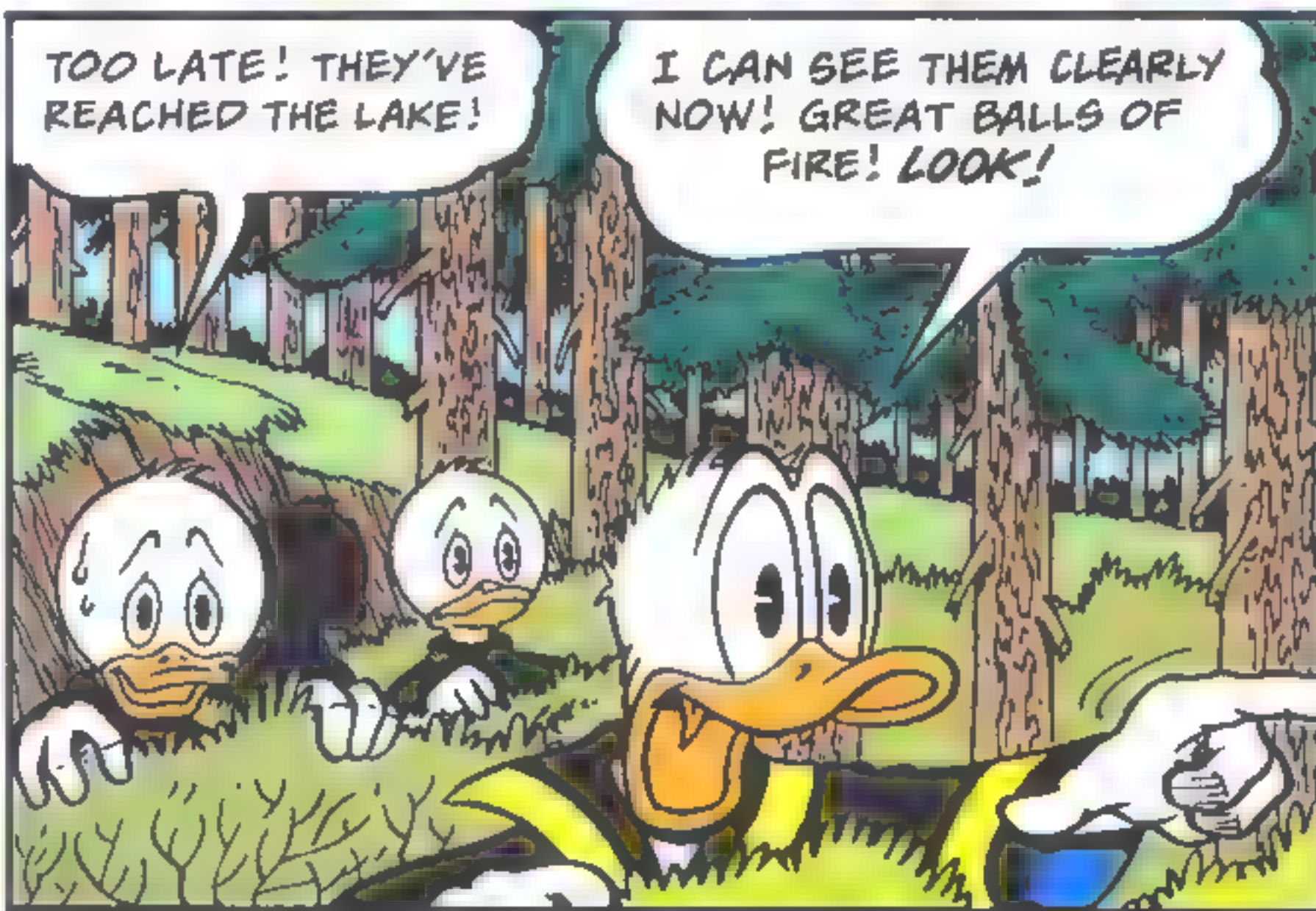
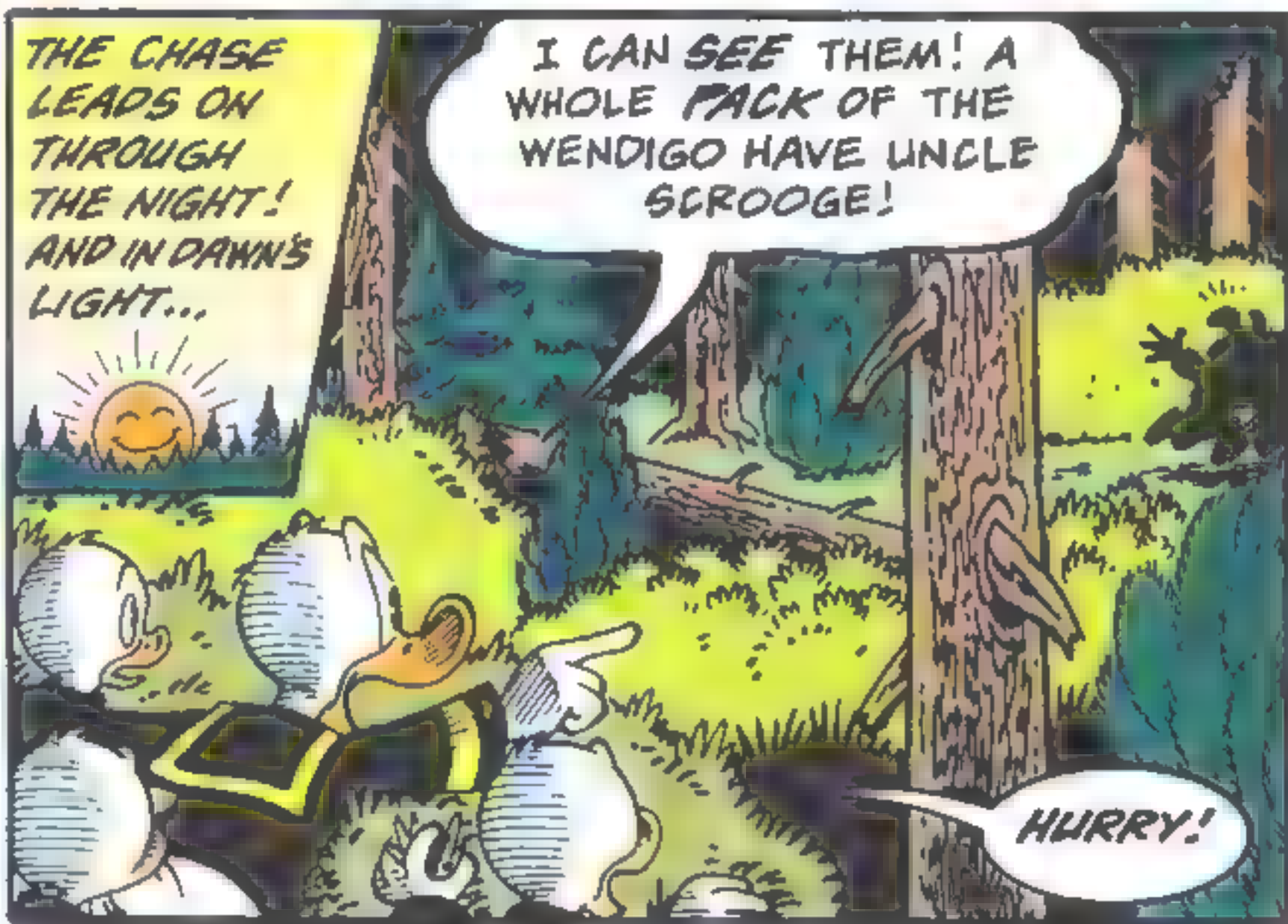
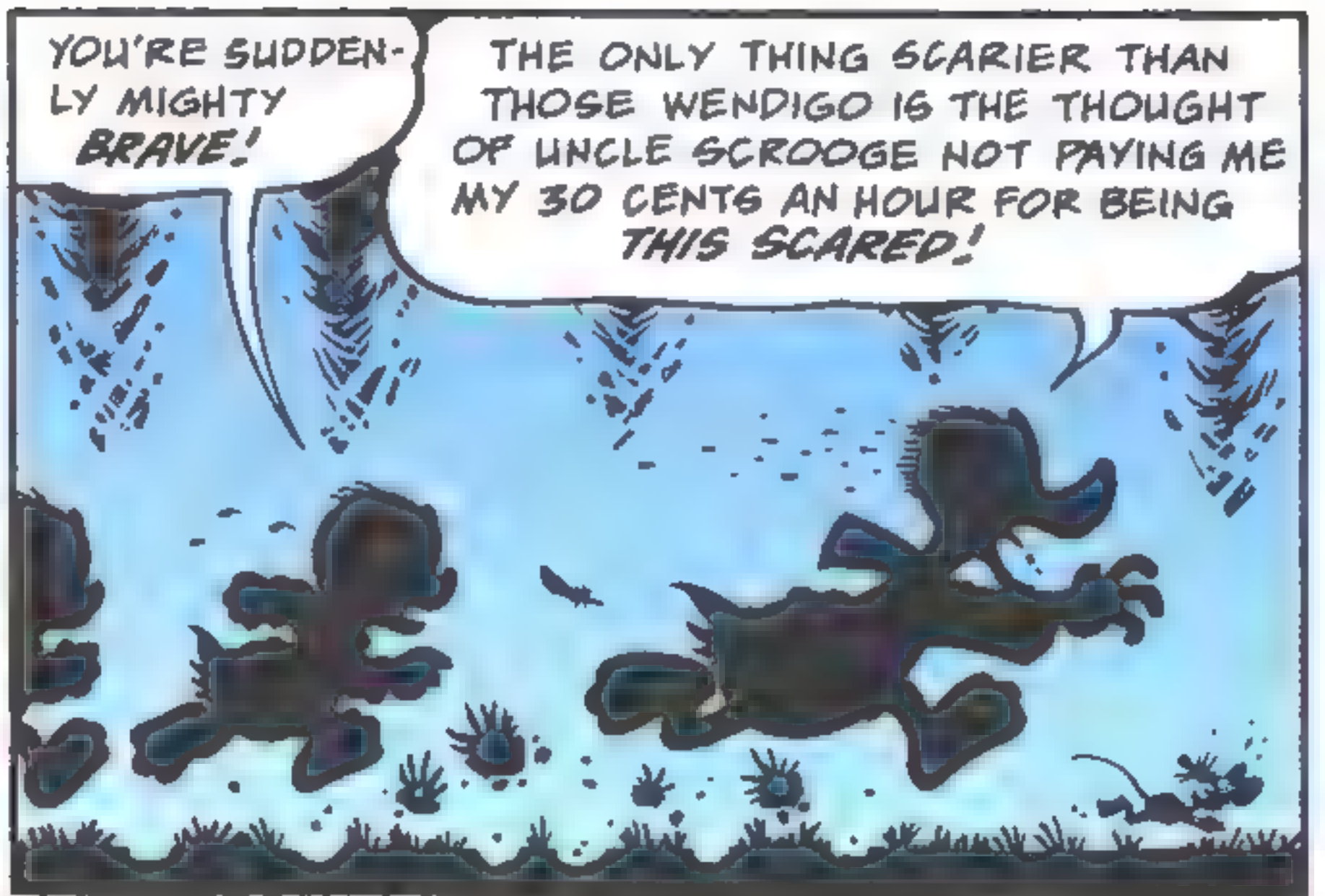
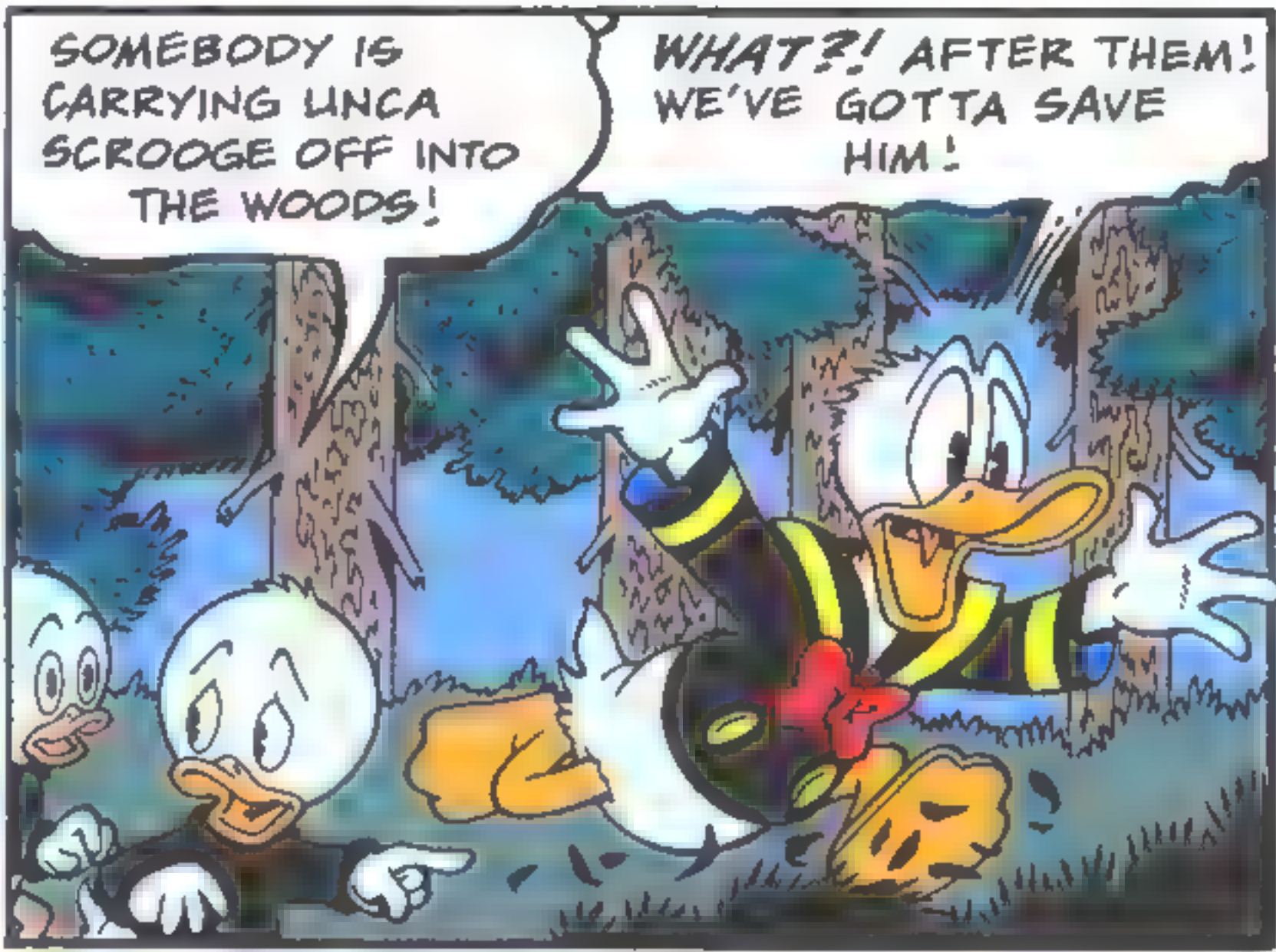
BUT COME MORNING, WE WON'T GO!
HEAR THAT, WENDIGO? SCROOGE
MCDUCK WON'T BE CHASED OFF
HIS OWN LAND!



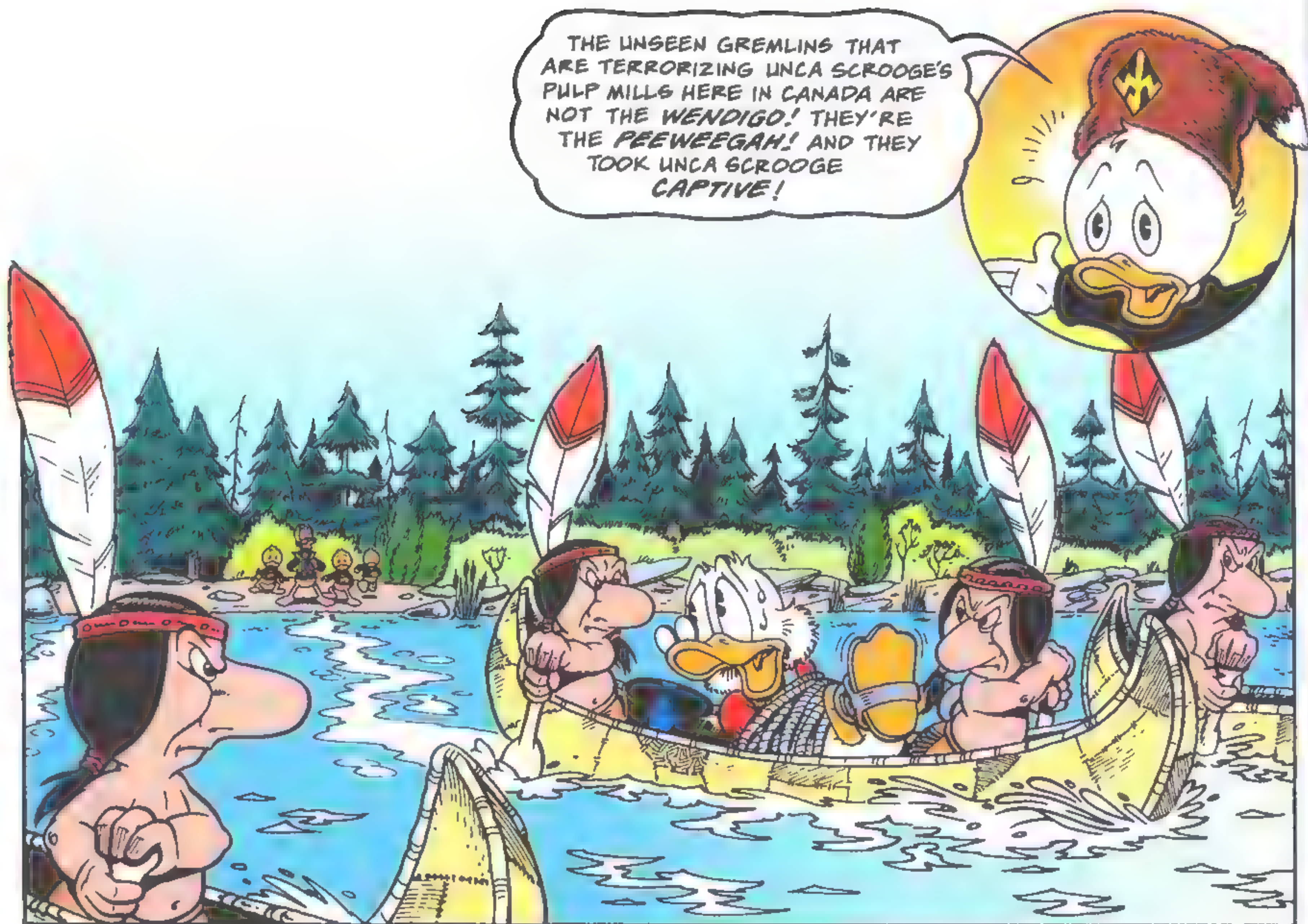
DID YOU HEAR WHAT NAME WAS SPOKEN?
DOES HIS PALE FACE STIR YOUR MEM'RY?
THIS MEANS TROUBLE FOR OUR PEOPLE!
WE MUST TAKE HIM TO OUR LEADER!







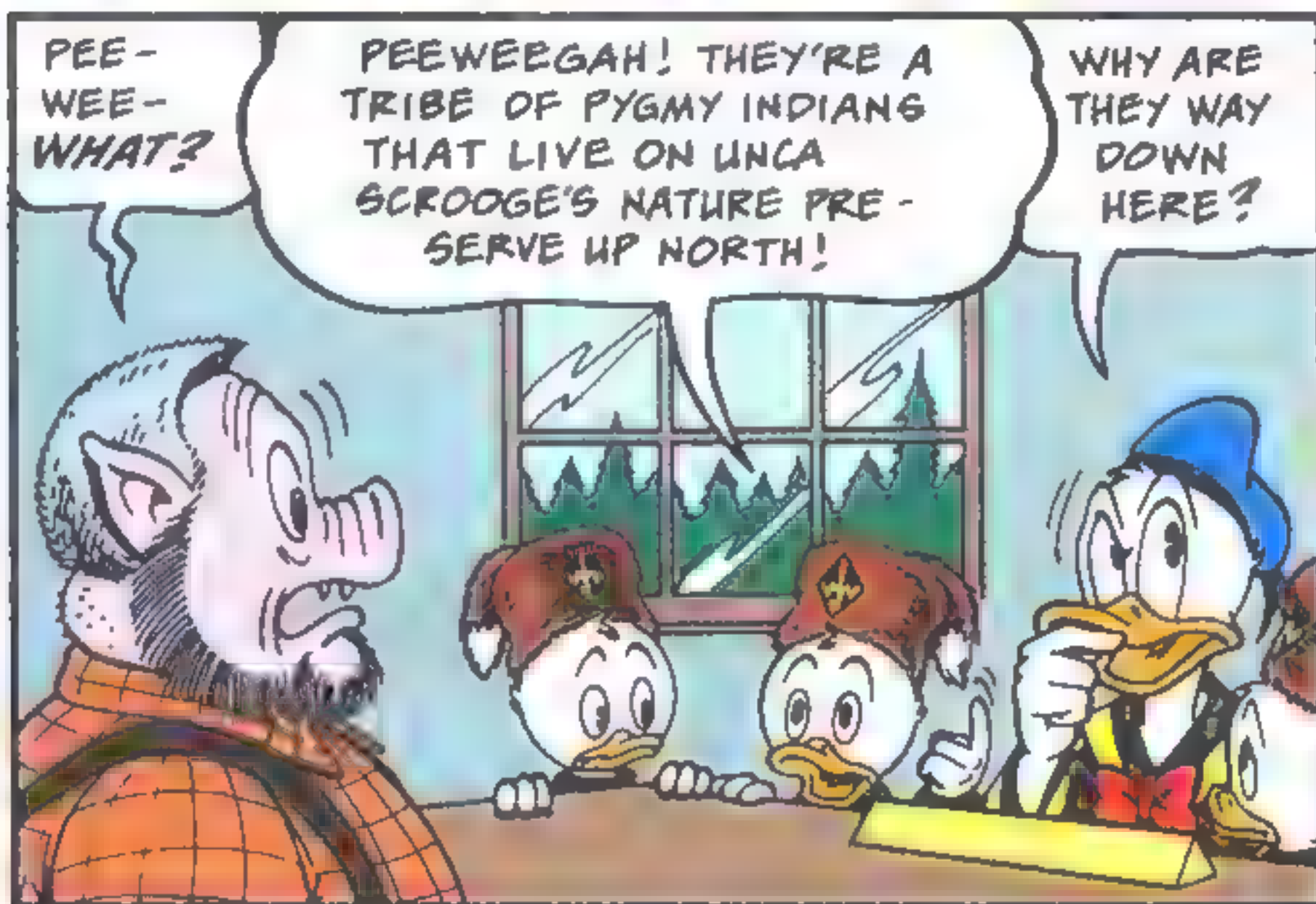
THE UNSEEN GREMLINS THAT ARE TERRORIZING UNCA SCROOGE'S PULP MILLS HERE IN CANADA ARE NOT THE WENDIGO! THEY'RE THE **PEEWEEGAH!** AND THEY TOOK UNCA SCROOGE CAPTIVE!



PEE-
WEE-
WHAT?

PEEWEEGAH! THEY'RE A TRIBE OF PYGMY INDIANS THAT LIVE ON UNCA SCROOGE'S NATURE PRESERVE UP NORTH!

WHY ARE THEY WAY DOWN HERE?



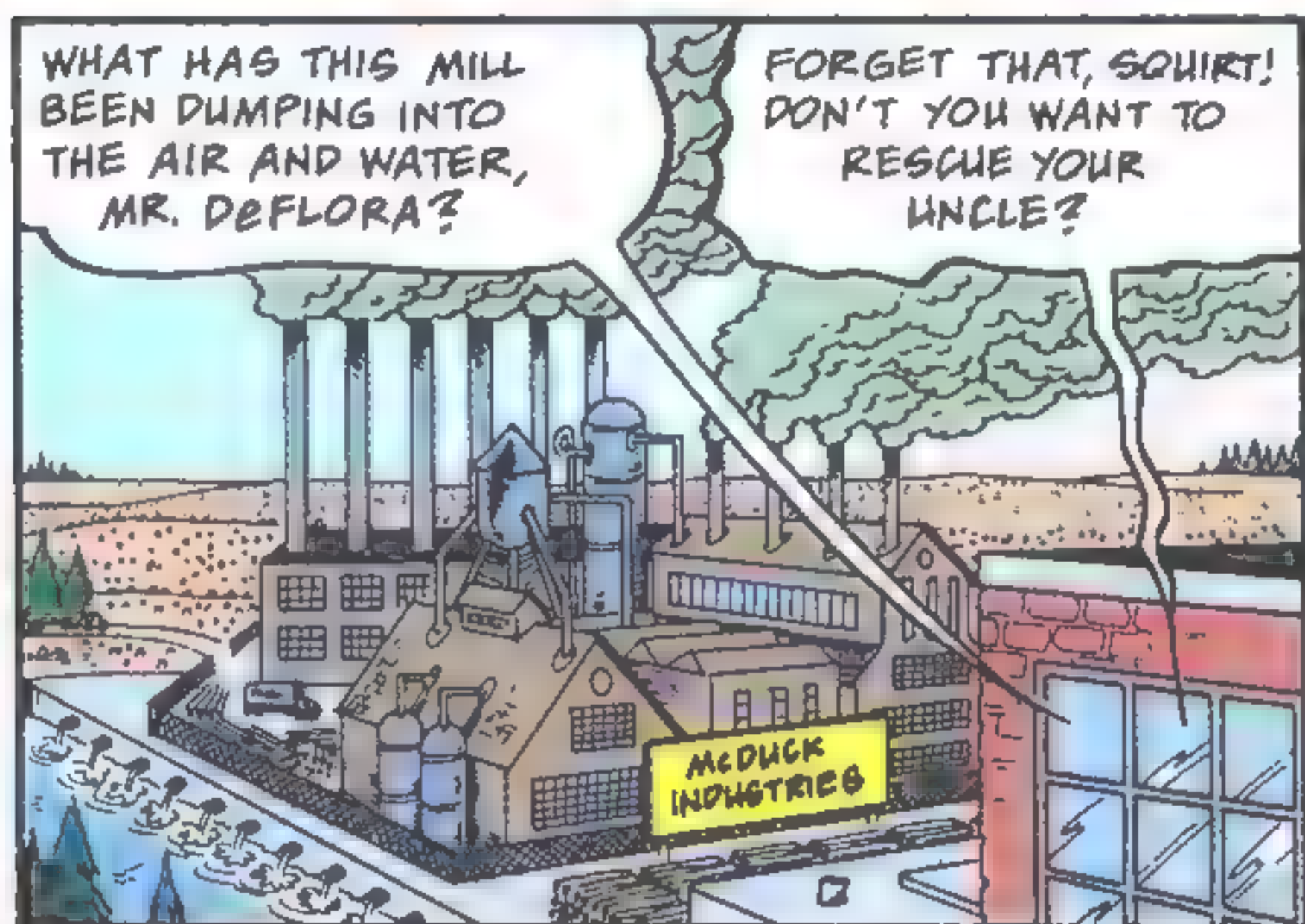
TO TERRORIZE MY PULP MILL! THAT'S WHY!

THEY'RE PEACEFUL NATURE LOVERS! THEY WOULDN'T DO THAT... WITHOUT A REASON!



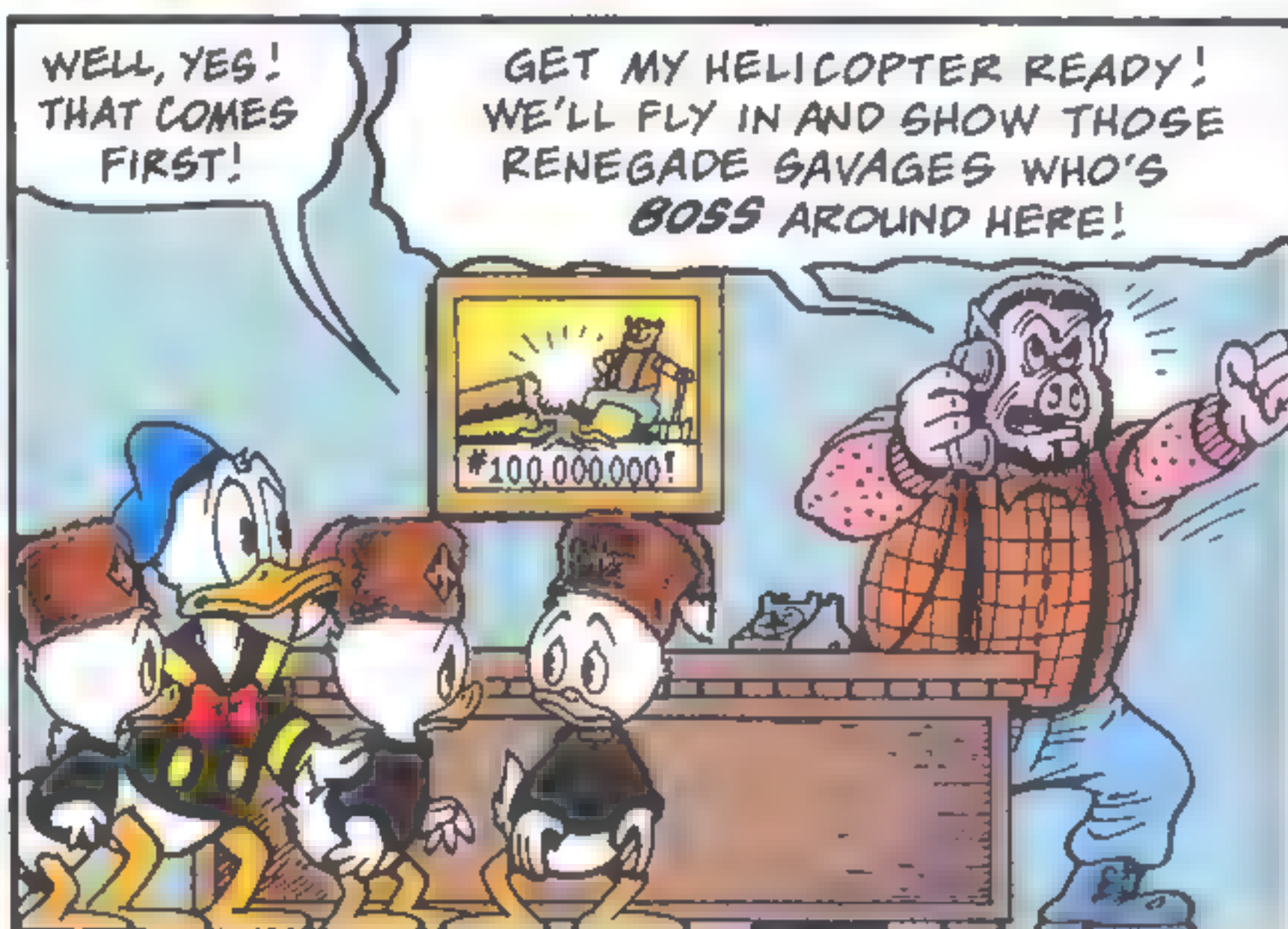
WHAT HAS THIS MILL BEEN DUMPING INTO THE AIR AND WATER, MR. DEFLORA?

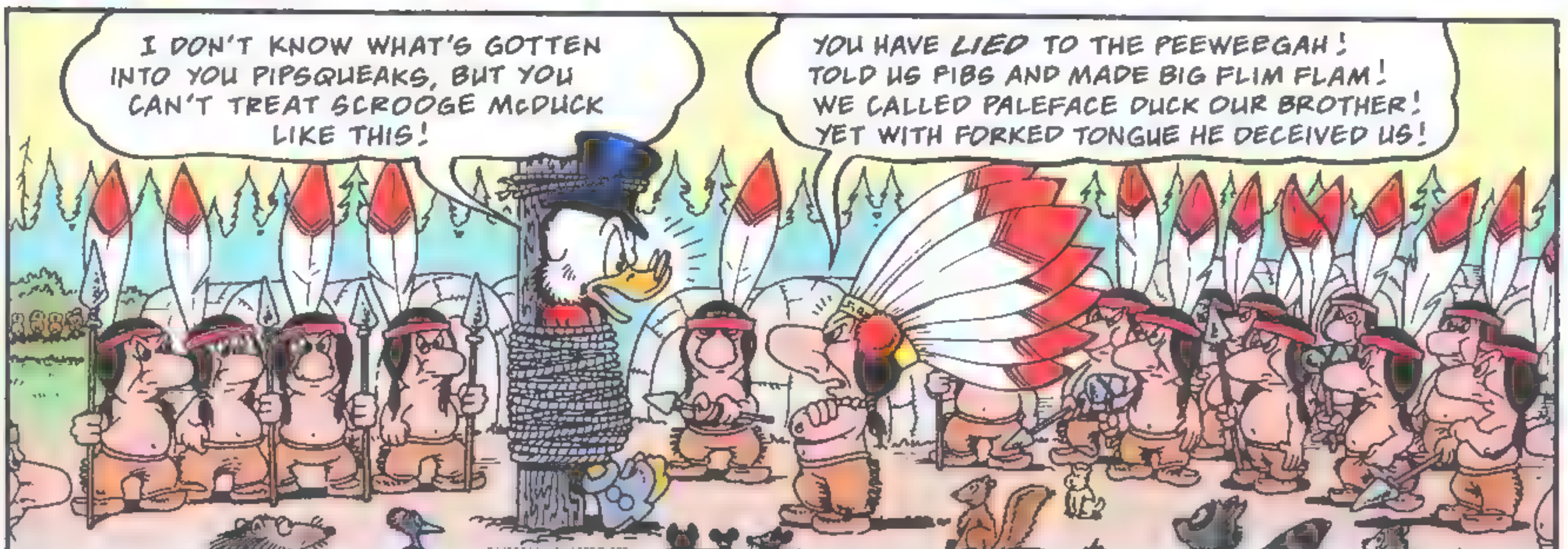
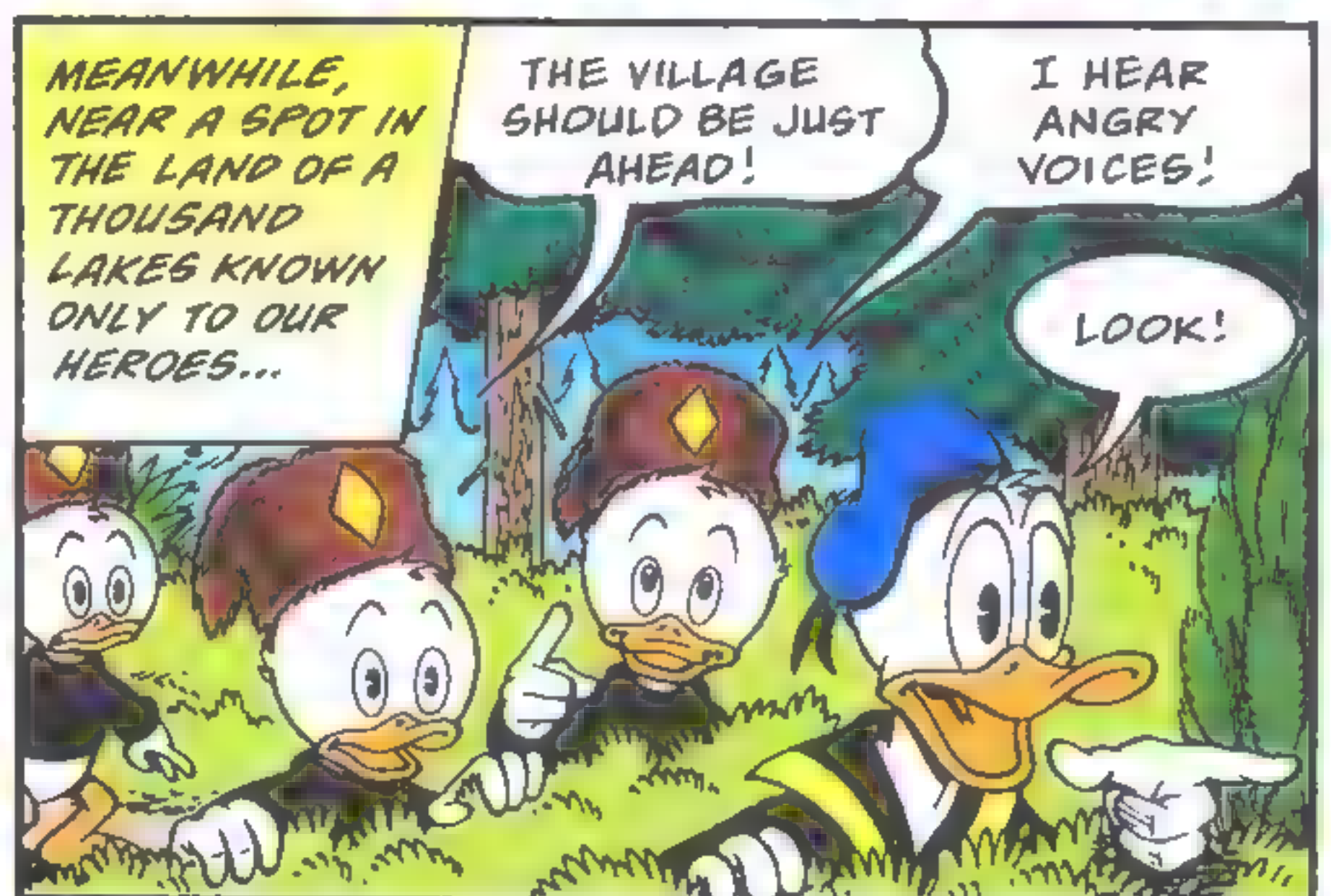
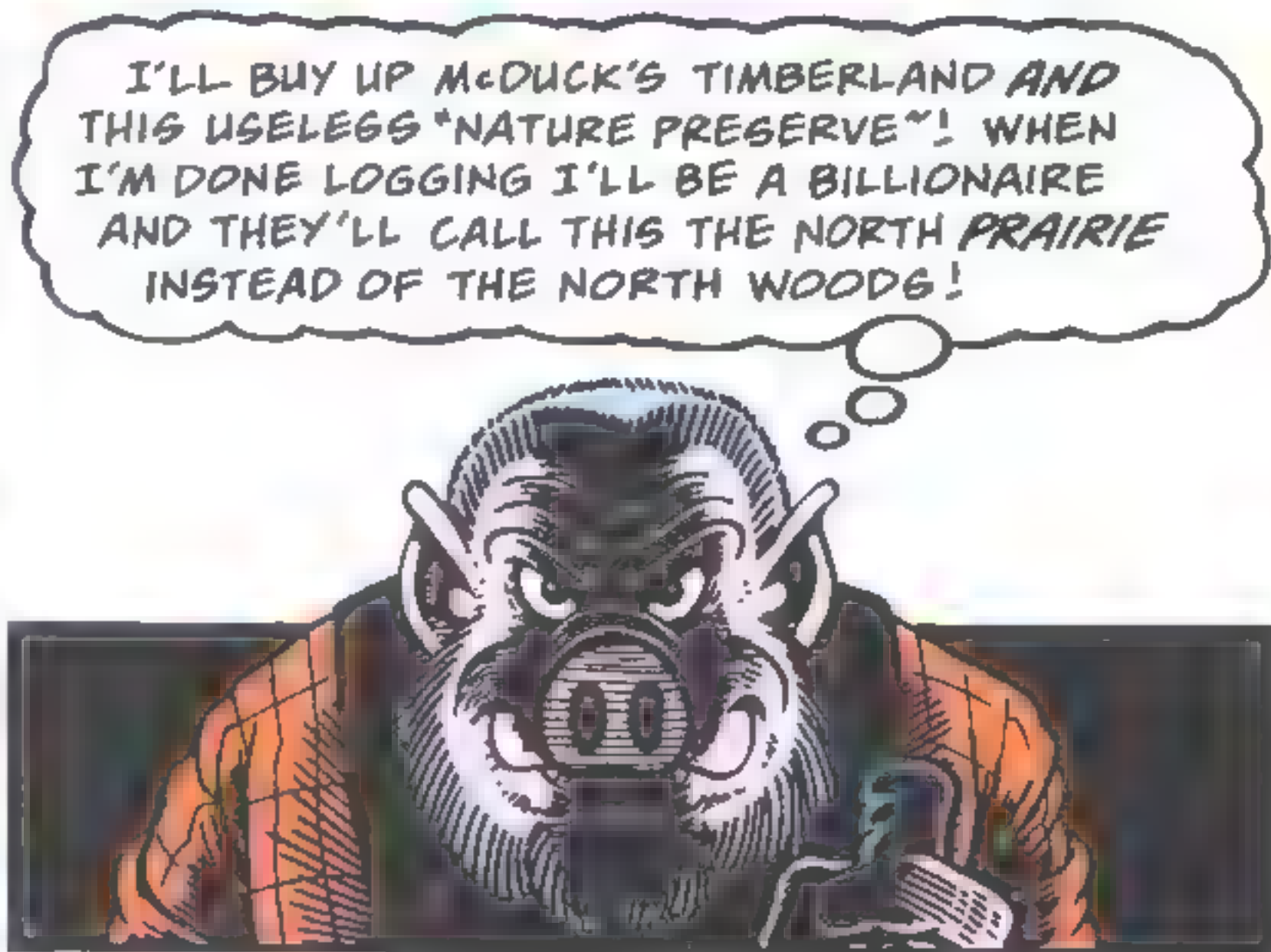
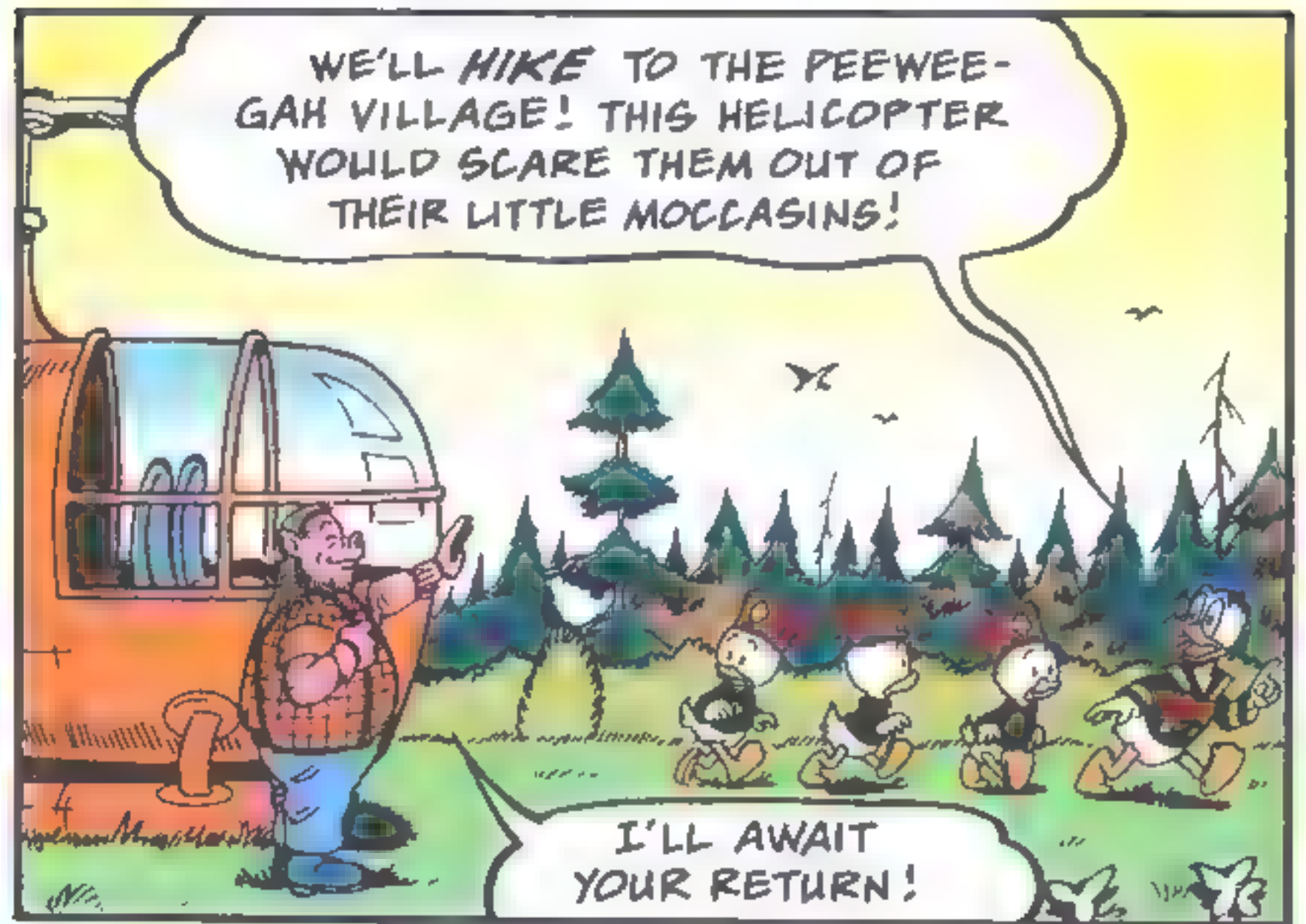
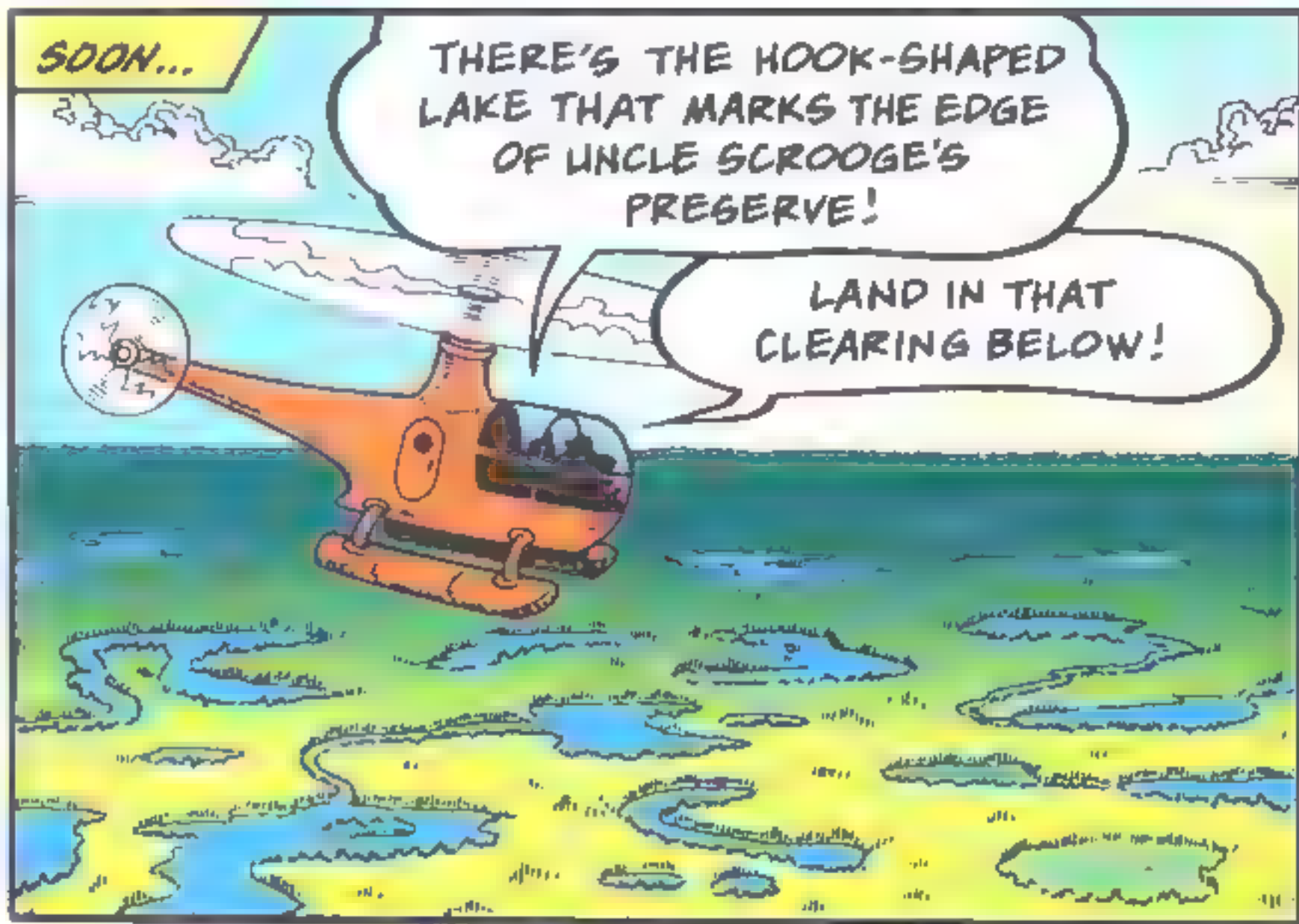
FORGET THAT, SQUIRT! DON'T YOU WANT TO RESCUE YOUR UNCLE?

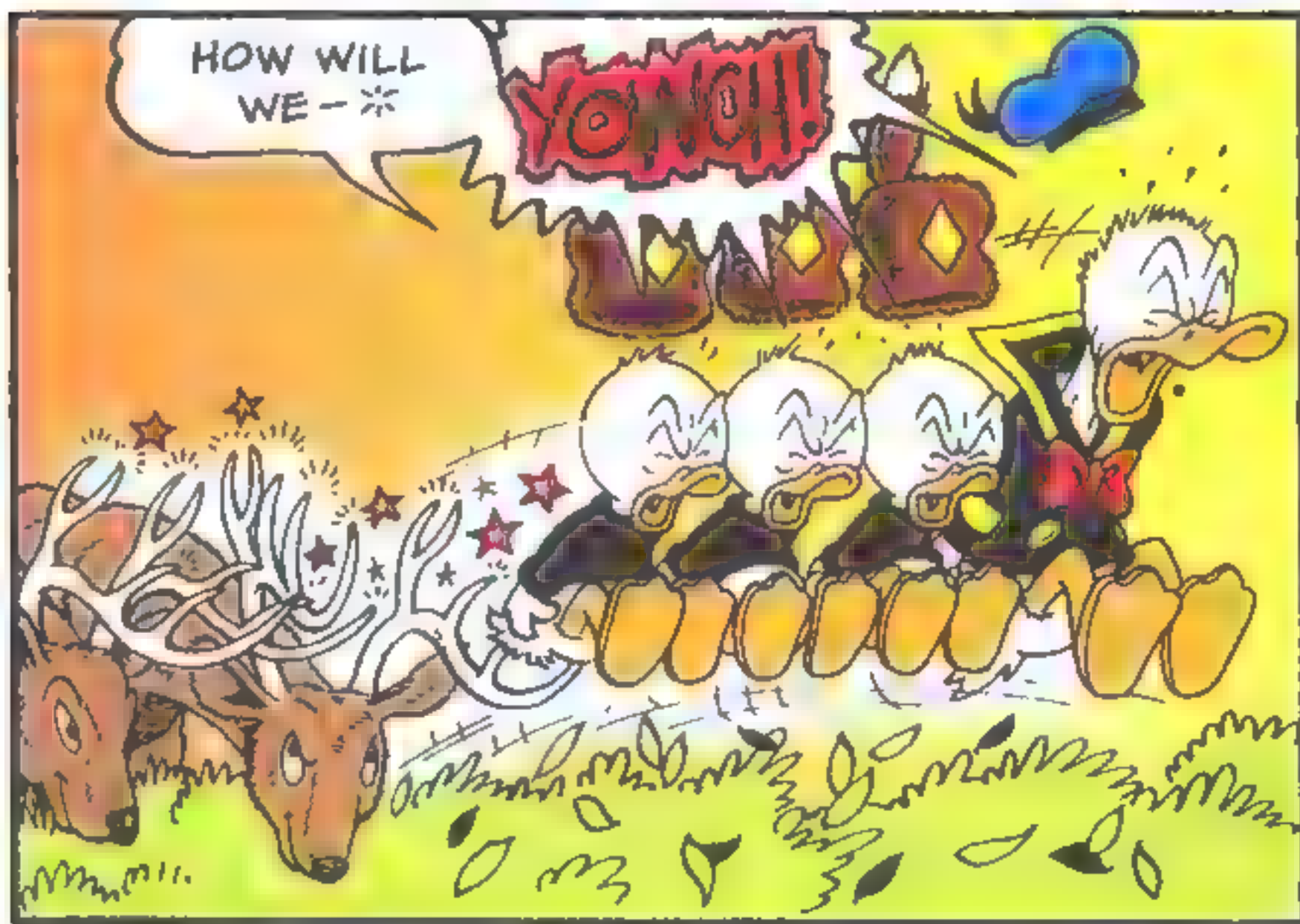


WELL, YES! THAT COMES FIRST!

GET MY HELICOPTER READY! WE'LL FLY IN AND SHOW THOSE RENEGADE SAVAGES WHO'S **BOSS** AROUND HERE!

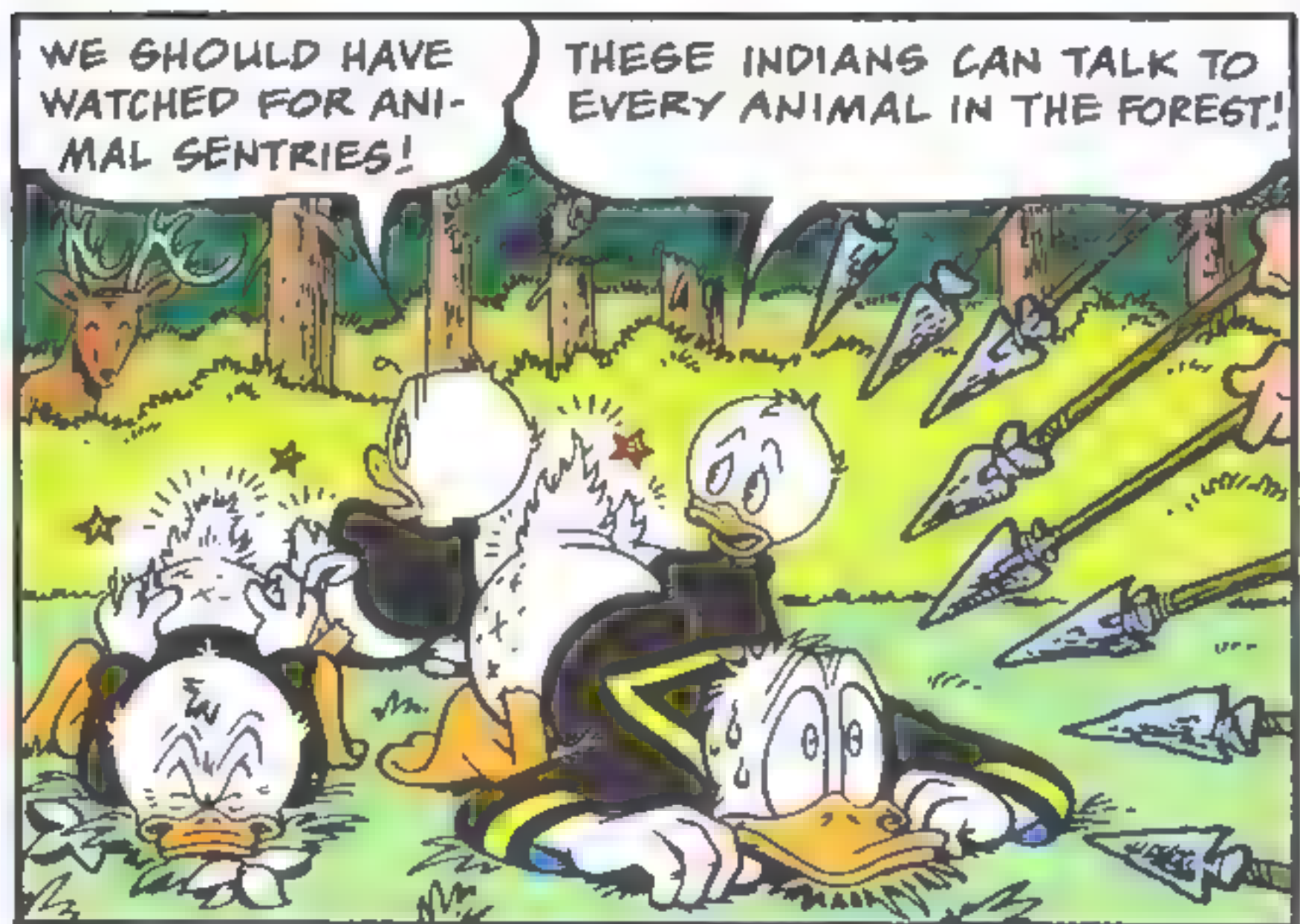






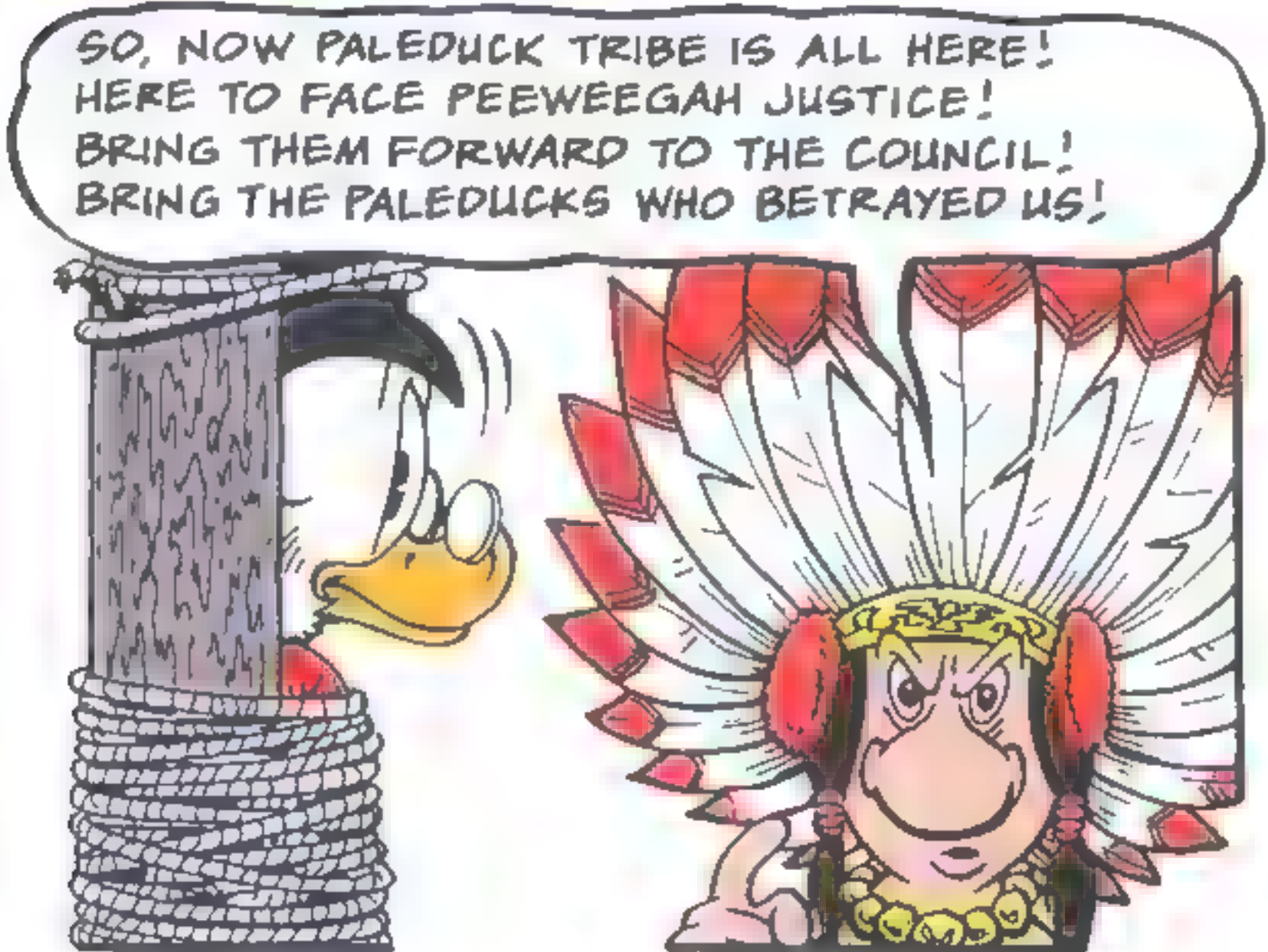
HOW WILL WE - *

YONCH!



WE SHOULD HAVE WATCHED FOR ANIMAL SENTRIES!

THESE INDIANS CAN TALK TO EVERY ANIMAL IN THE FOREST!

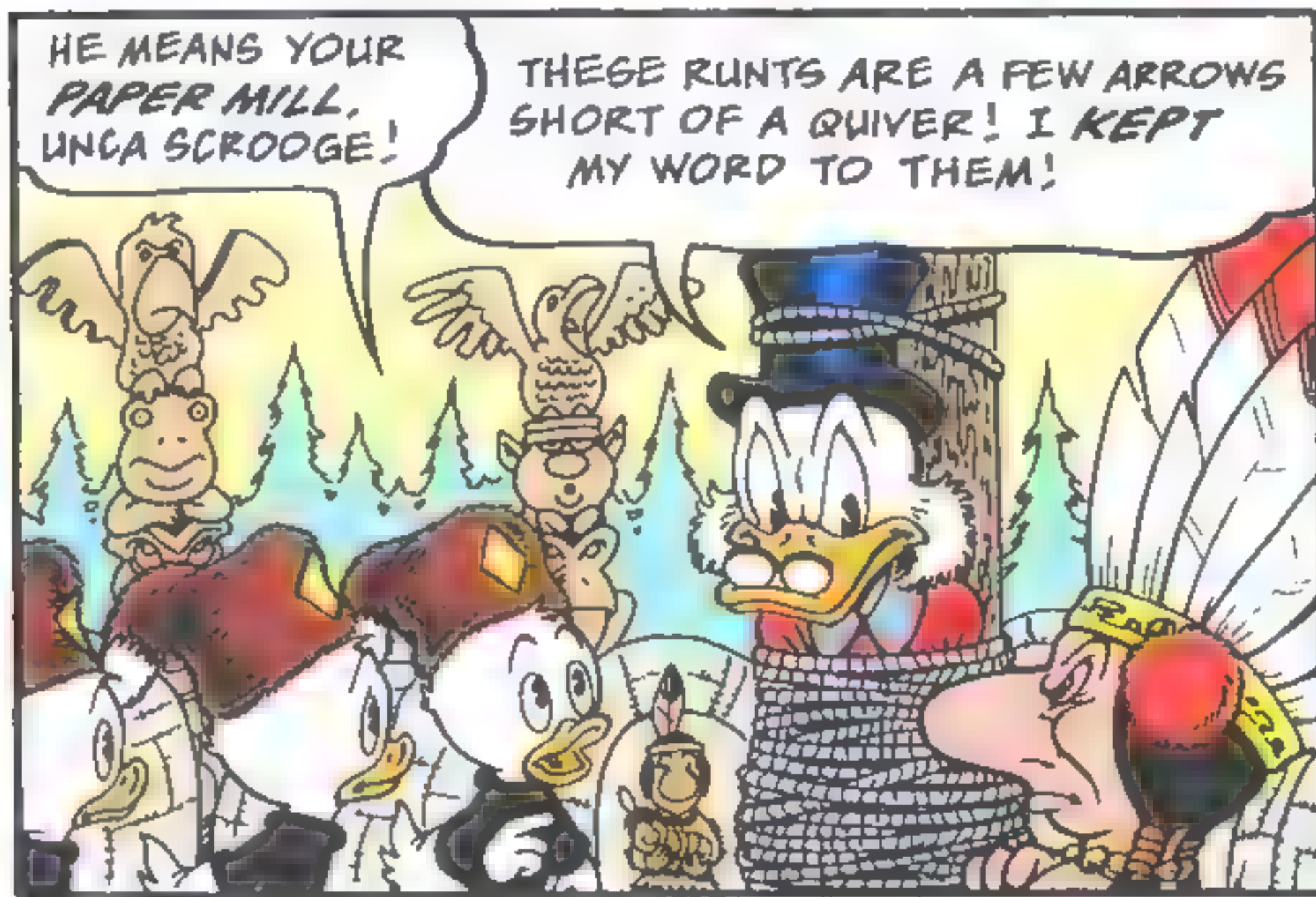


SO, NOW PALEDUCK TRIBE IS ALL HERE! HERE TO FACE PEEWEEGAH JUSTICE! BRING THEM FORWARD TO THE COUNCIL! BRING THE PALEDUCKS WHO BETRAYED US!



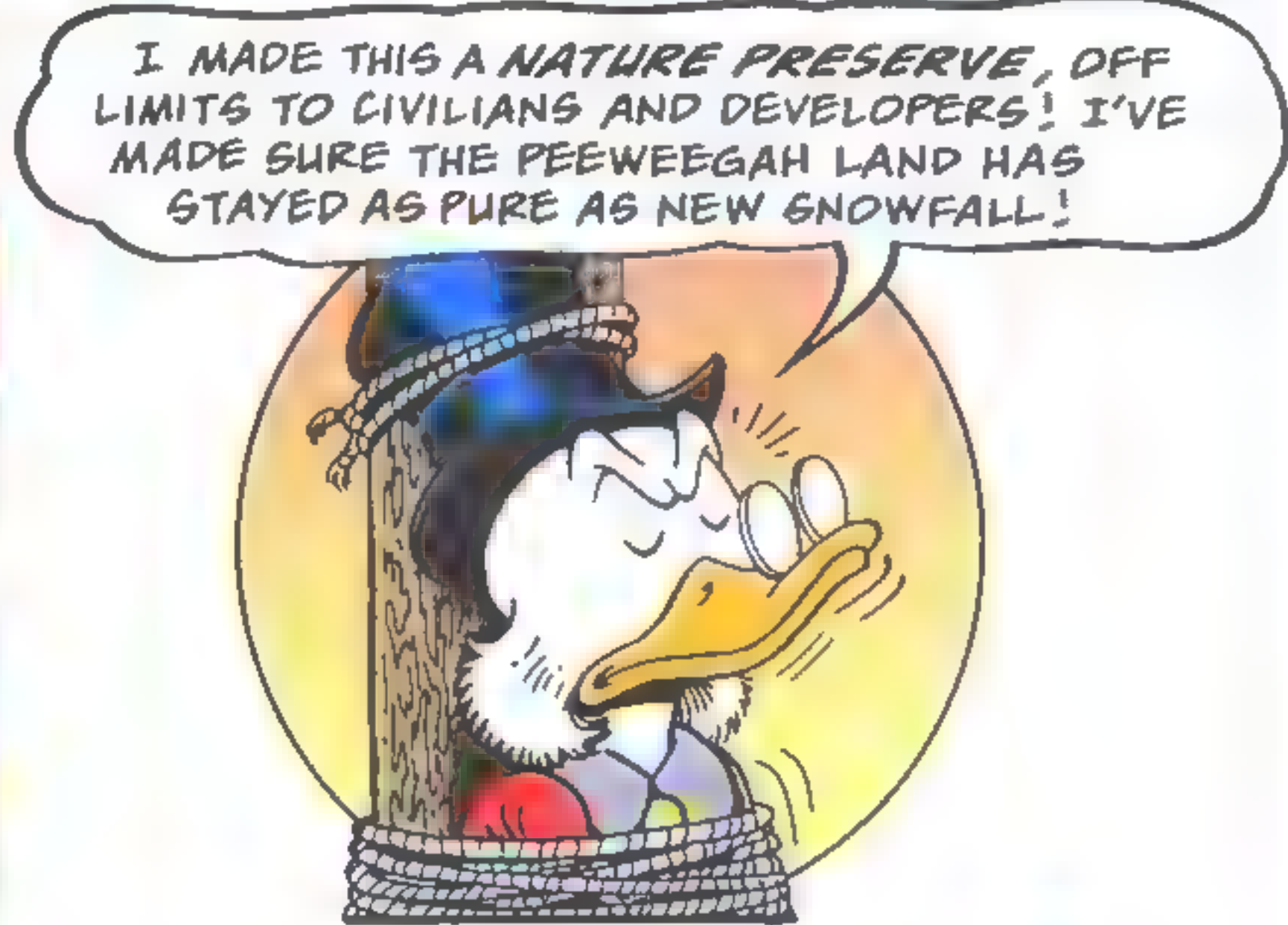
WHAT ARE YOU LOONIES SAYING?

YOU SAID YOU WOULD KEEP OUR LAKES CLEAN!; KEEP OUR AIR PURE AND OUR TREES GREEN!; BUT YOU BUILD A MIGHTY WIGWAM; THAT SPITS POISON TO BURN US!

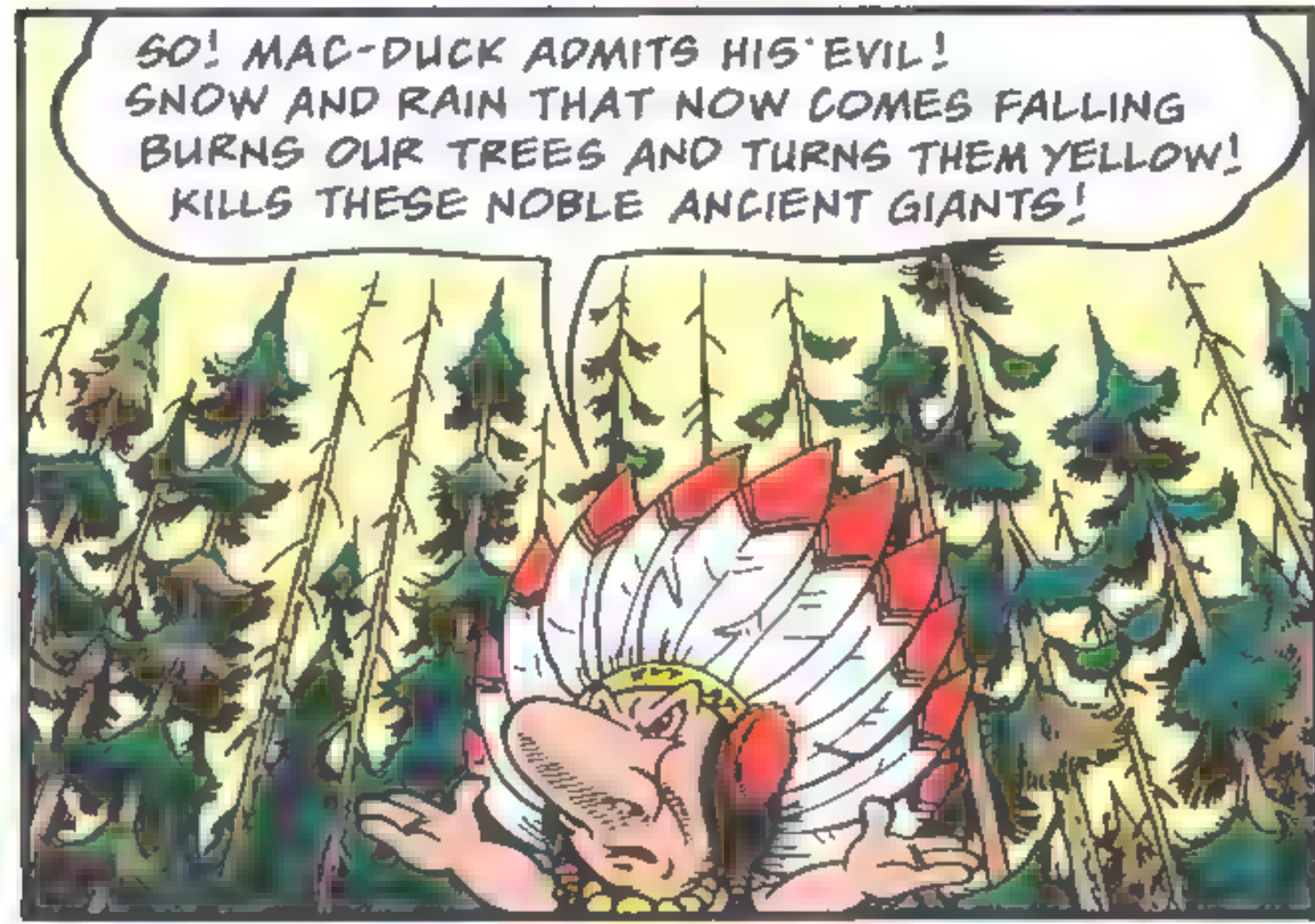


HE MEANS YOUR PAPER MILL, UNCA SCROOGE!

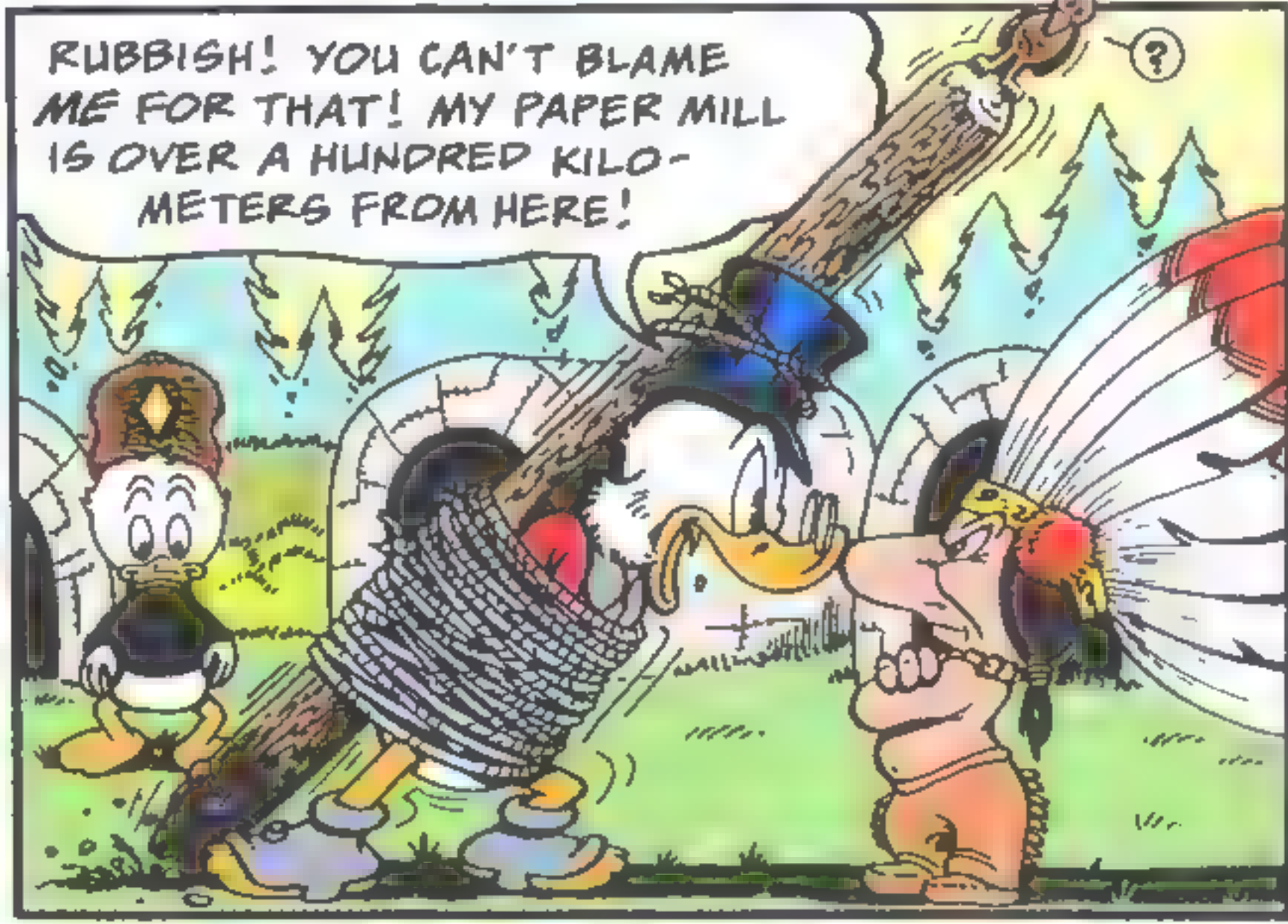
THESE RUNTS ARE A FEW ARROWS SHORT OF A QUIVER! I KEPT MY WORD TO THEM!



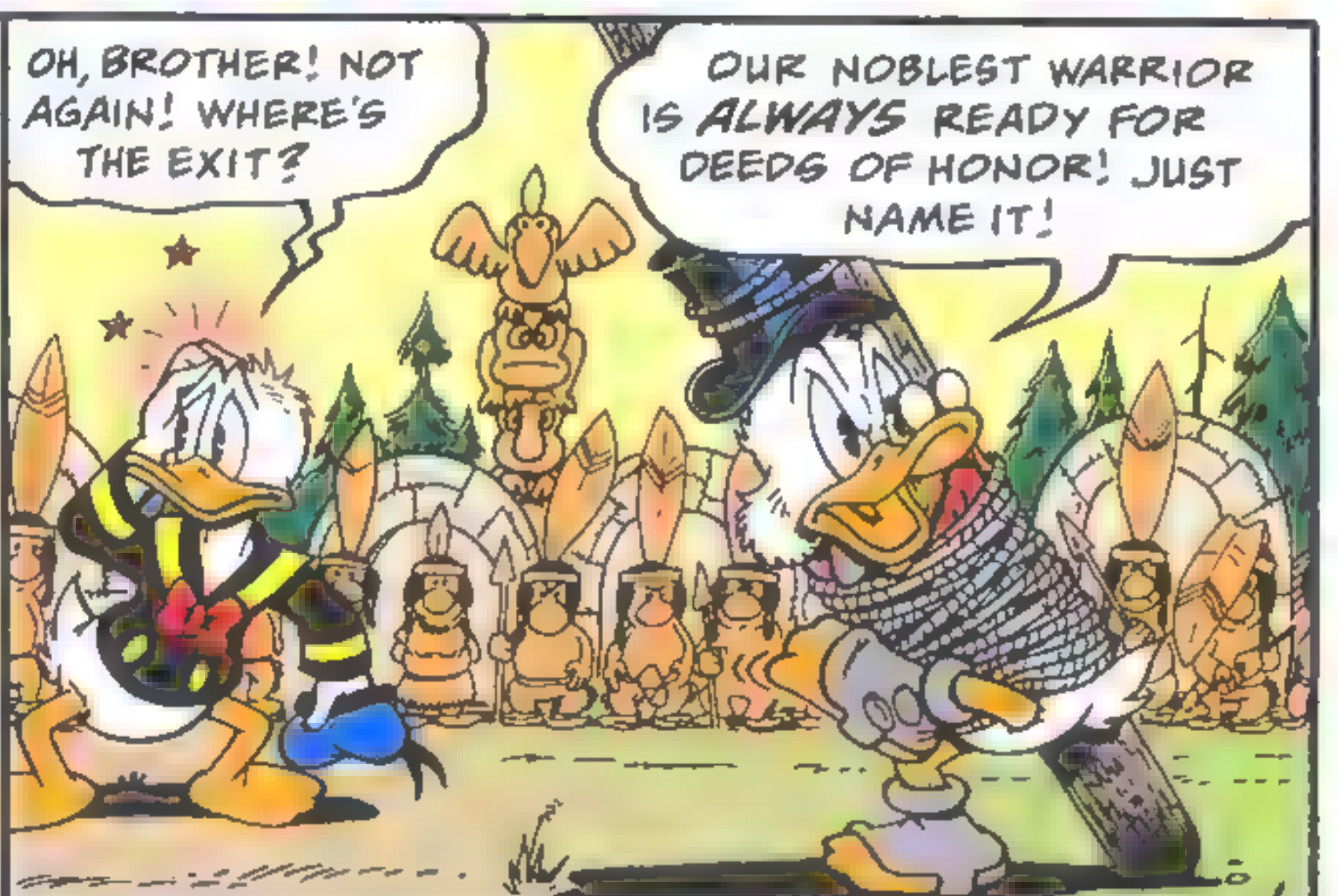
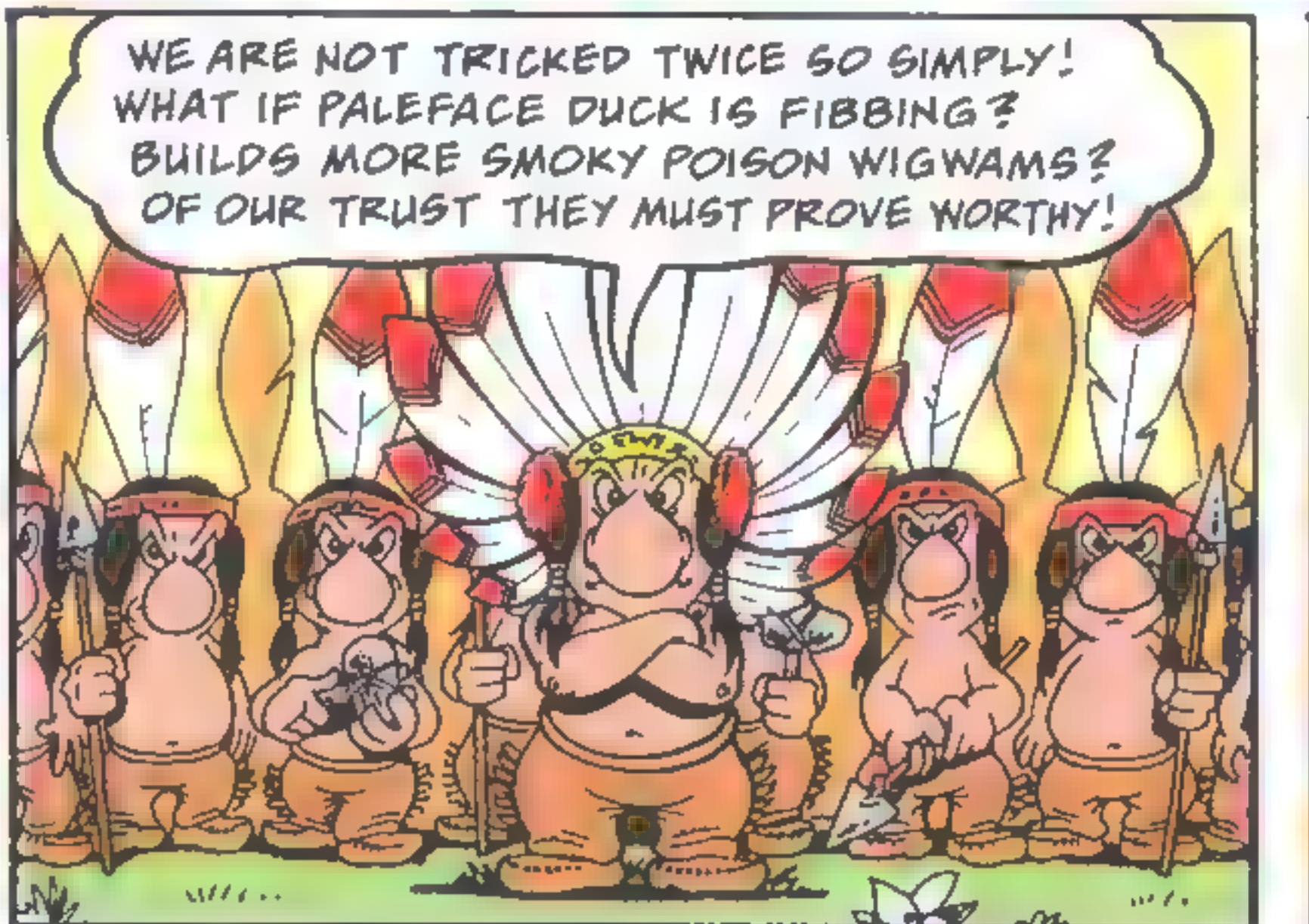
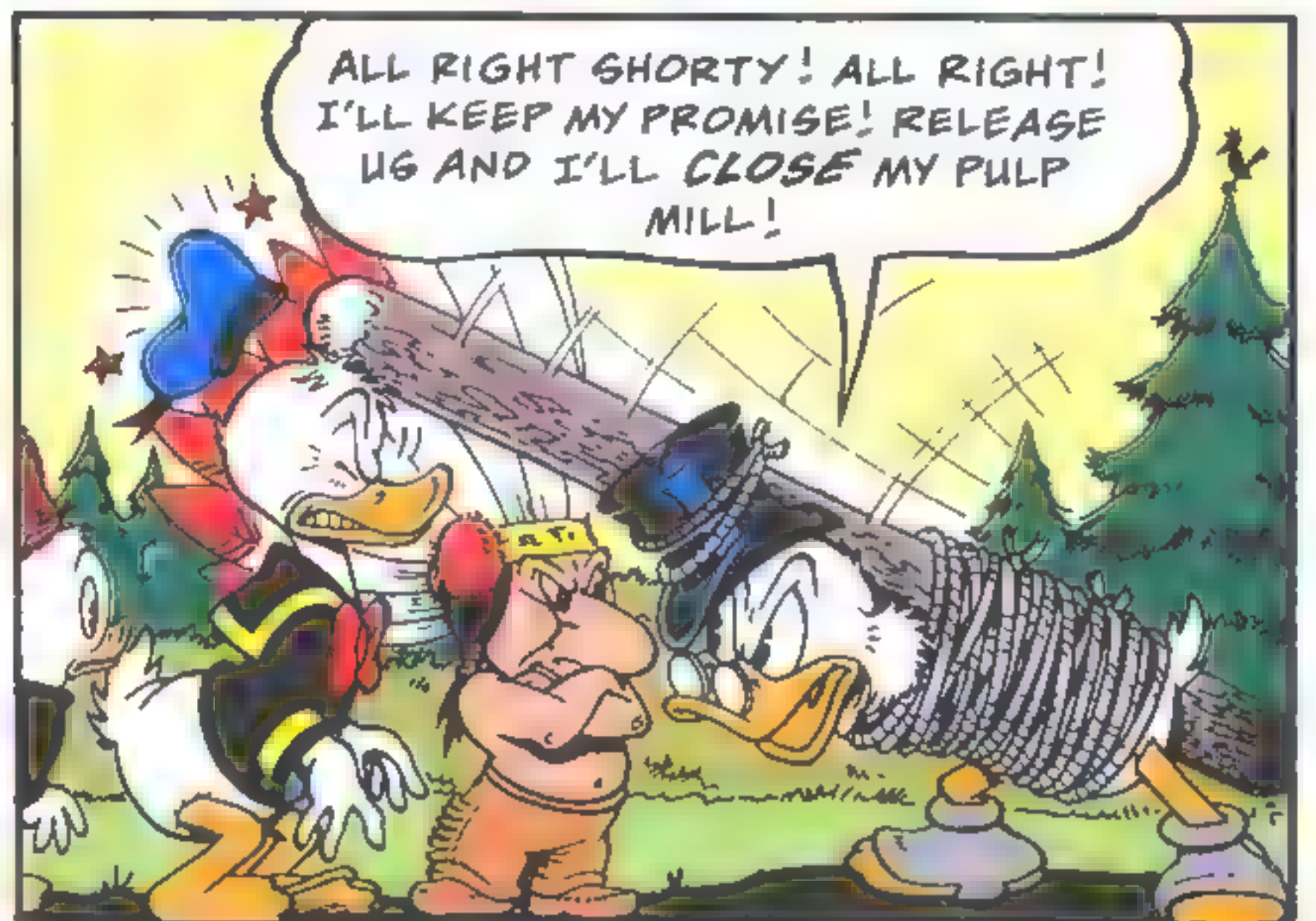
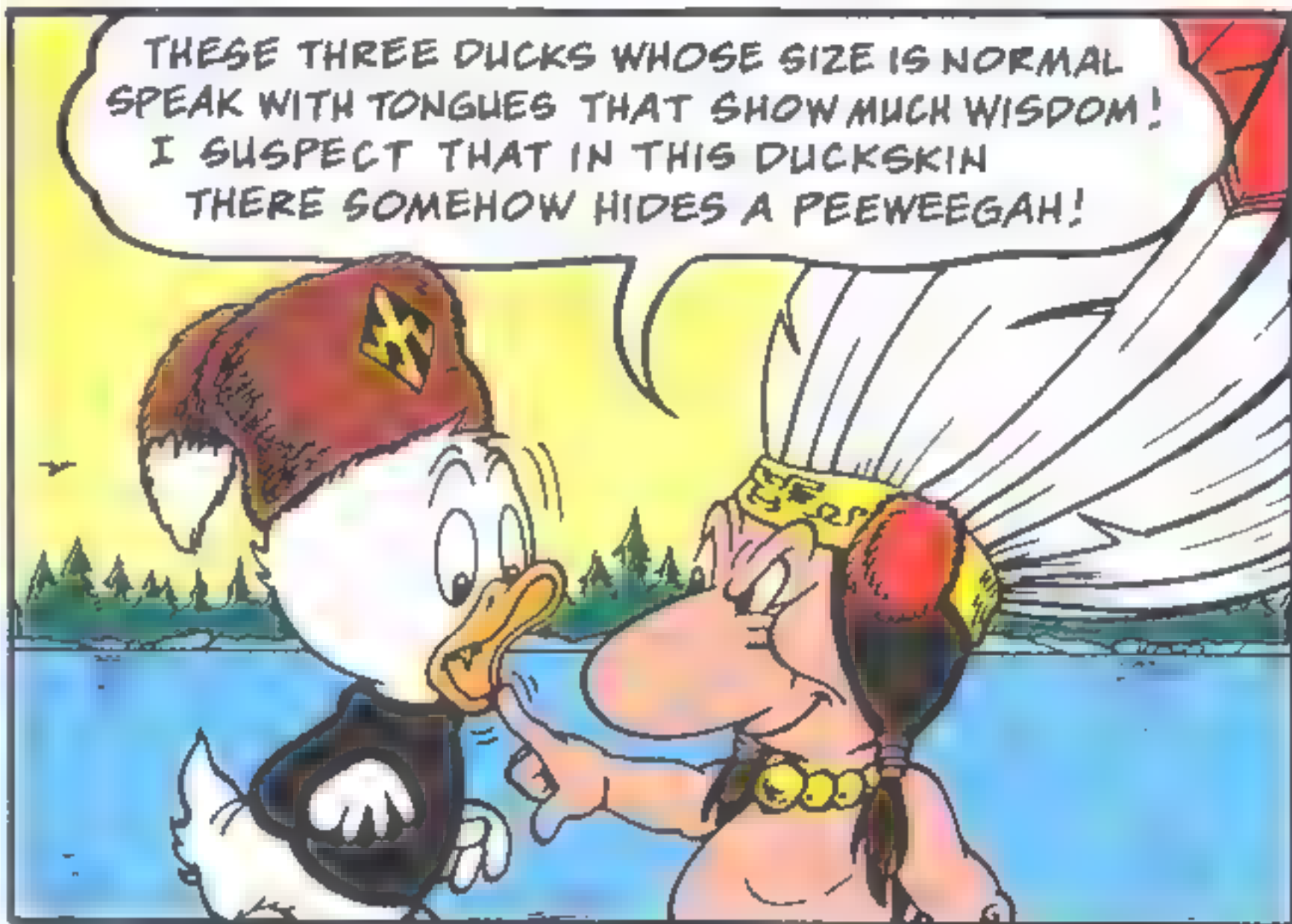
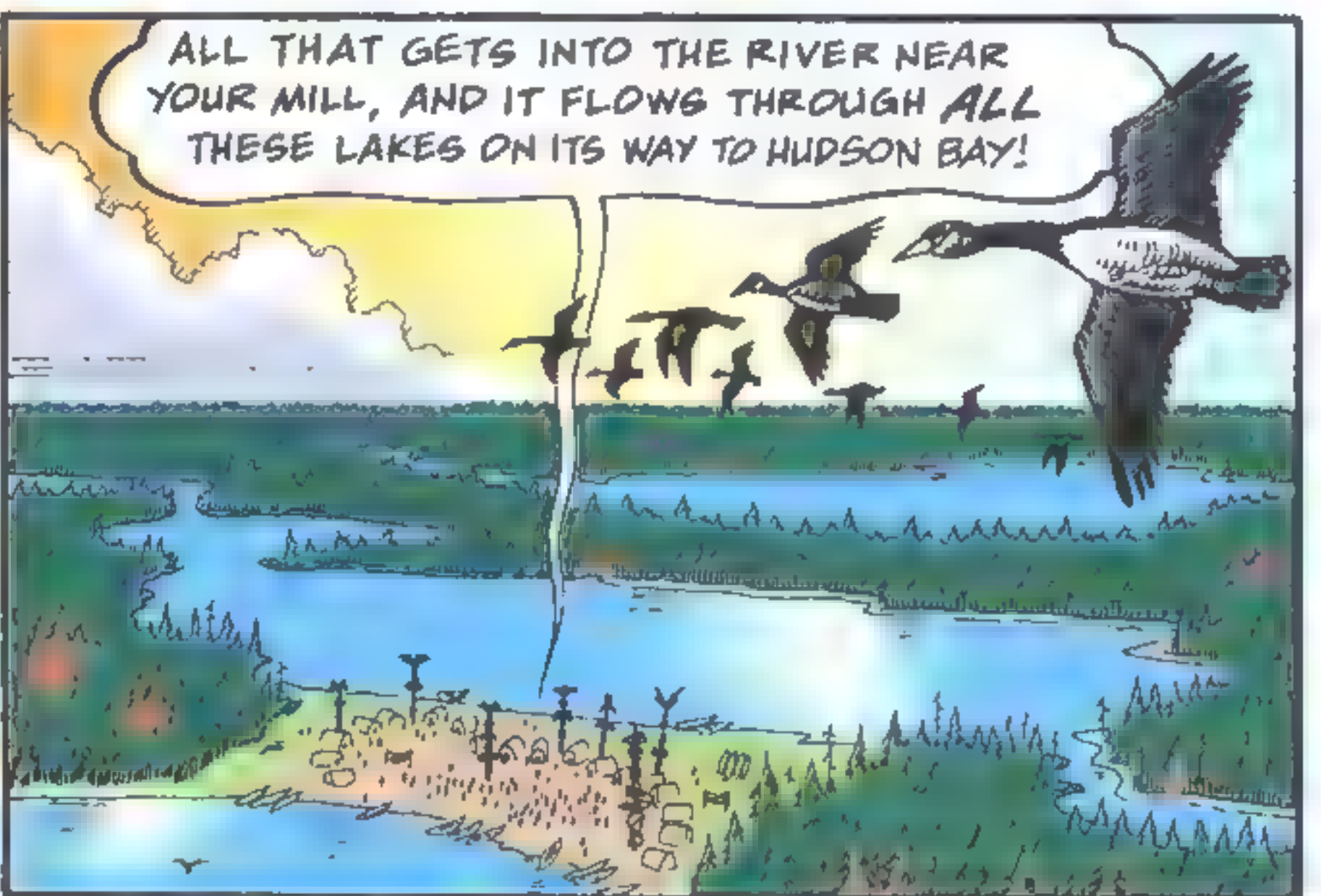
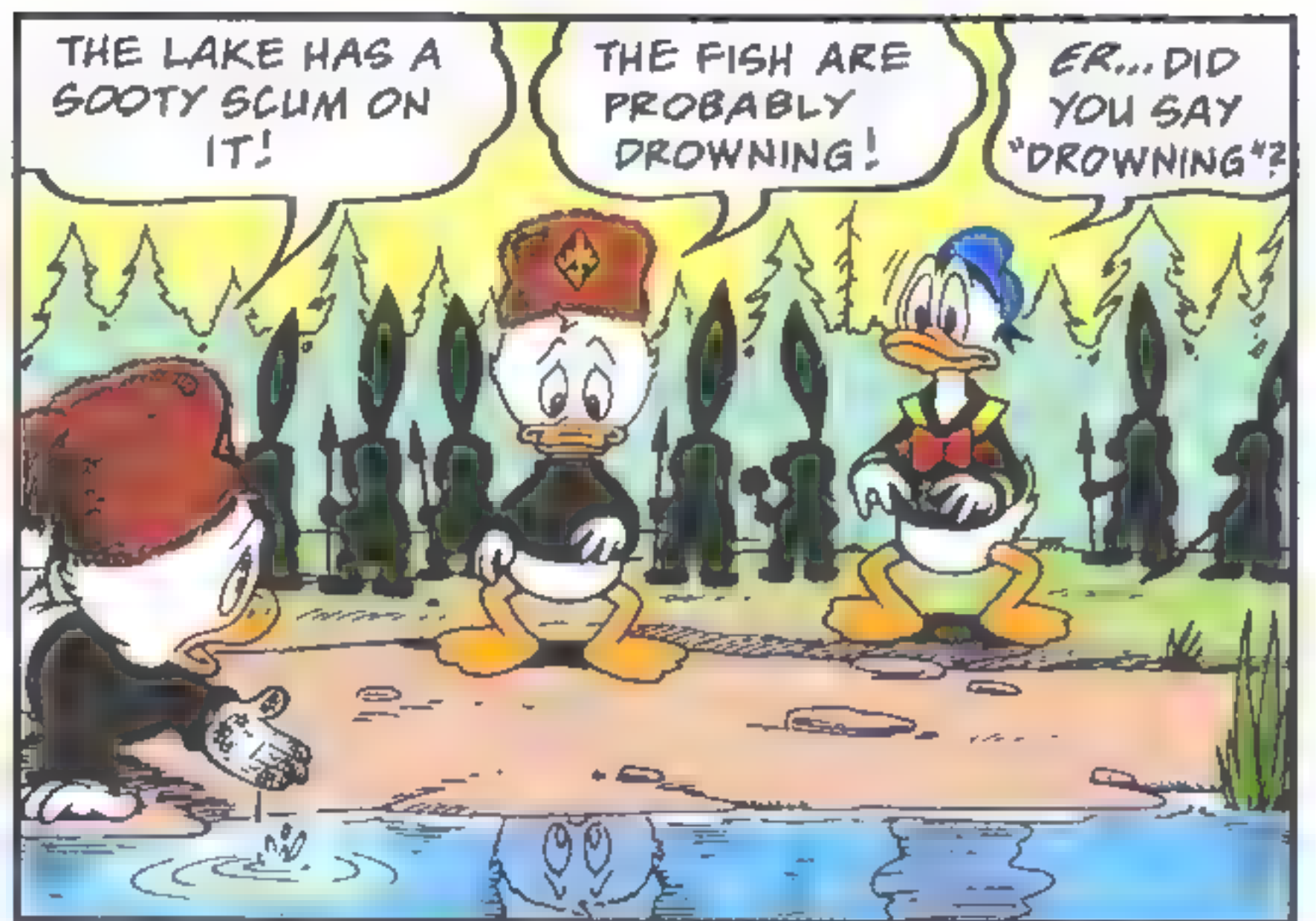
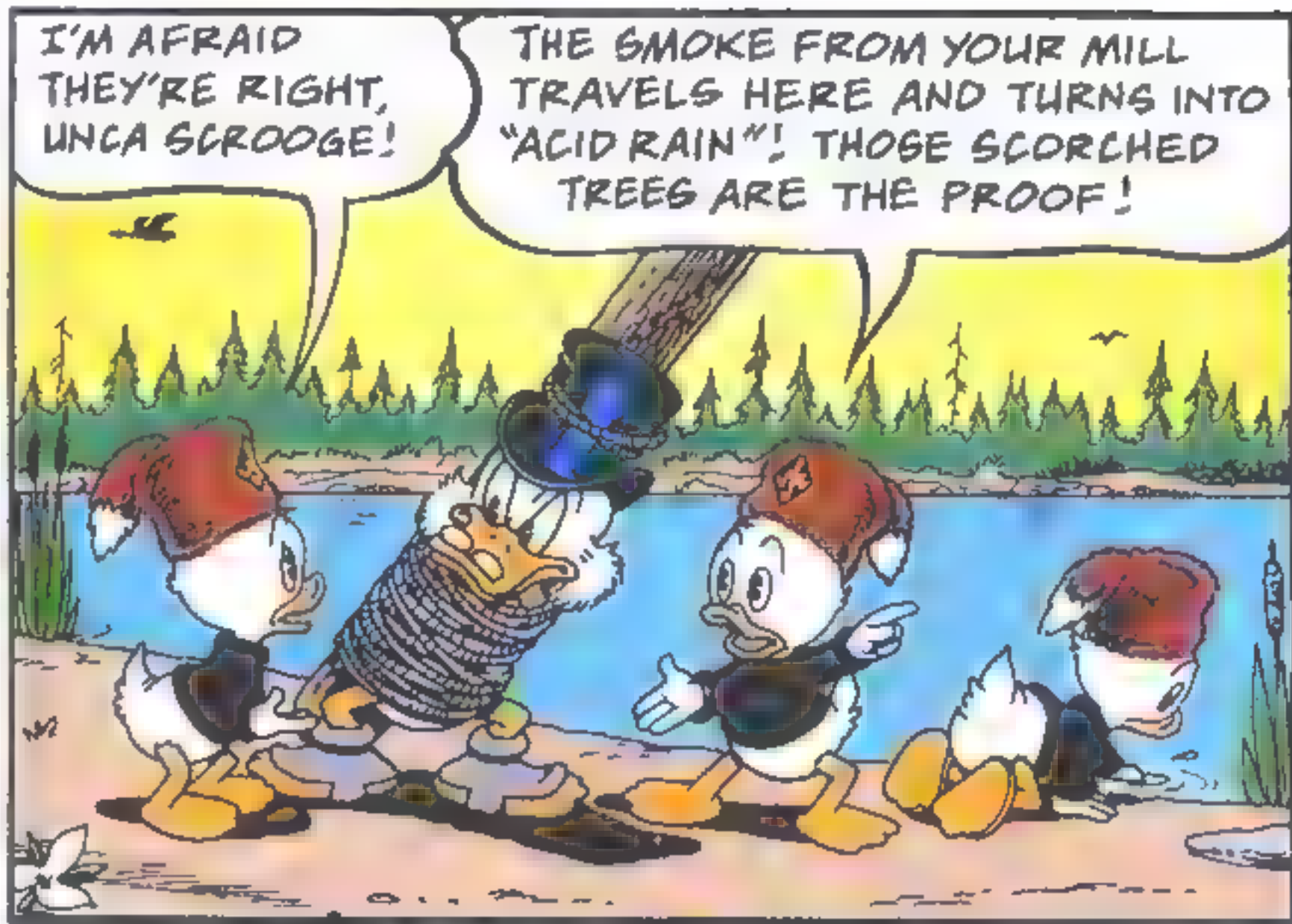
I MADE THIS A NATURE PRESERVE, OFF LIMITS TO CIVILIANS AND DEVELOPERS! I'VE MADE SURE THE PEEWEEGAH LAND HAS STAYED AS PURE AS NEW SNOWFALL!

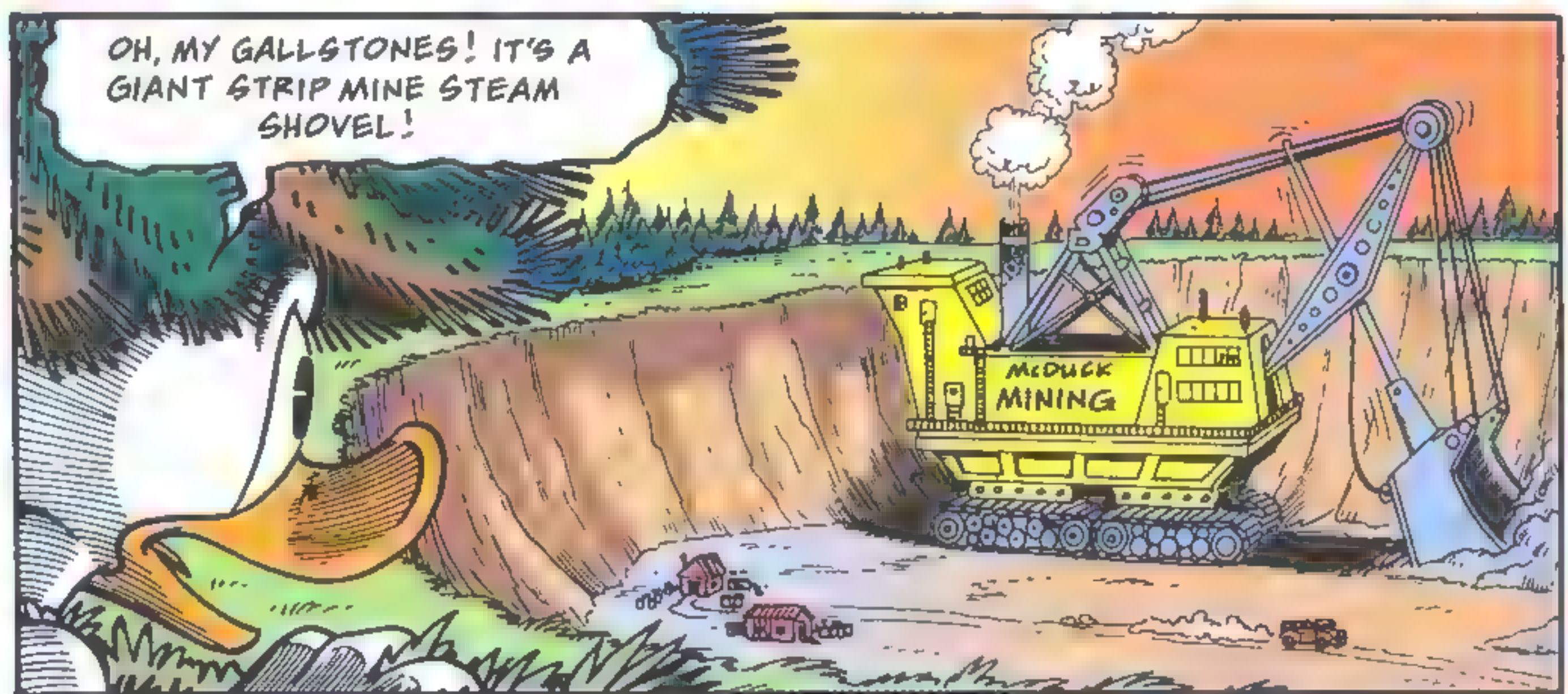
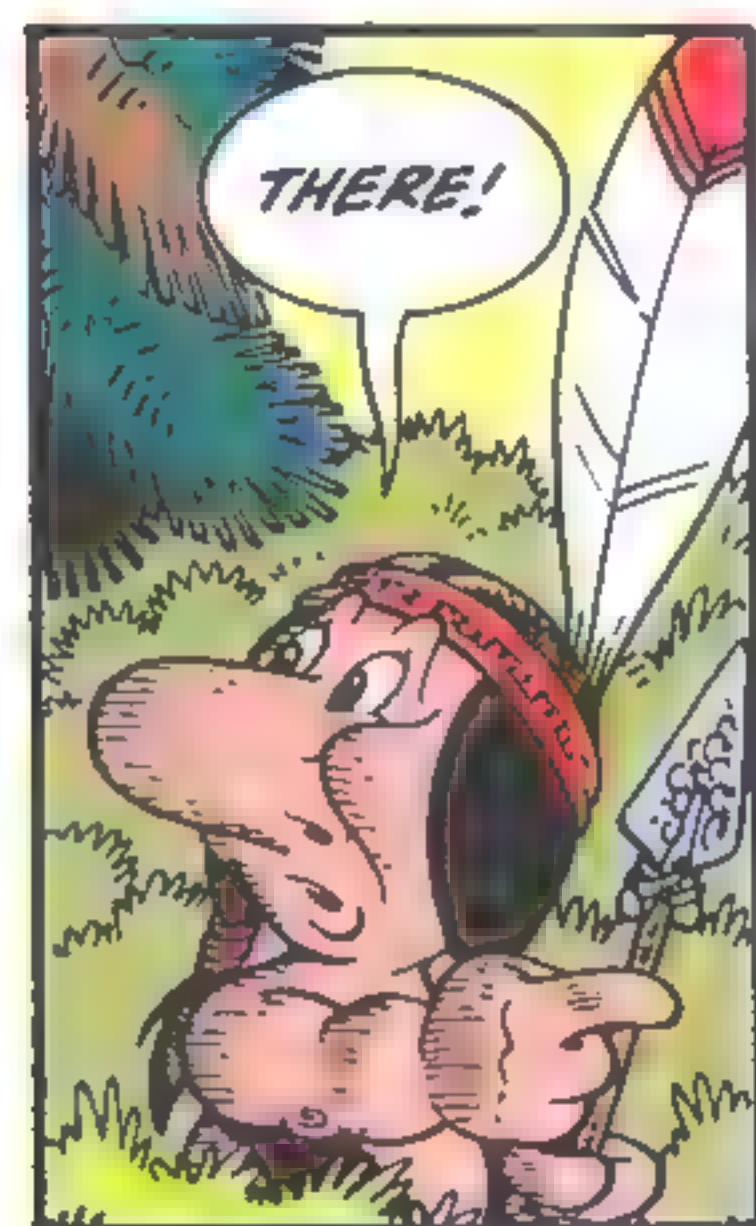
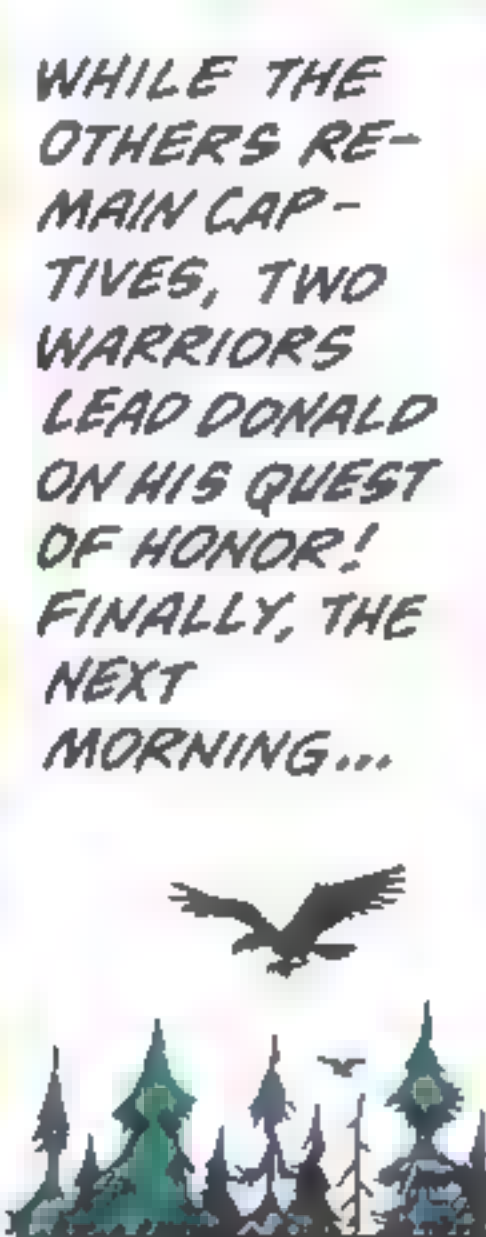
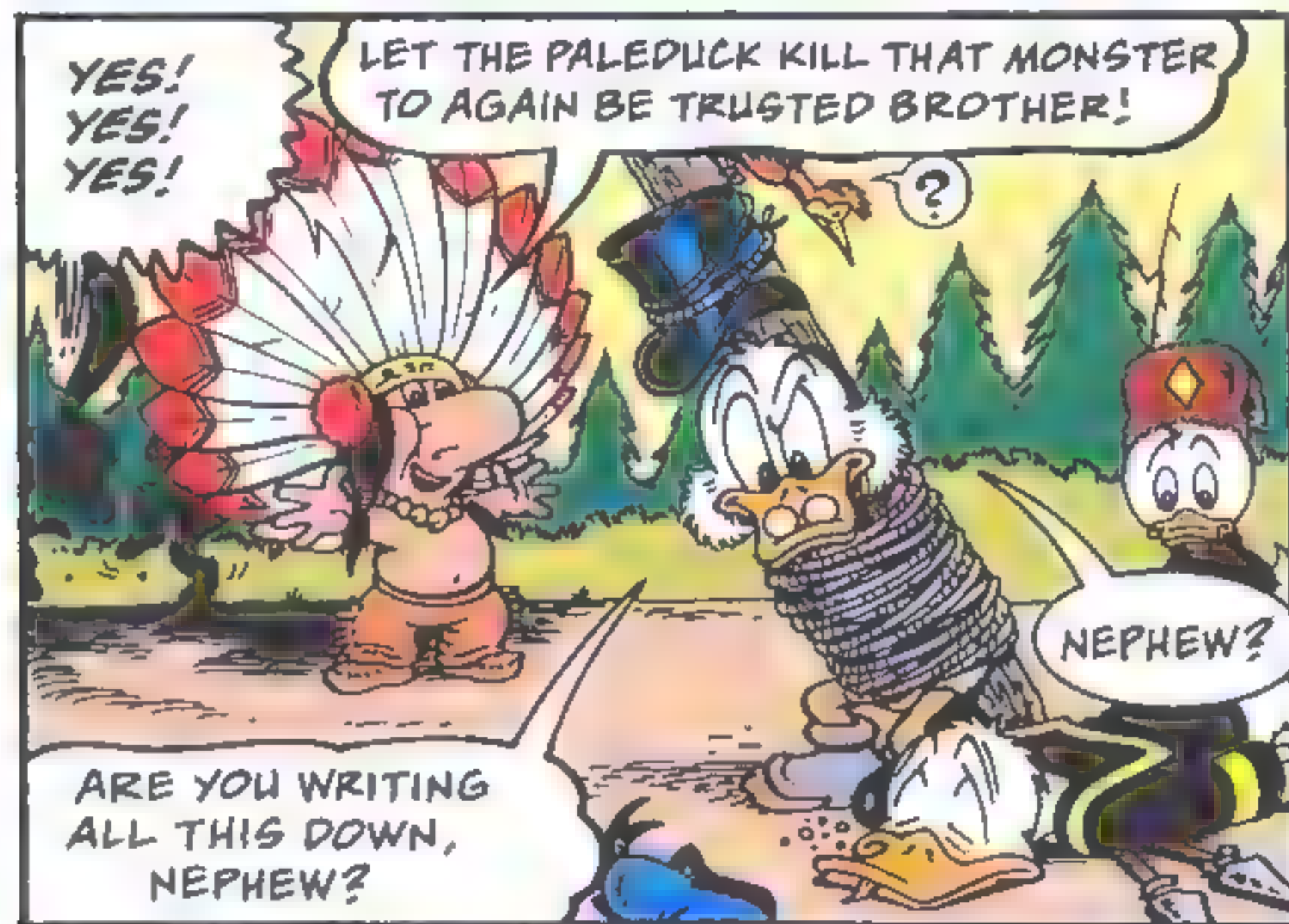
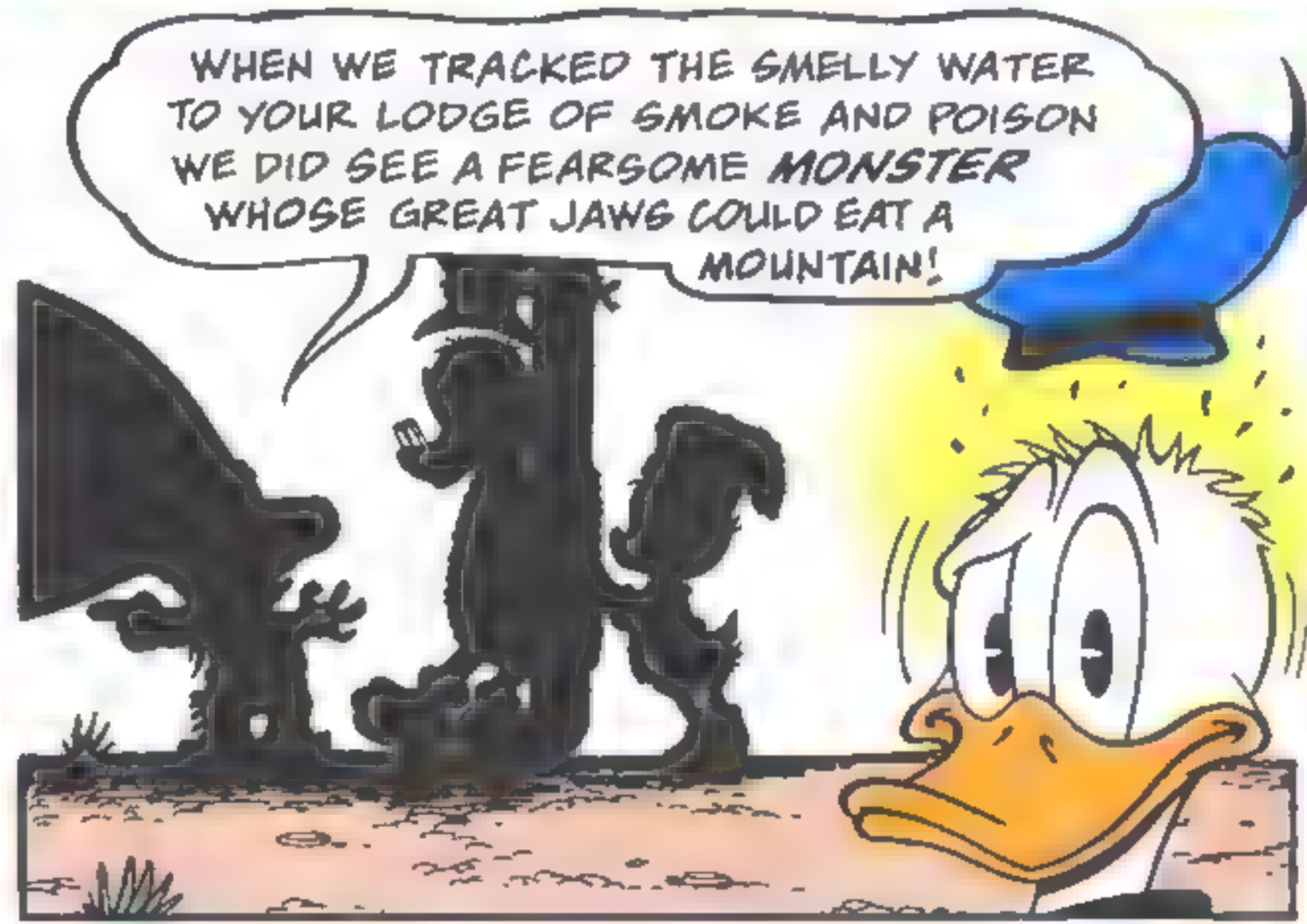
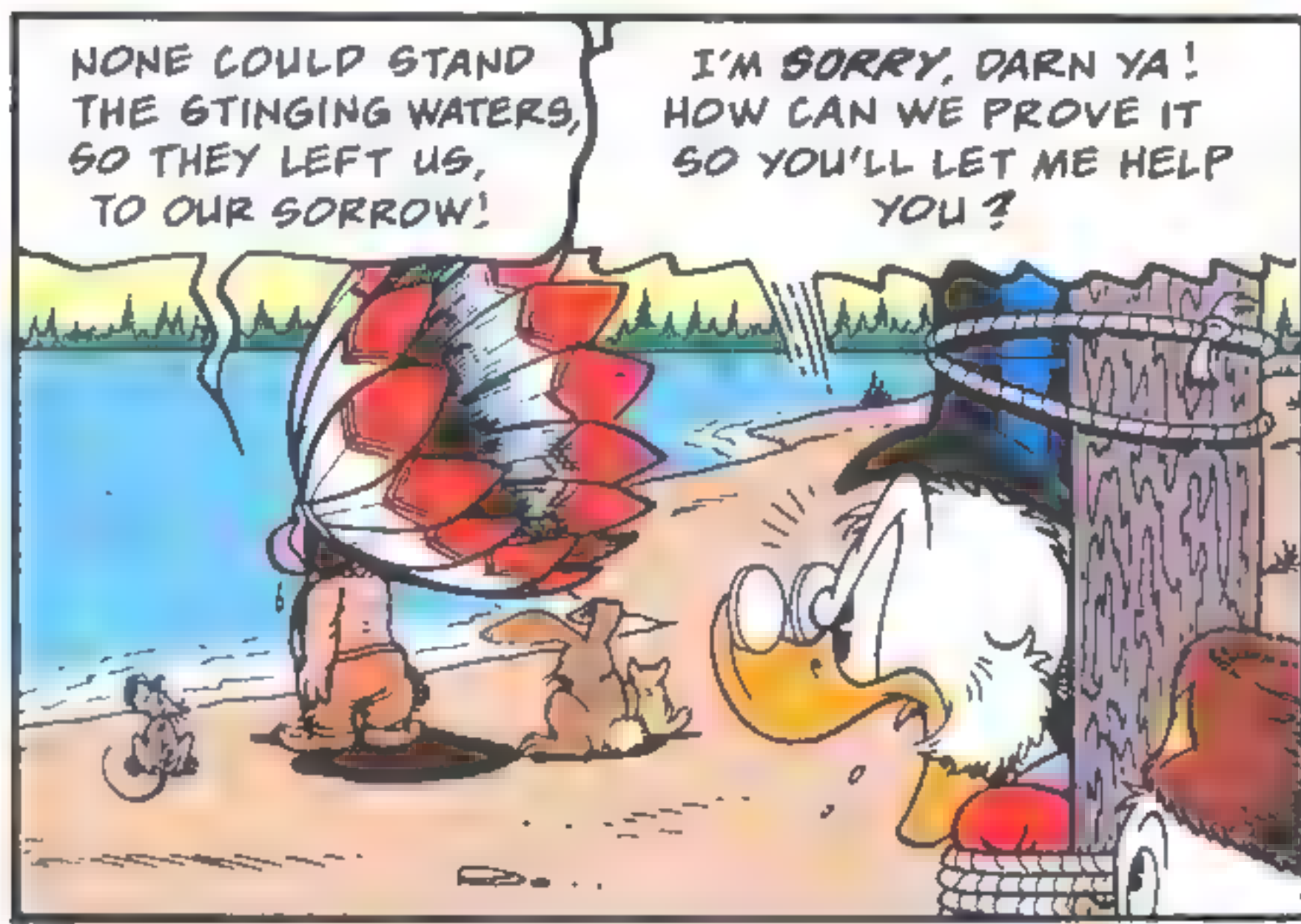
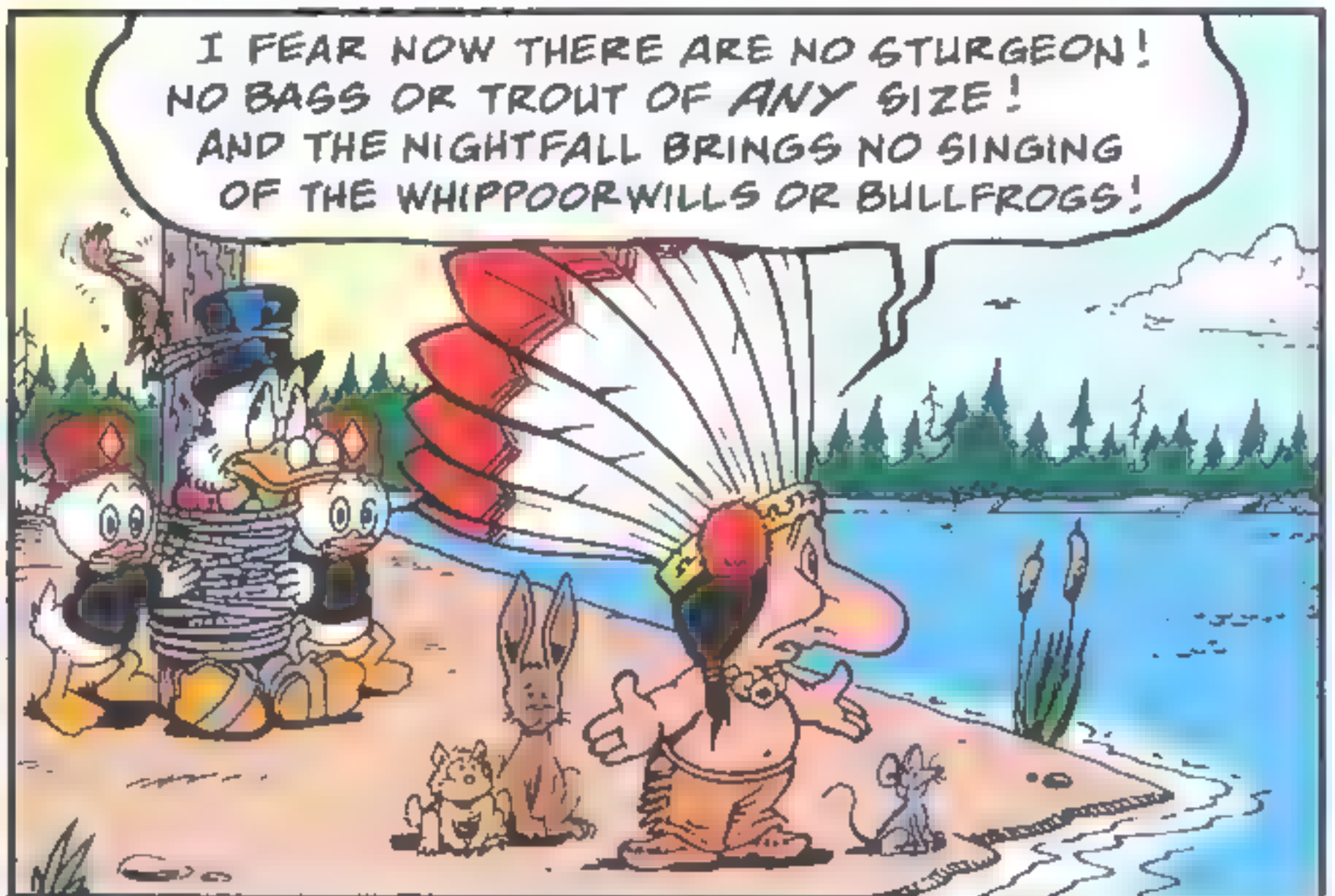
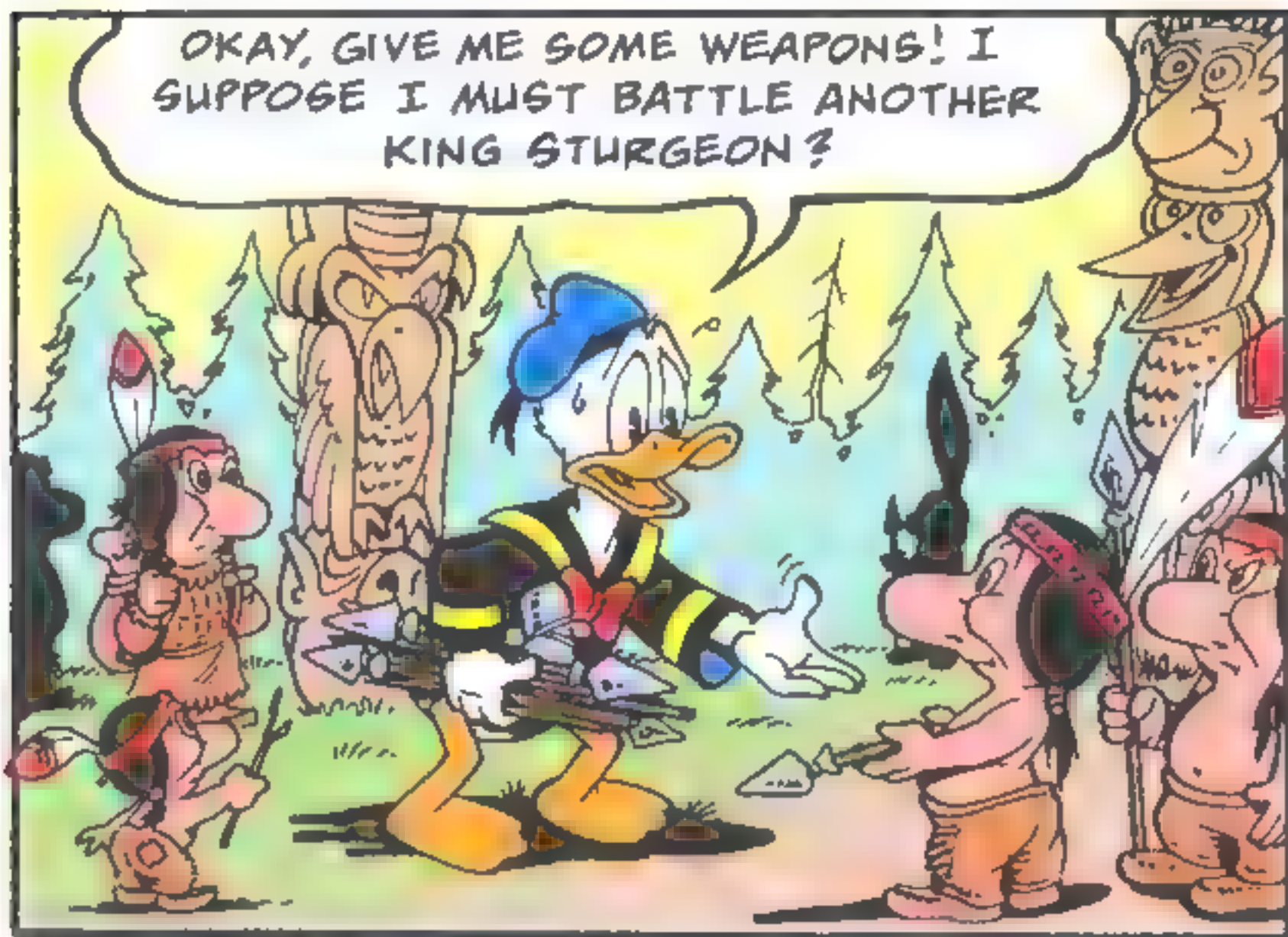


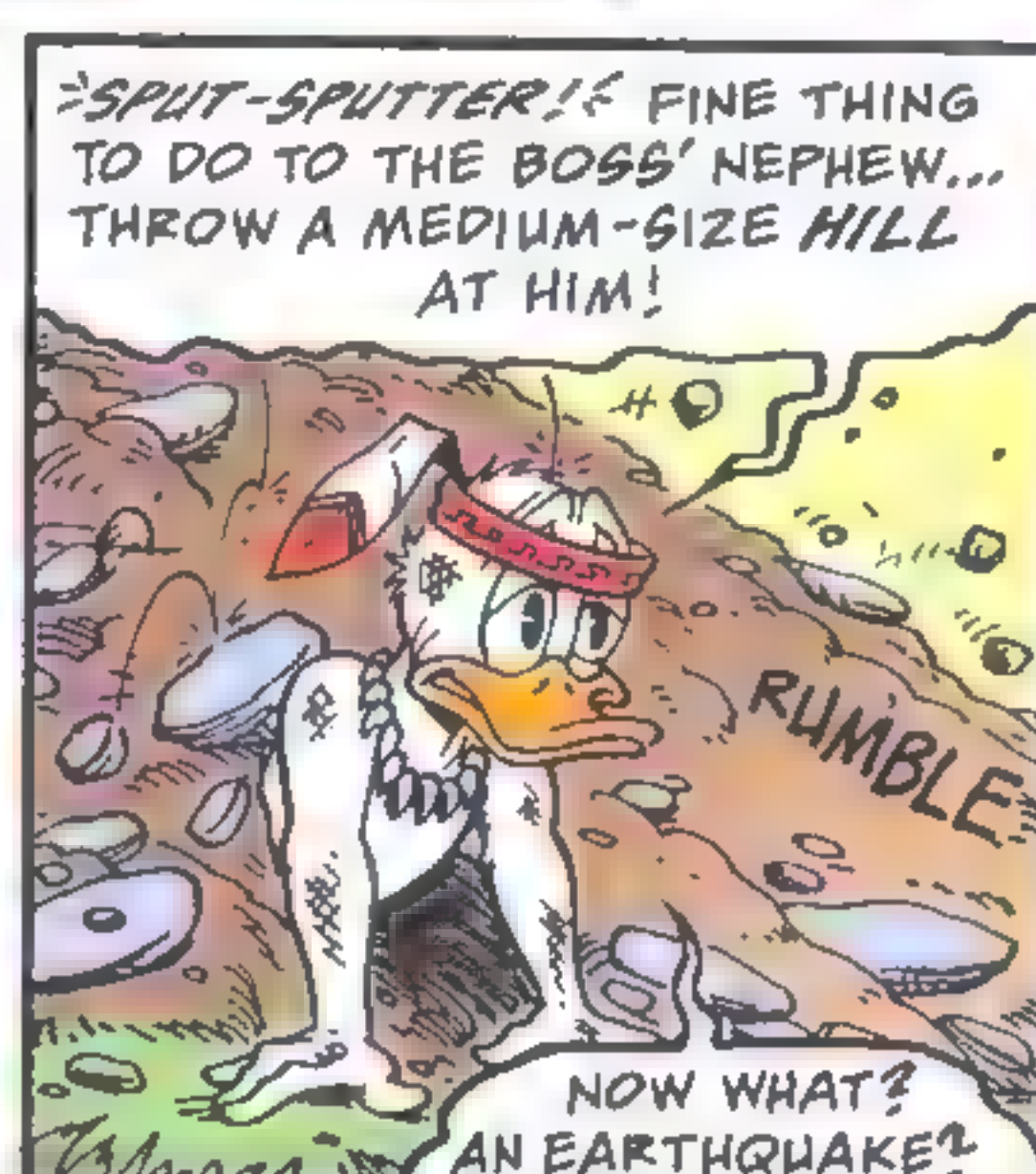
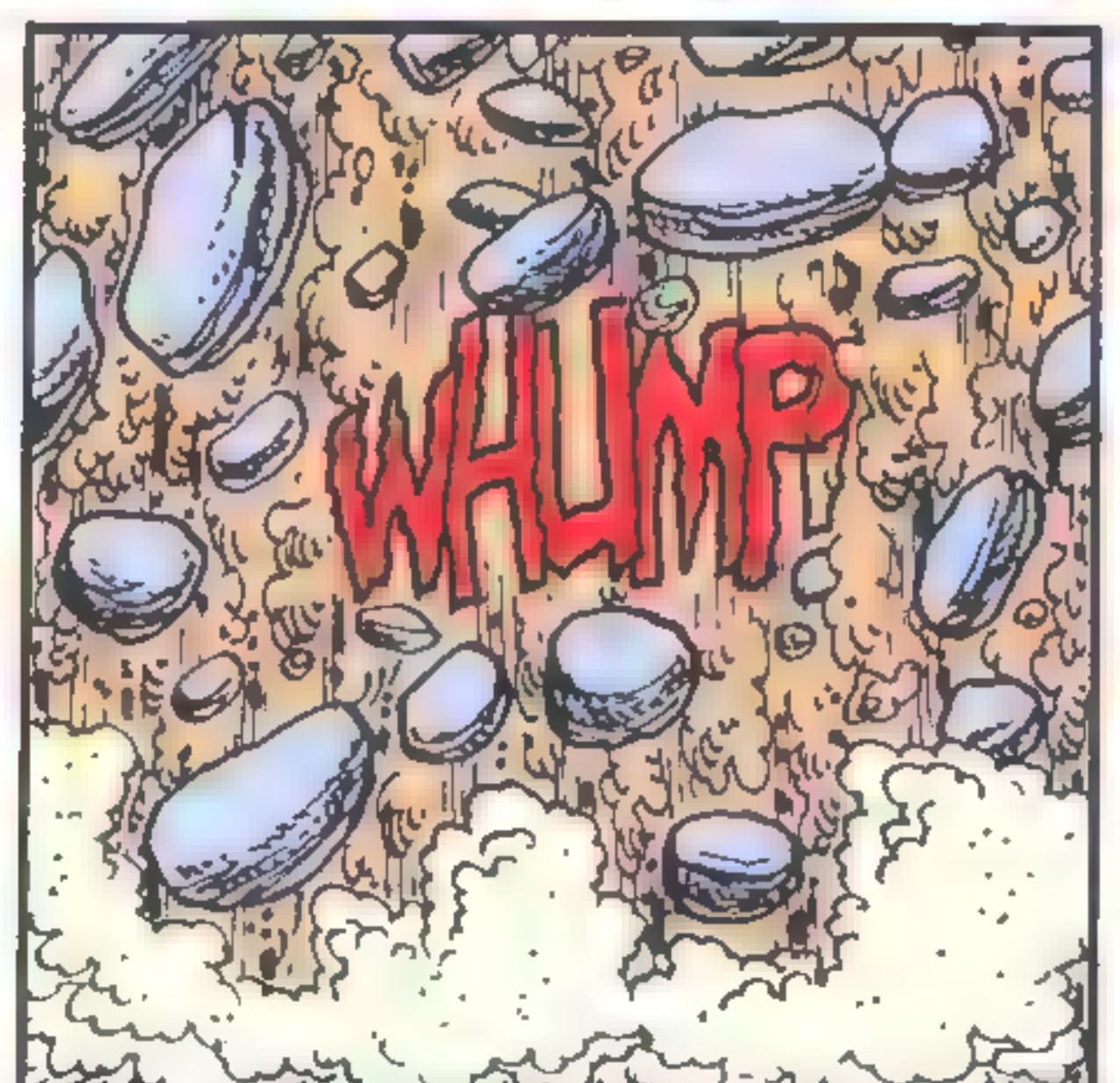
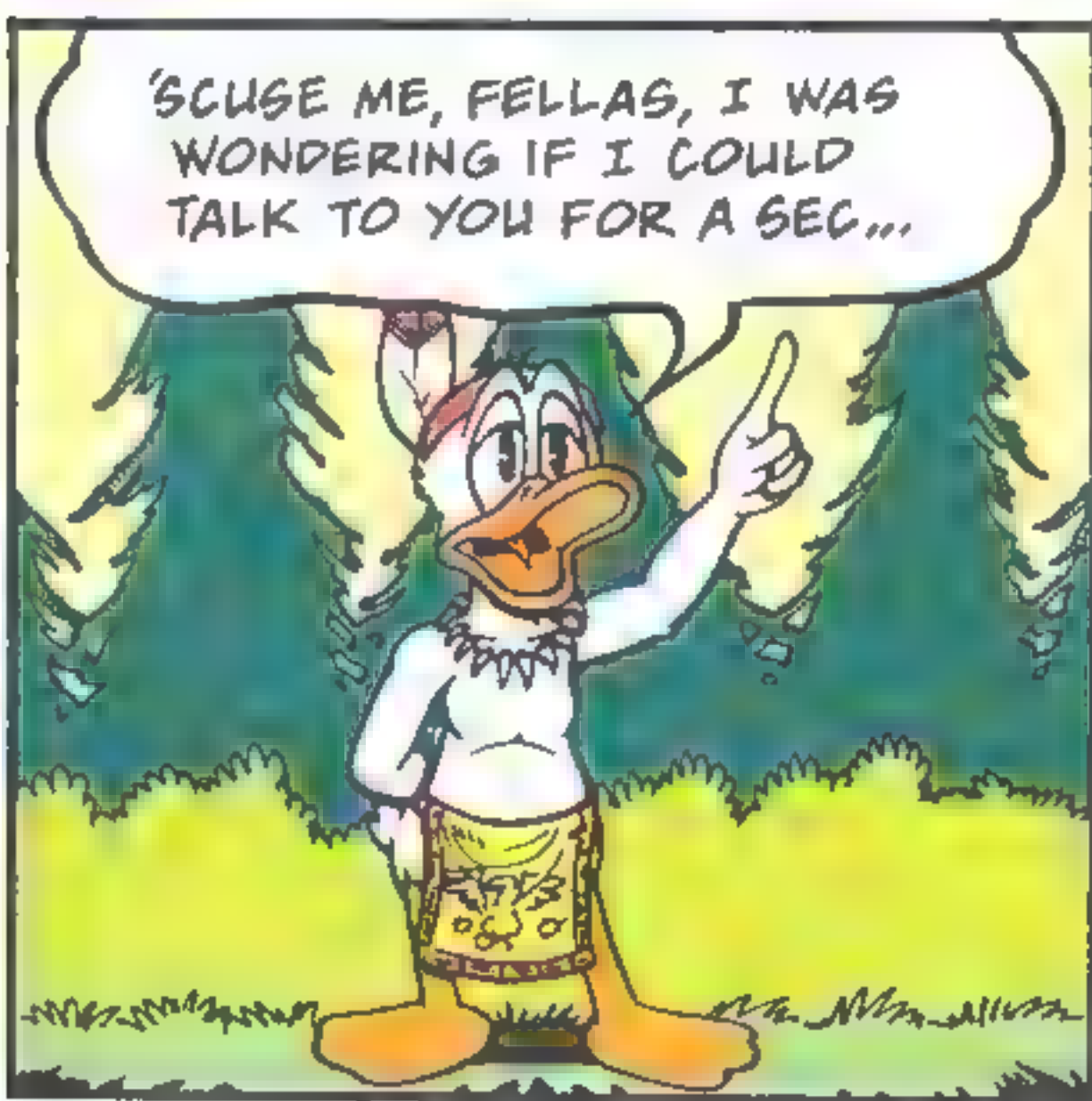
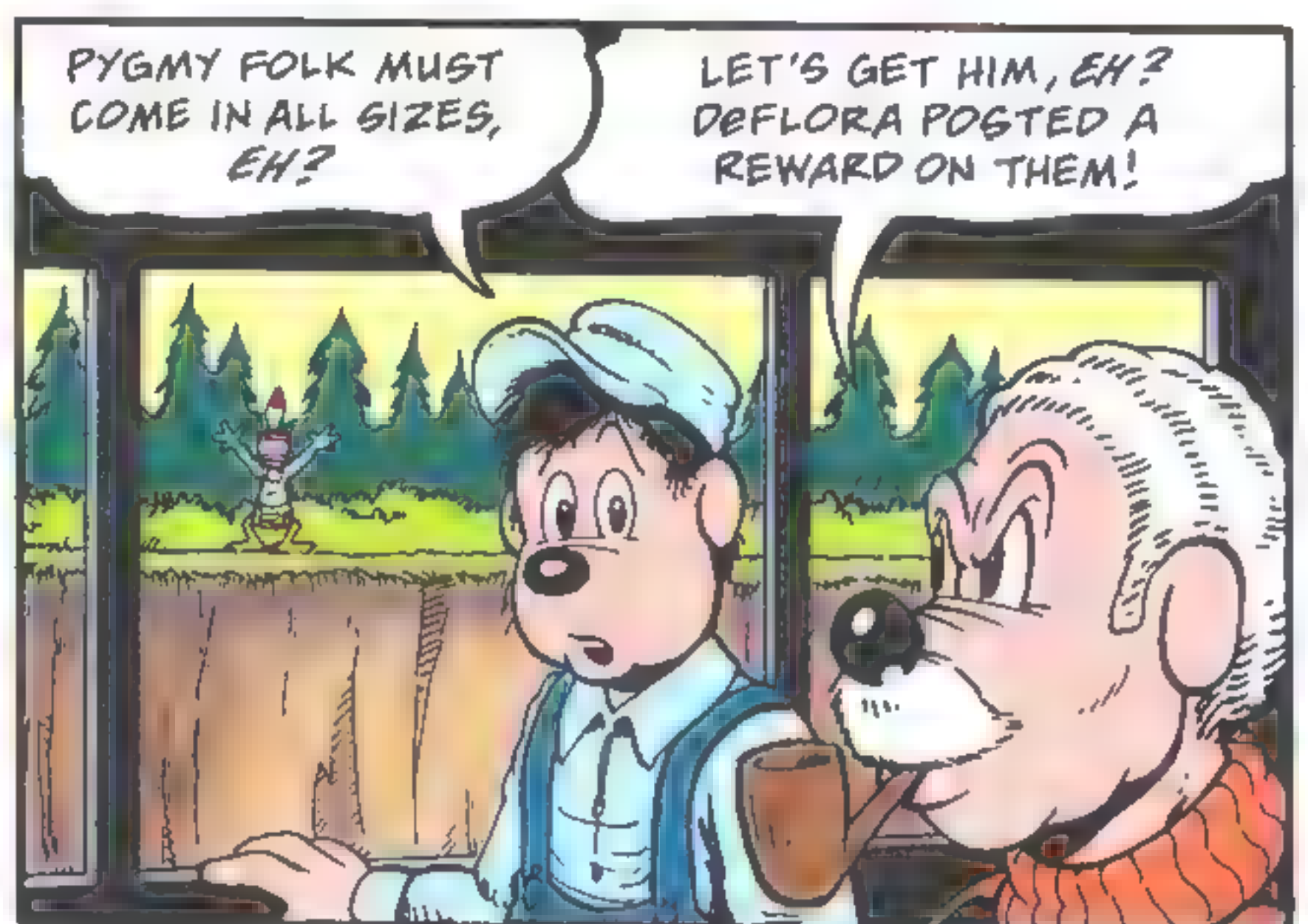
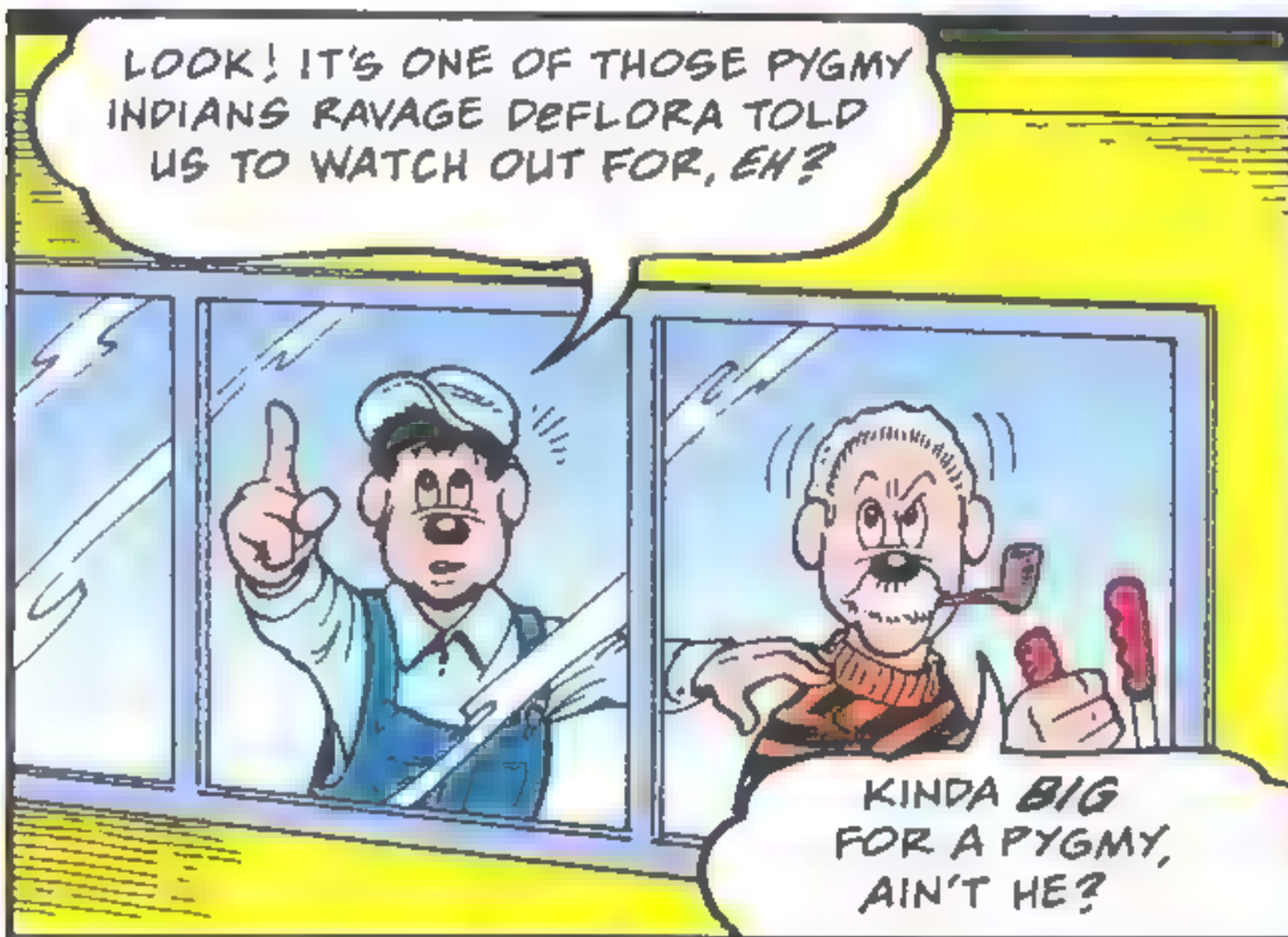
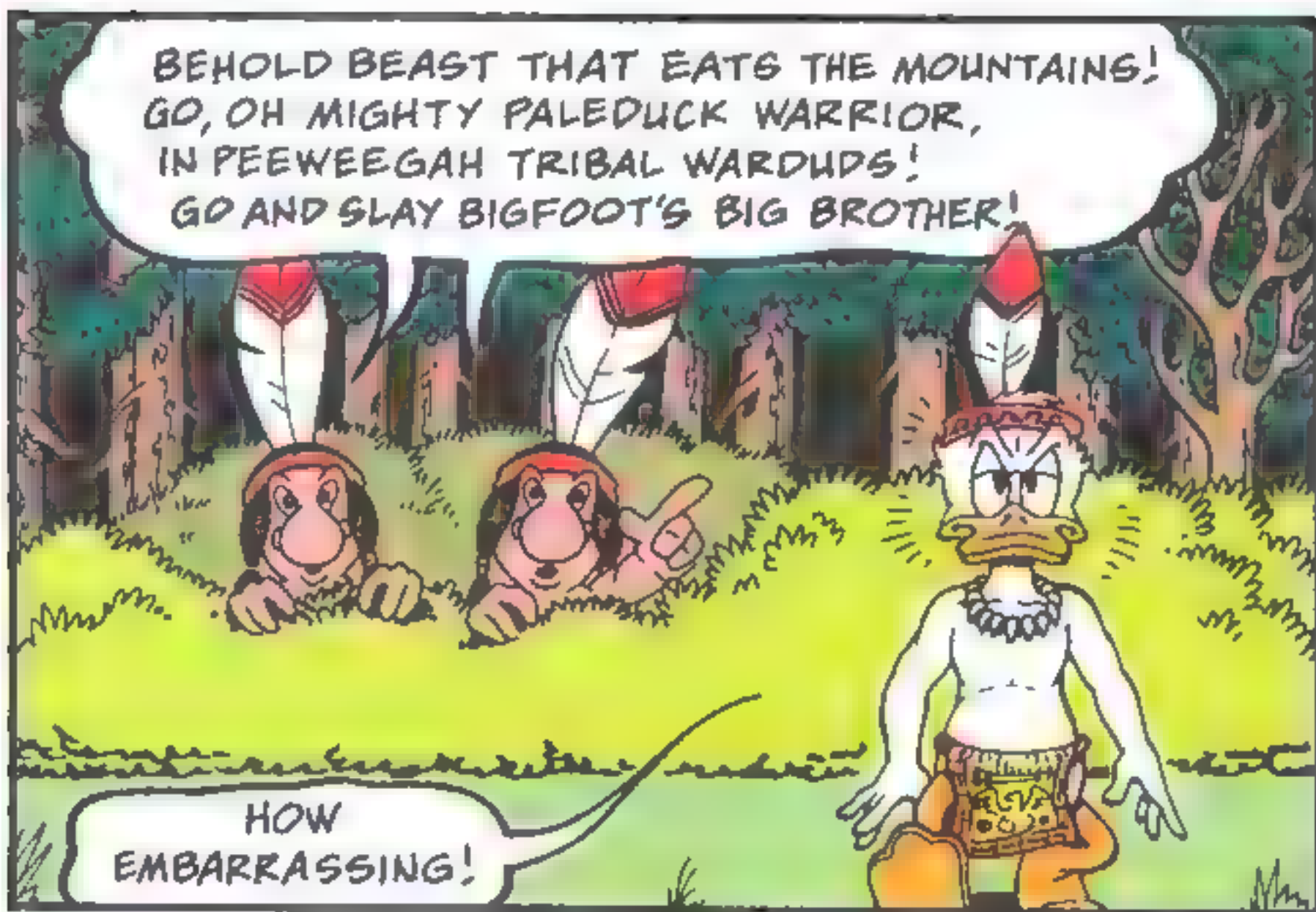
SO! MAC-DUCK ADMITS HIS EVIL! SNOW AND RAIN THAT NOW COMES FALLING BURNS OUR TREES AND TURNS THEM YELLOW! KILLS THESE NOBLE ANCIENT GIANTS!

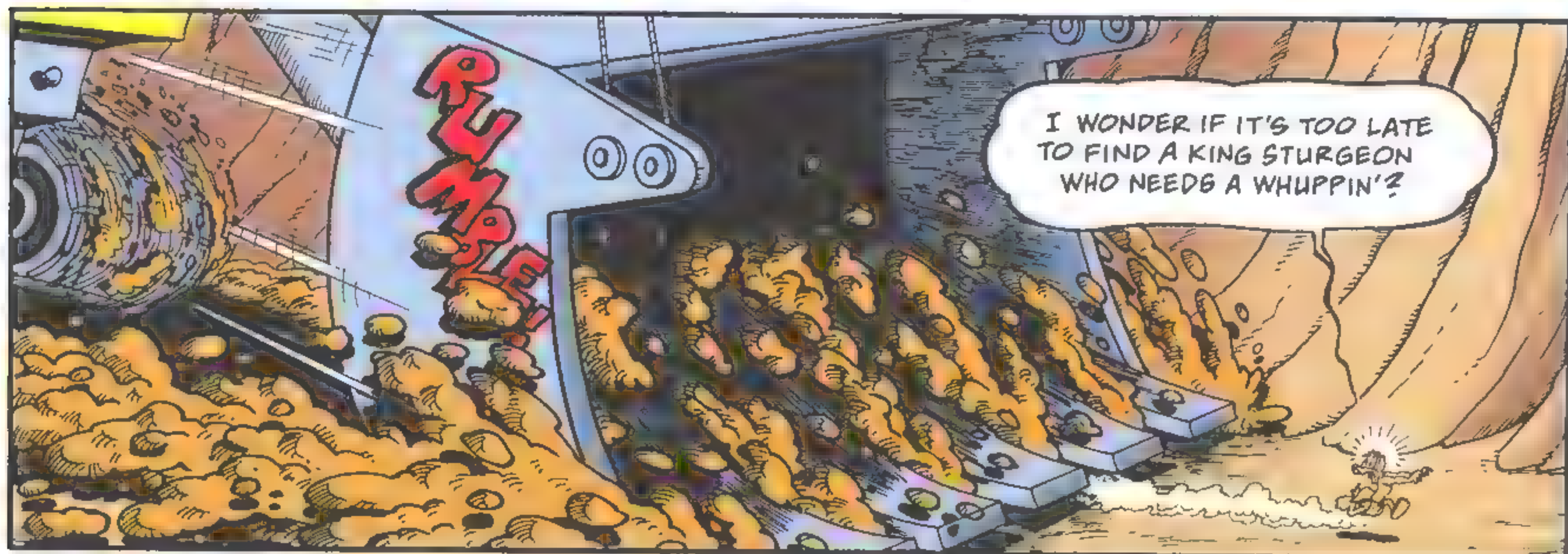
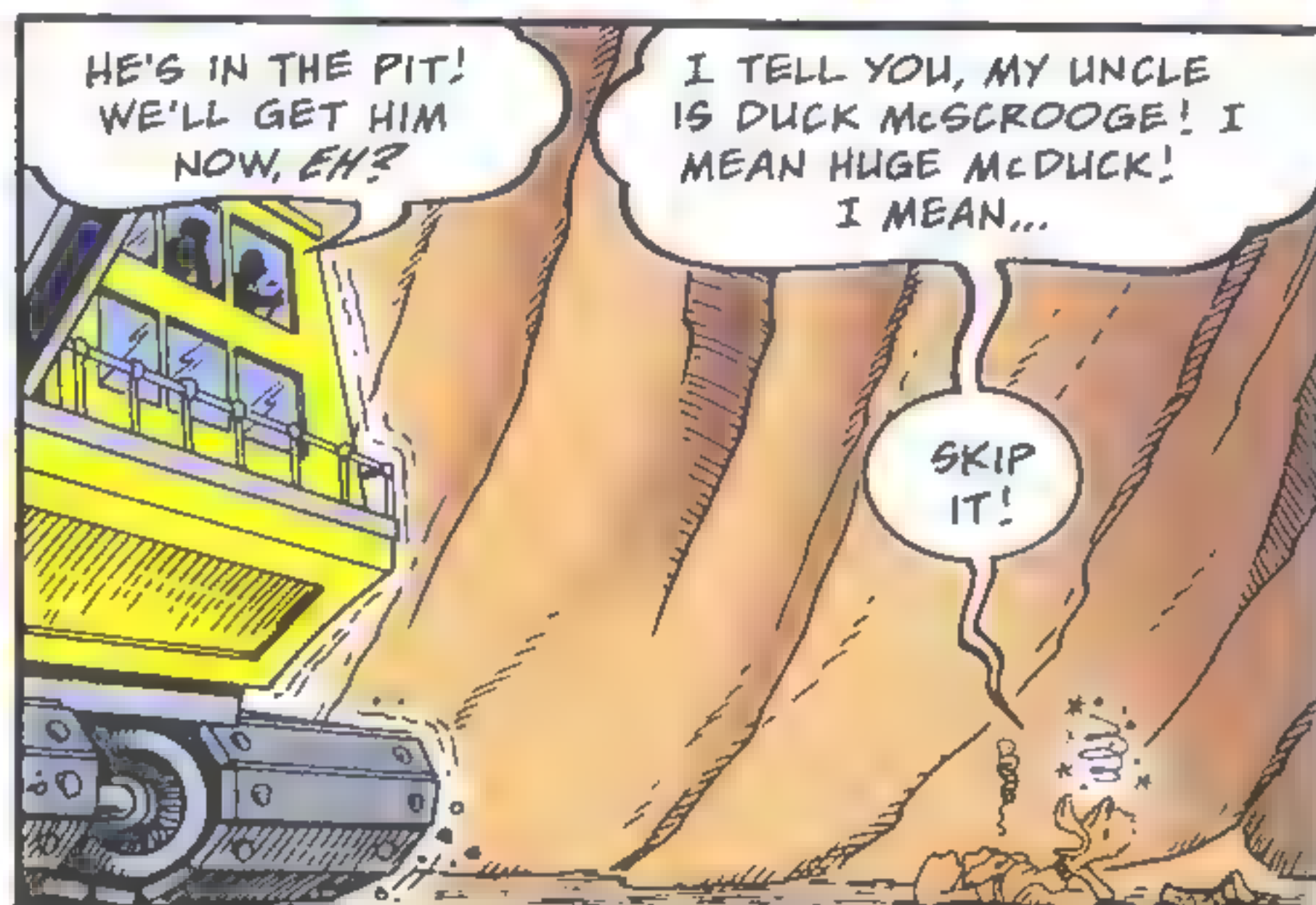
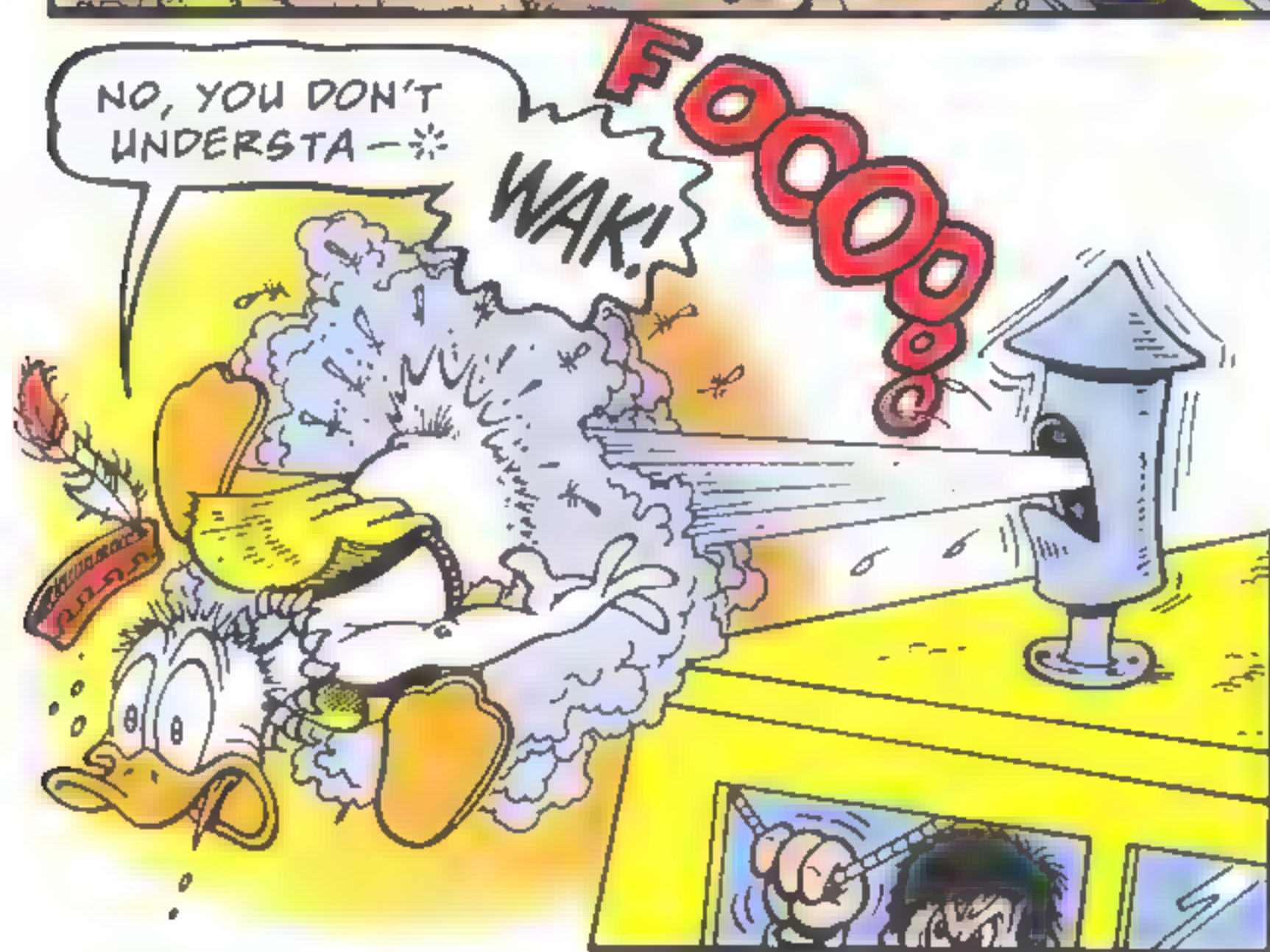
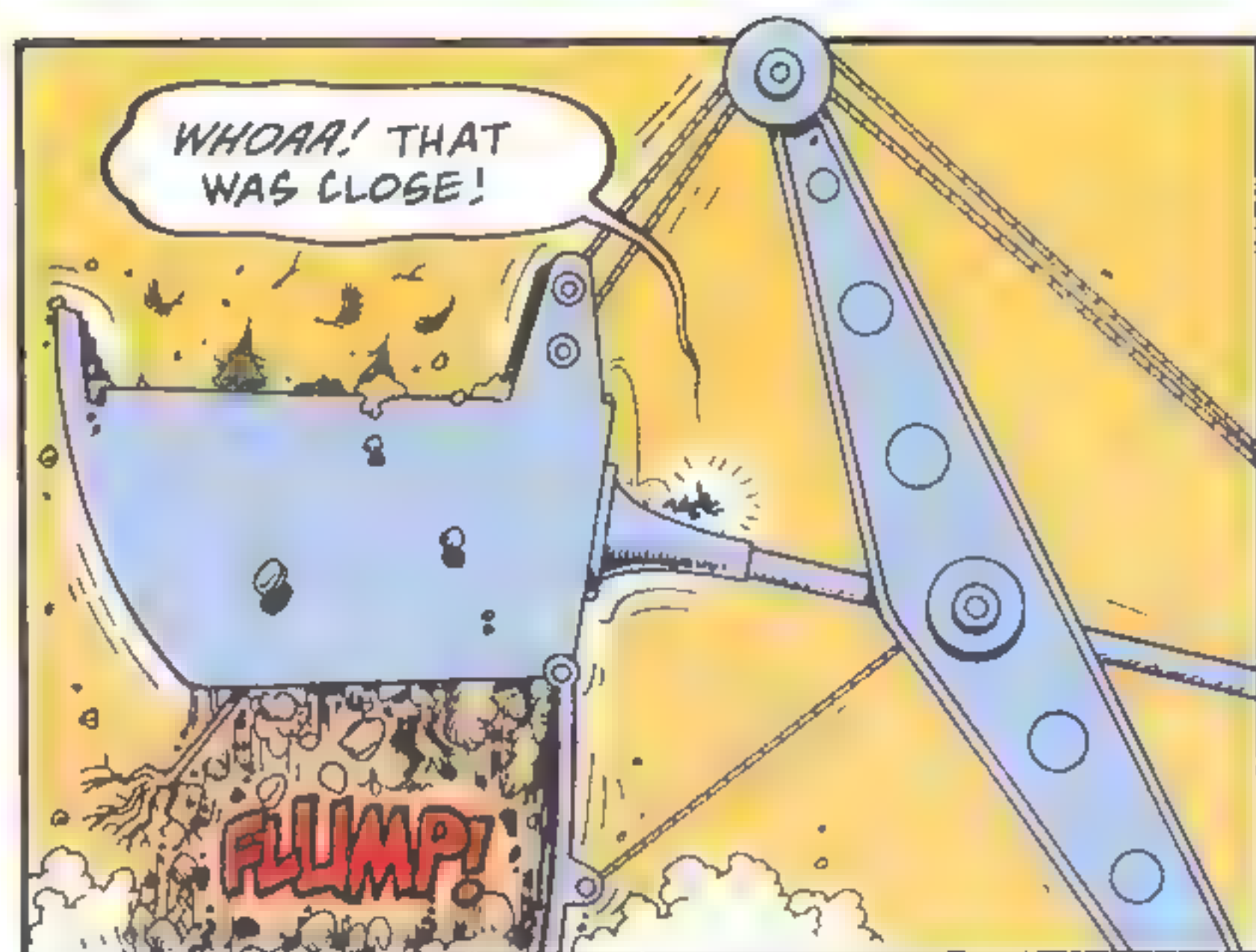
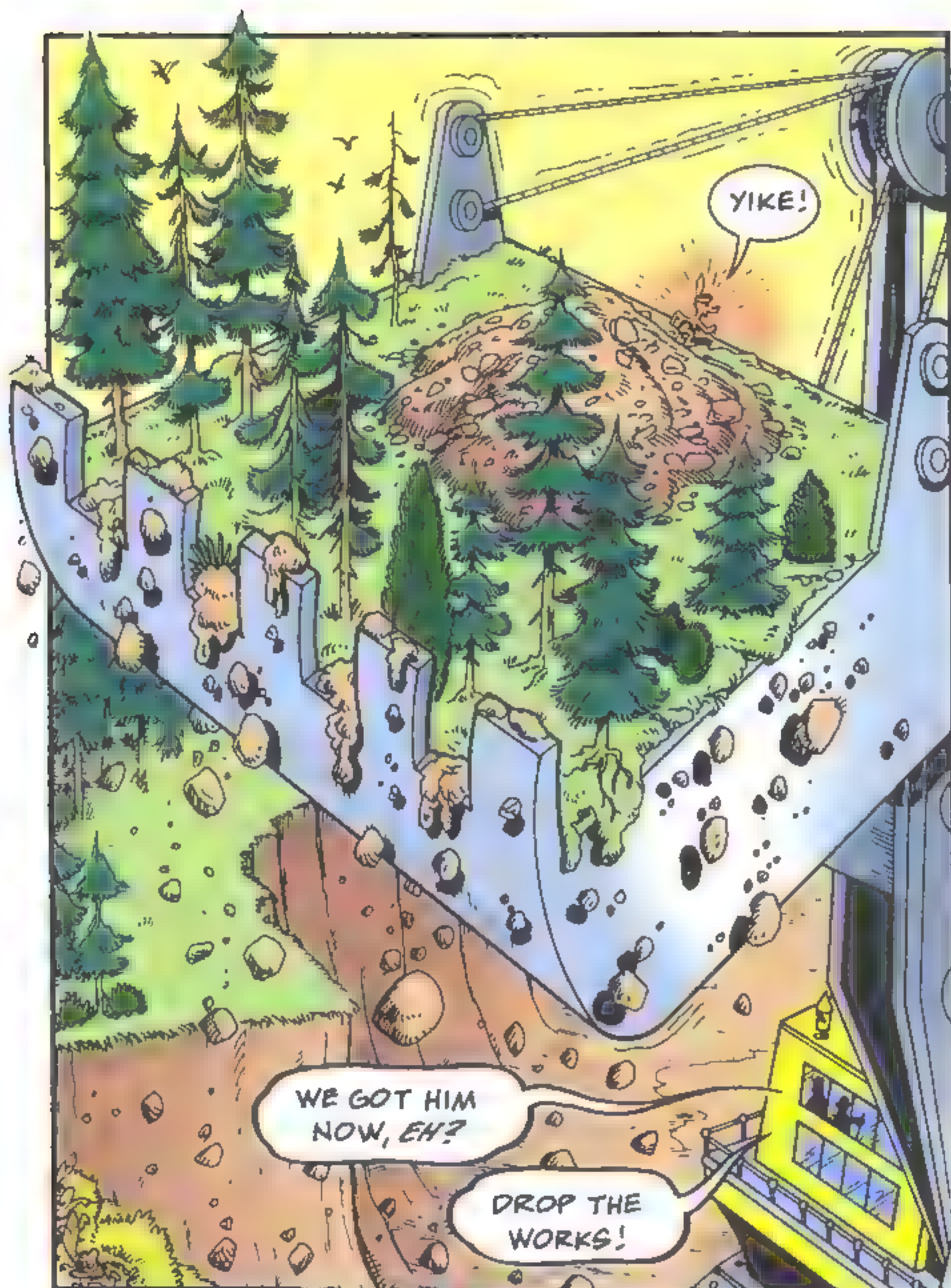


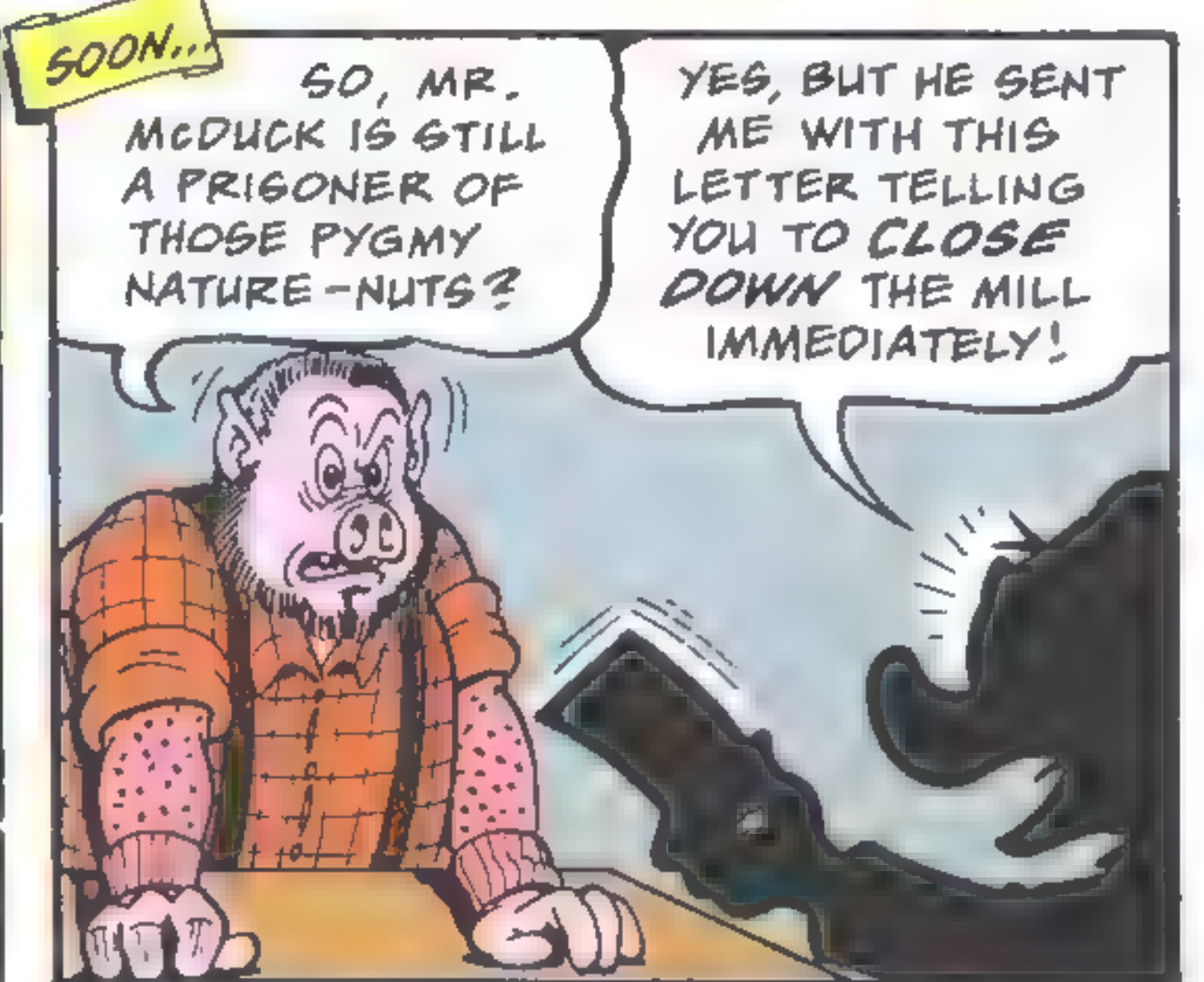
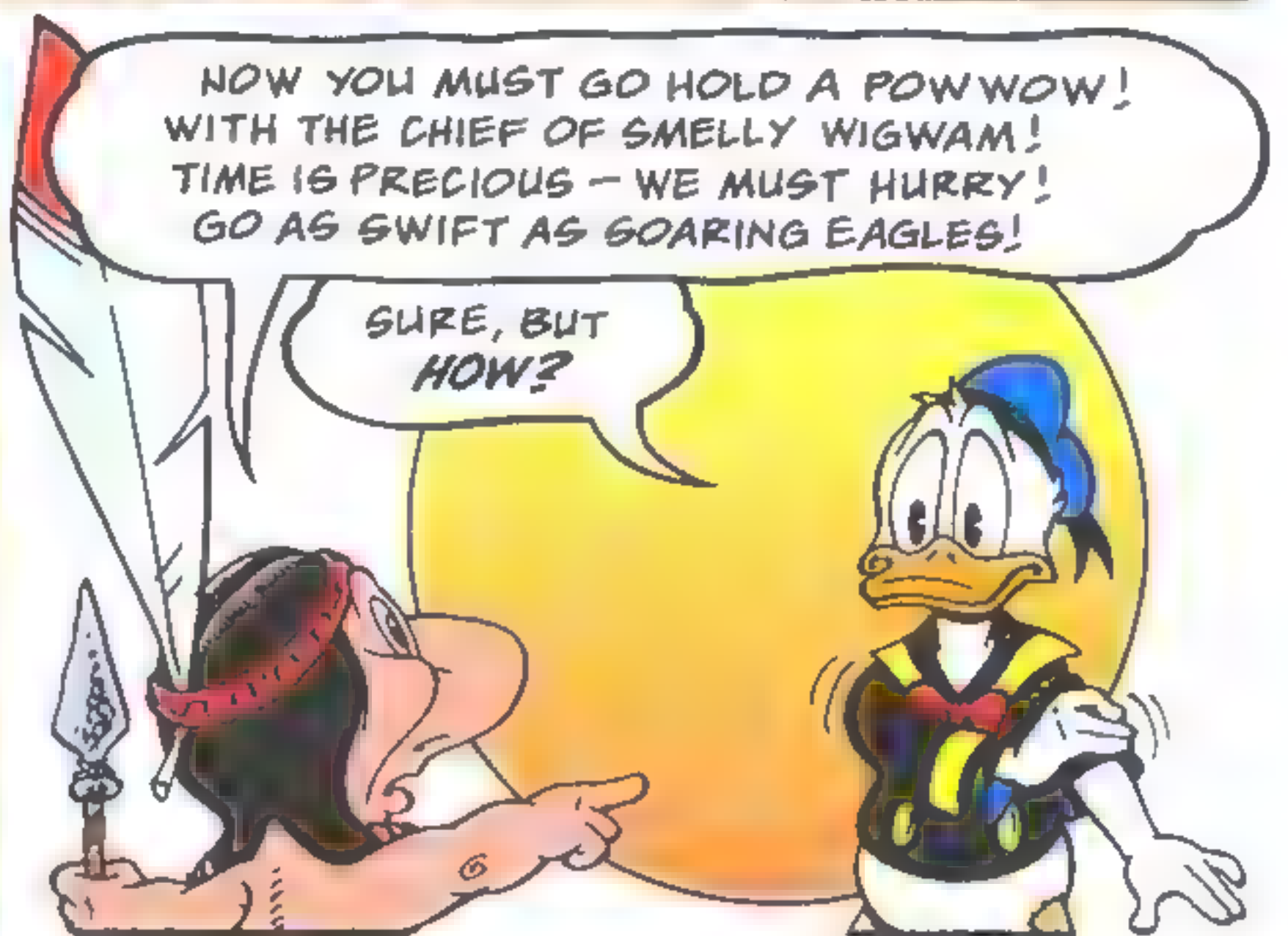
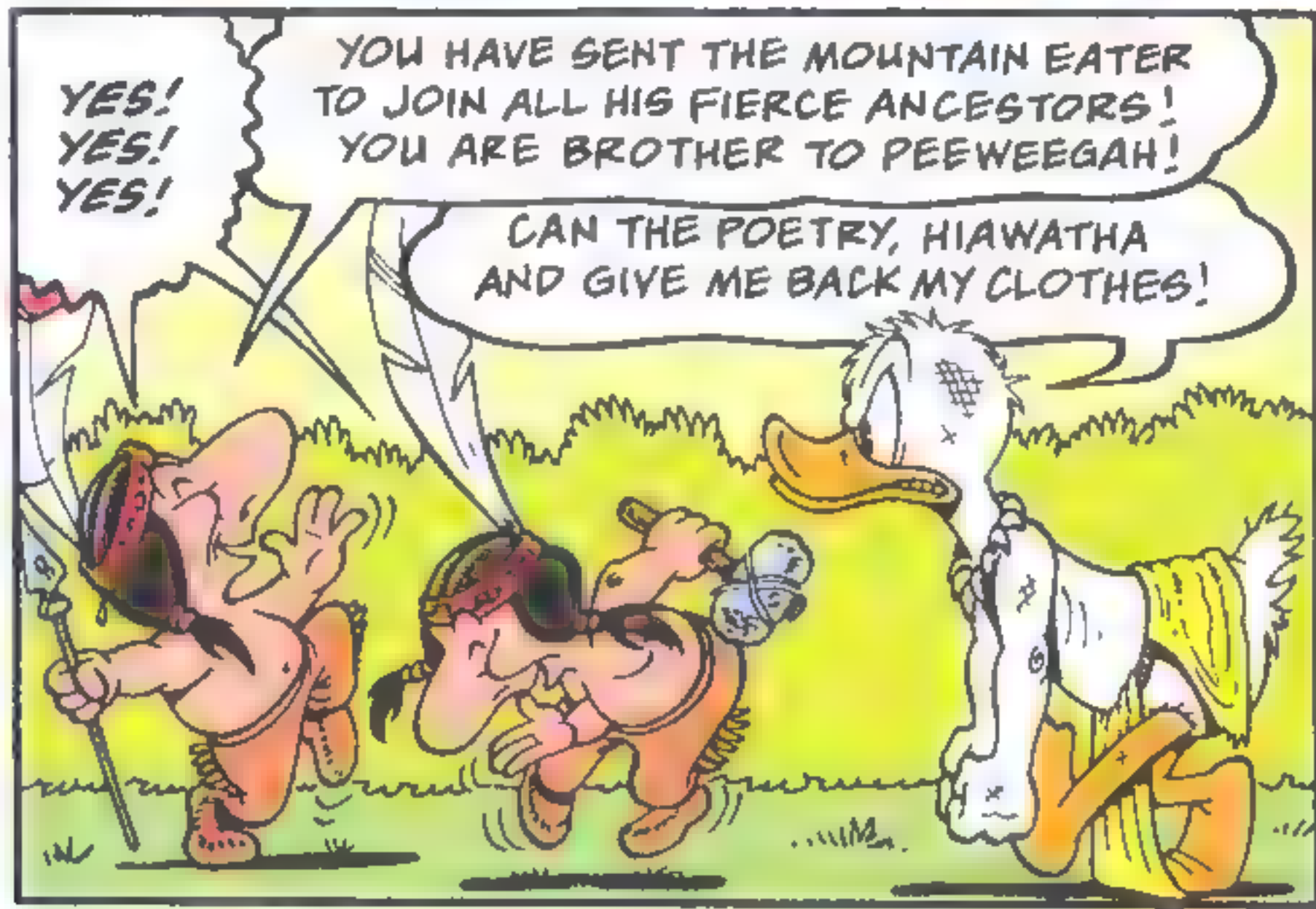
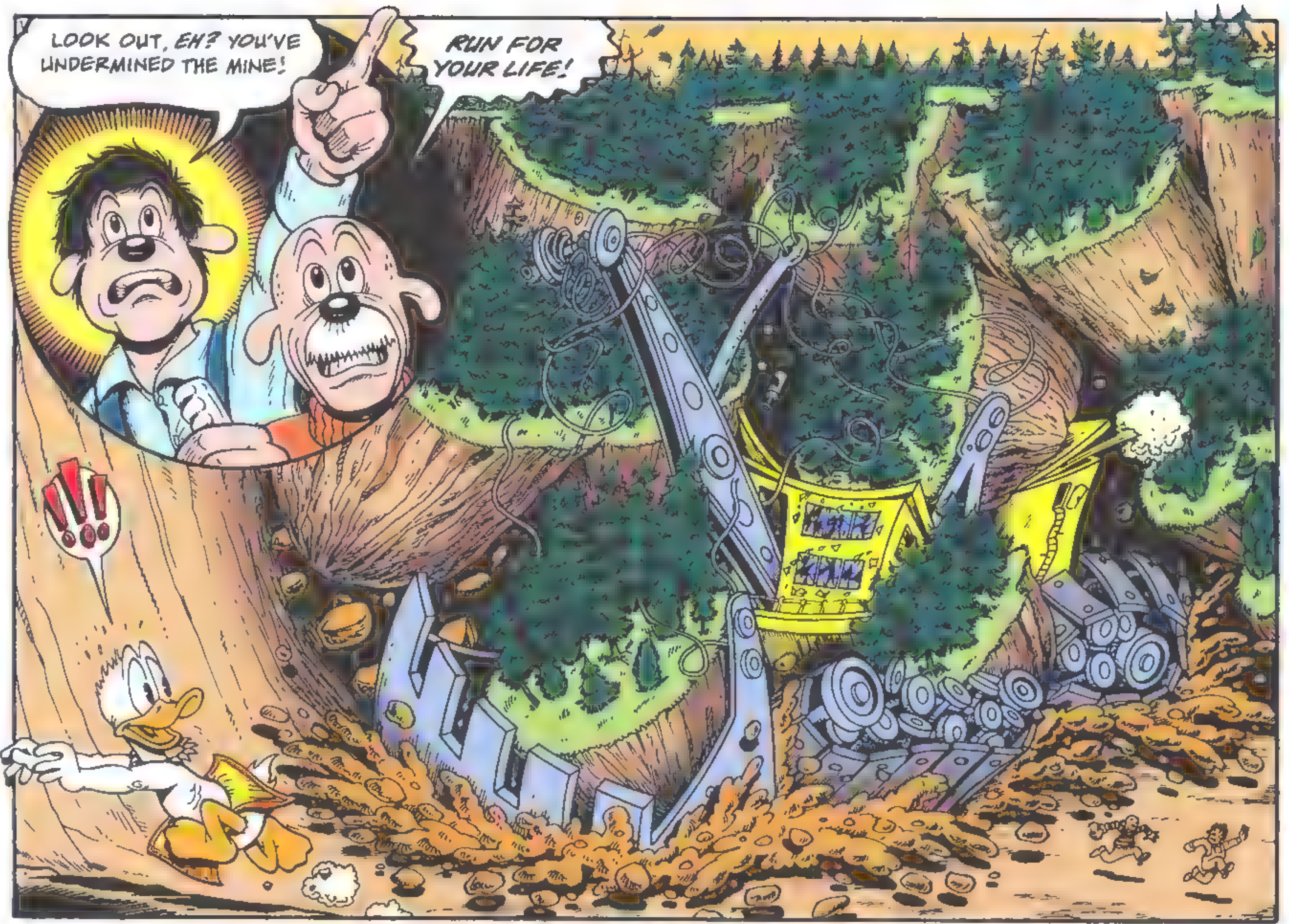
RUBBISH! YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR THAT! MY PAPER MILL IS OVER A HUNDRED KILOMETERS FROM HERE!

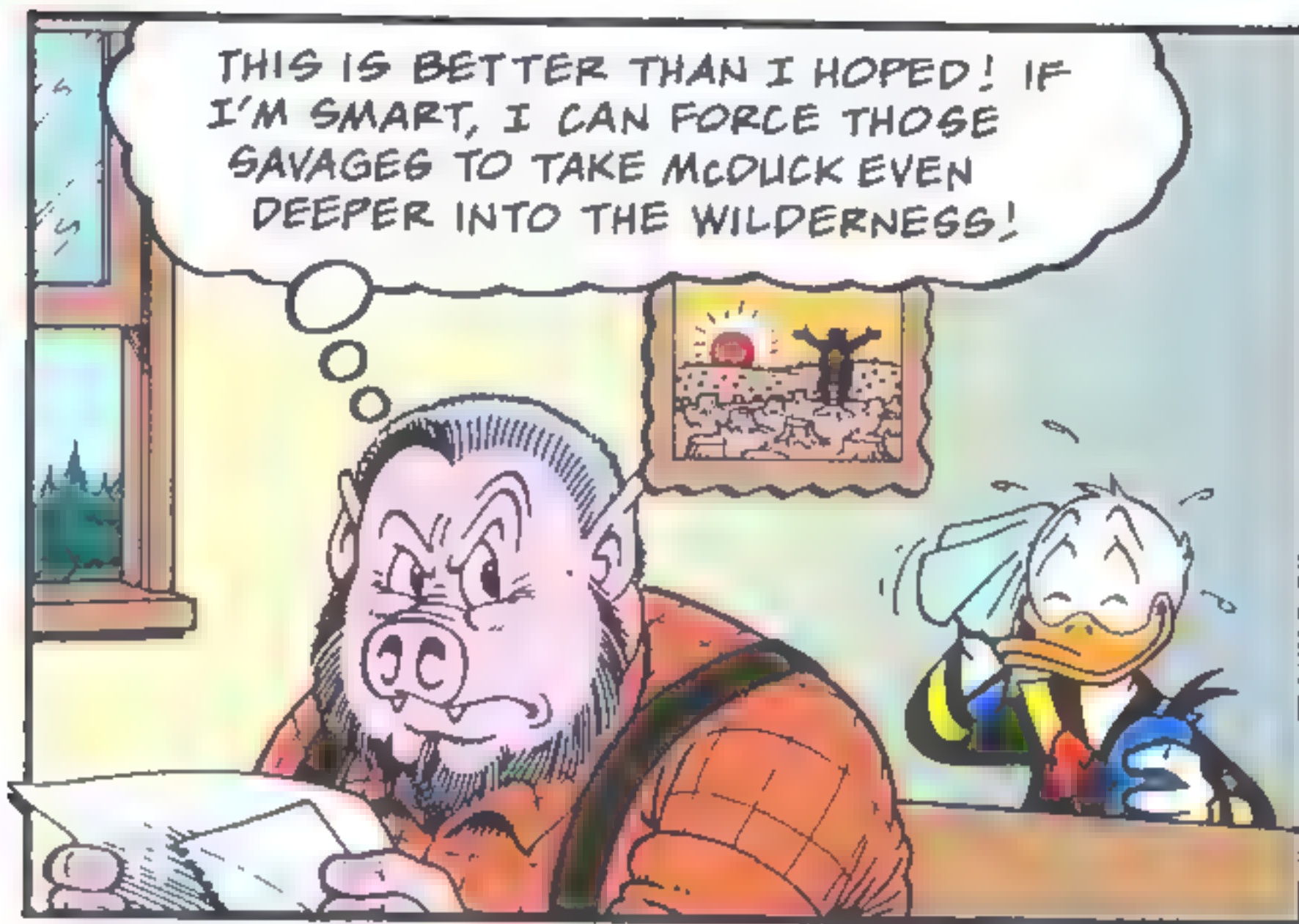




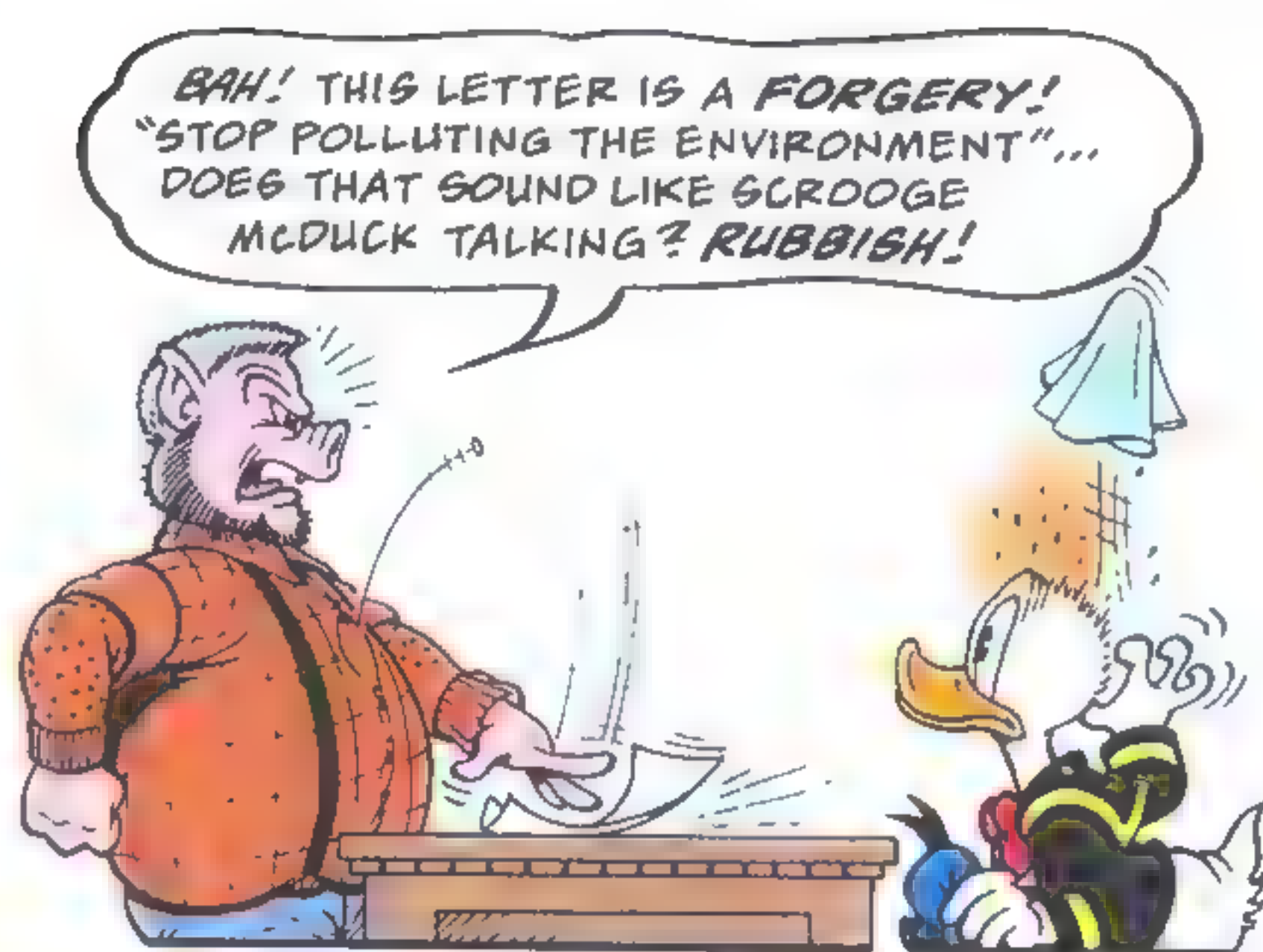




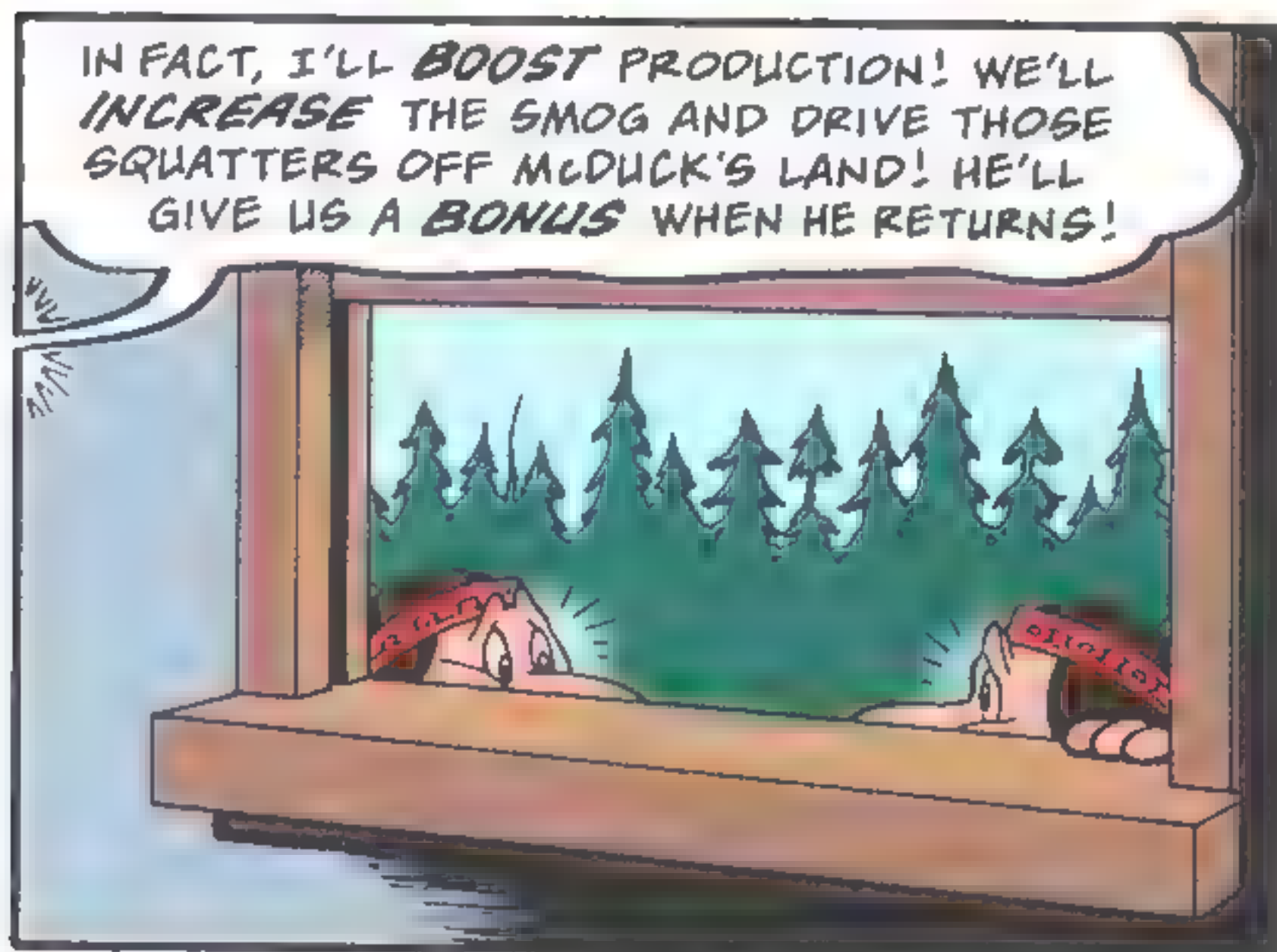




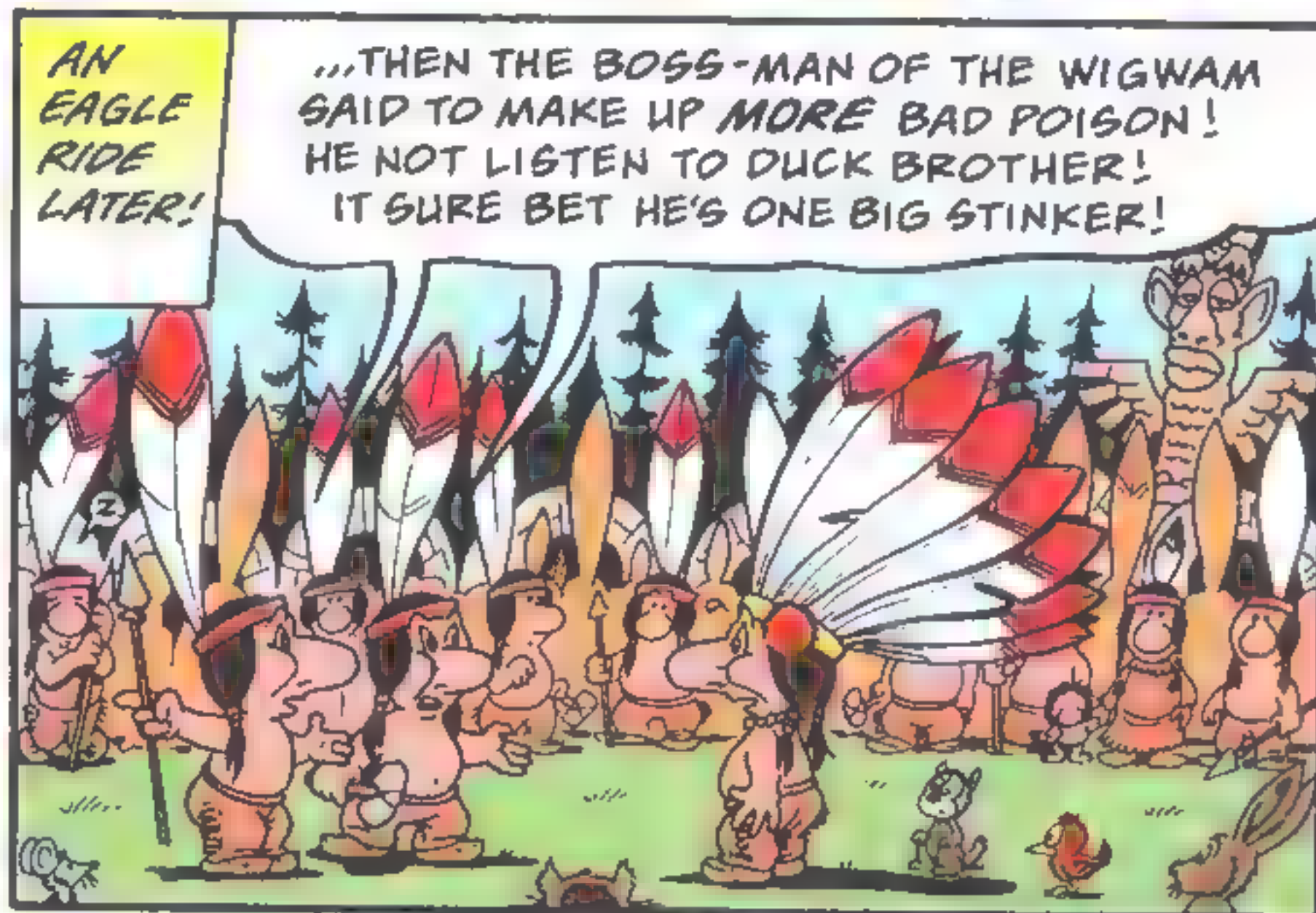
THIS IS BETTER THAN I HOPED! IF I'M SMART, I CAN FORCE THOSE SAVAGES TO TAKE MCDUCK EVEN DEEPER INTO THE WILDERNESS!



BAH! THIS LETTER IS A **FORGERY!** "STOP POLLUTING THE ENVIRONMENT"... DOES THAT SOUND LIKE SCROOGE MCDUCK TALKING? **RUBBISH!**

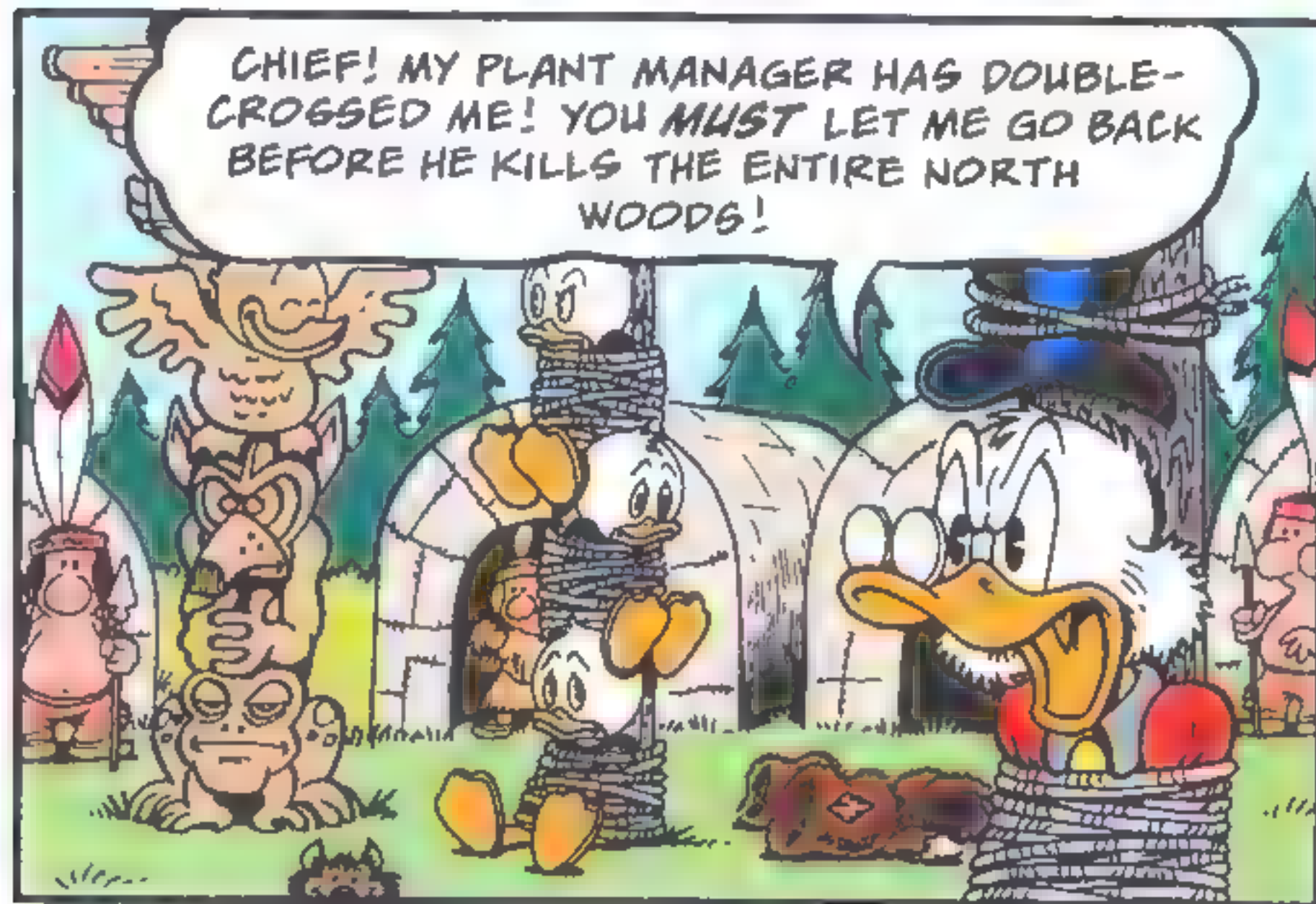


IN FACT, I'LL **BOOST** PRODUCTION! WE'LL **INCREASE** THE SMOG AND DRIVE THOSE SQUATTERS OFF MCDUCK'S LAND! HE'LL GIVE US A **BONUS** WHEN HE RETURNS!

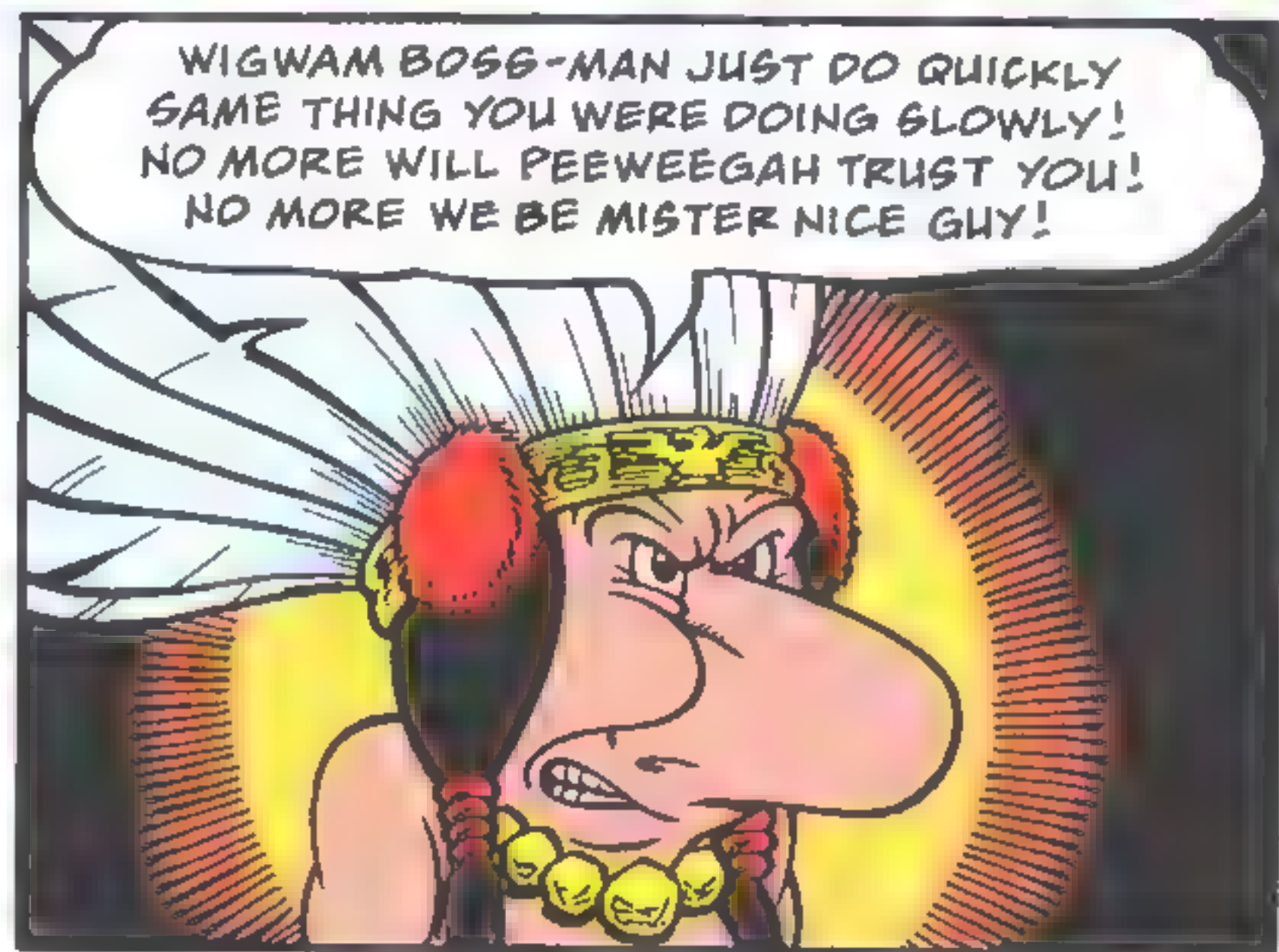


AN EAGLE RIDE LATER!

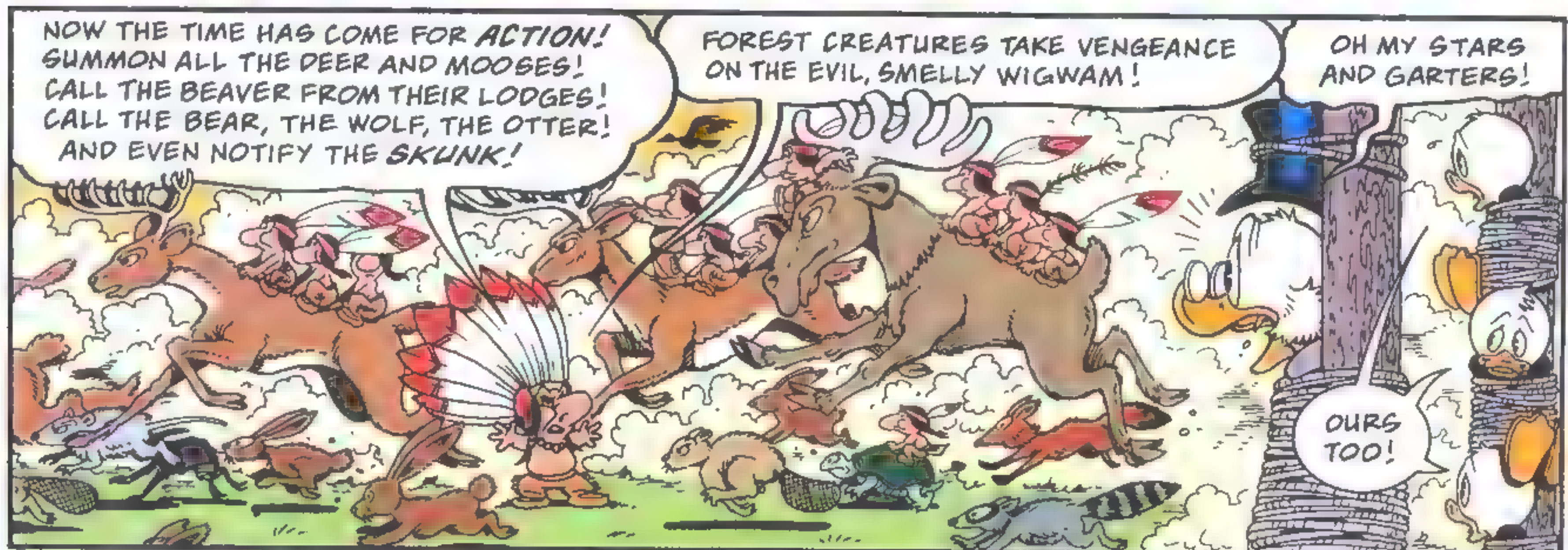
...THEN THE BOSS-MAN OF THE WIGWAM SAID TO MAKE UP MORE BAD POISON! HE NOT LISTEN TO DUCK BROTHER! IT SURE BET HE'S ONE BIG STINKER!



CHIEF! MY PLANT MANAGER HAS DOUBLE-CROSSED ME! YOU MUST LET ME GO BACK BEFORE HE KILLS THE ENTIRE NORTH WOODS!



WIGWAM BOSS-MAN JUST DO QUICKLY SAME THING YOU WERE DOING SLOWLY! NO MORE WILL PEEWEEGAH TRUST YOU! NO MORE WE BE MISTER NICE GUY!

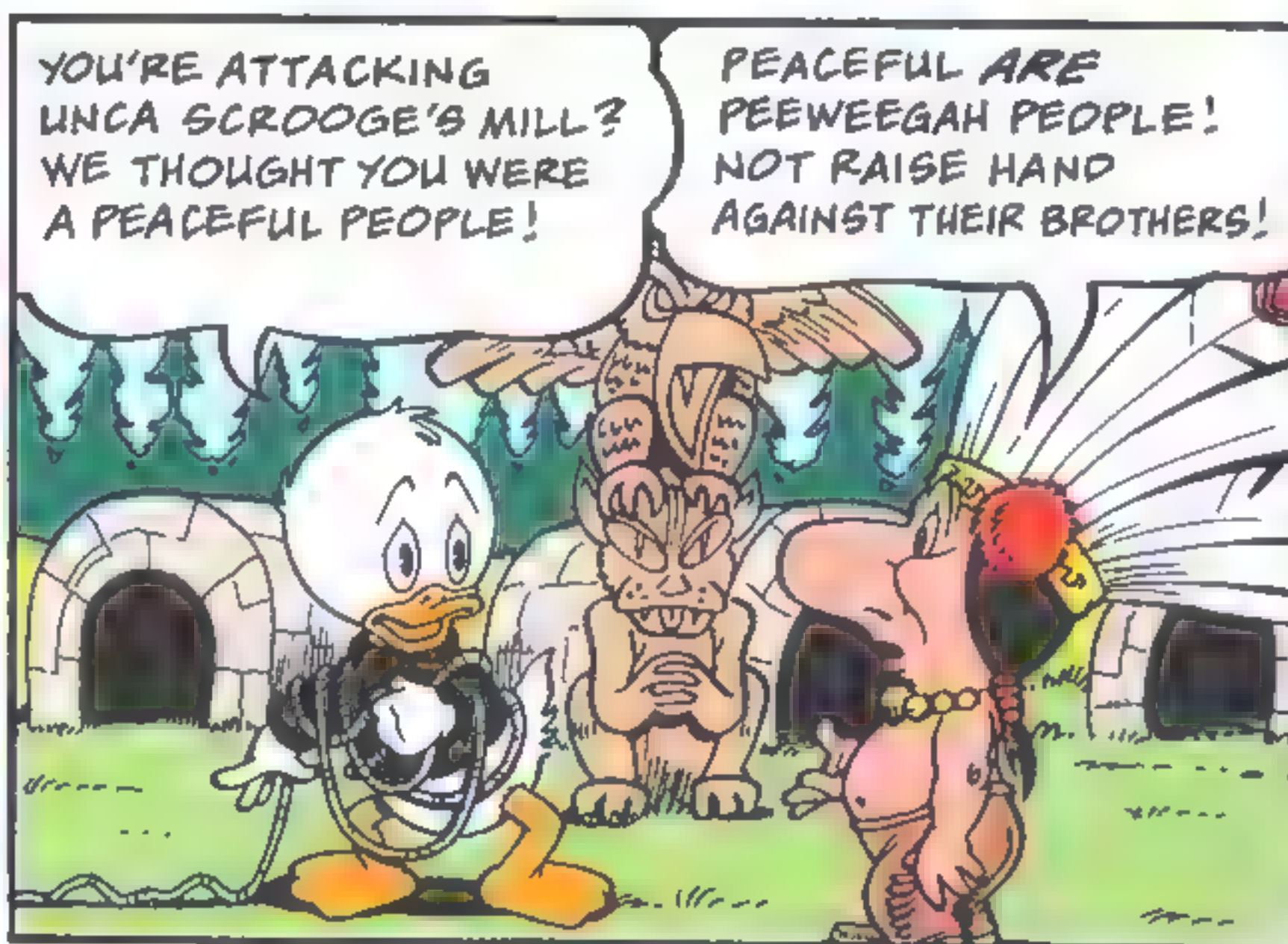
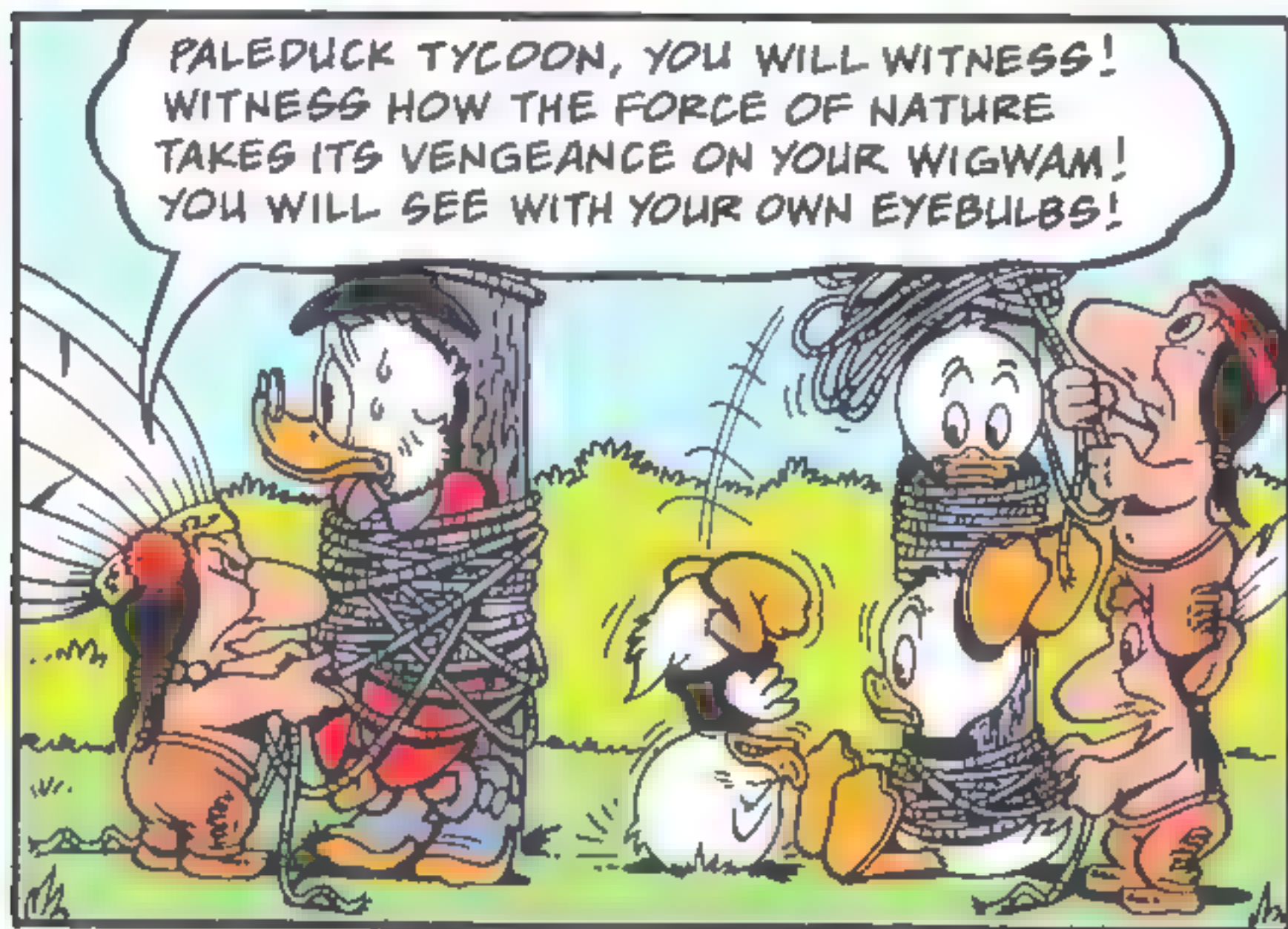


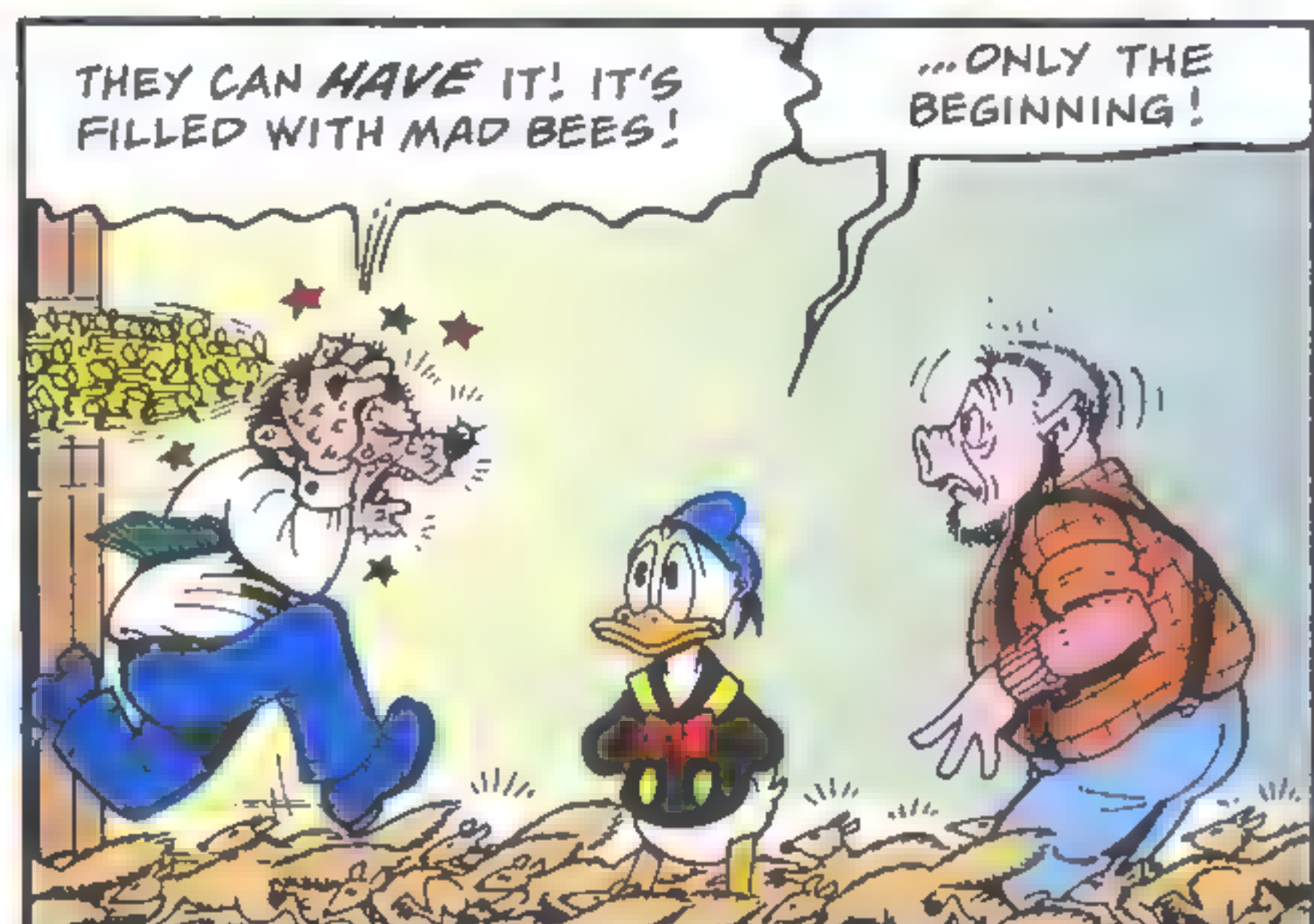
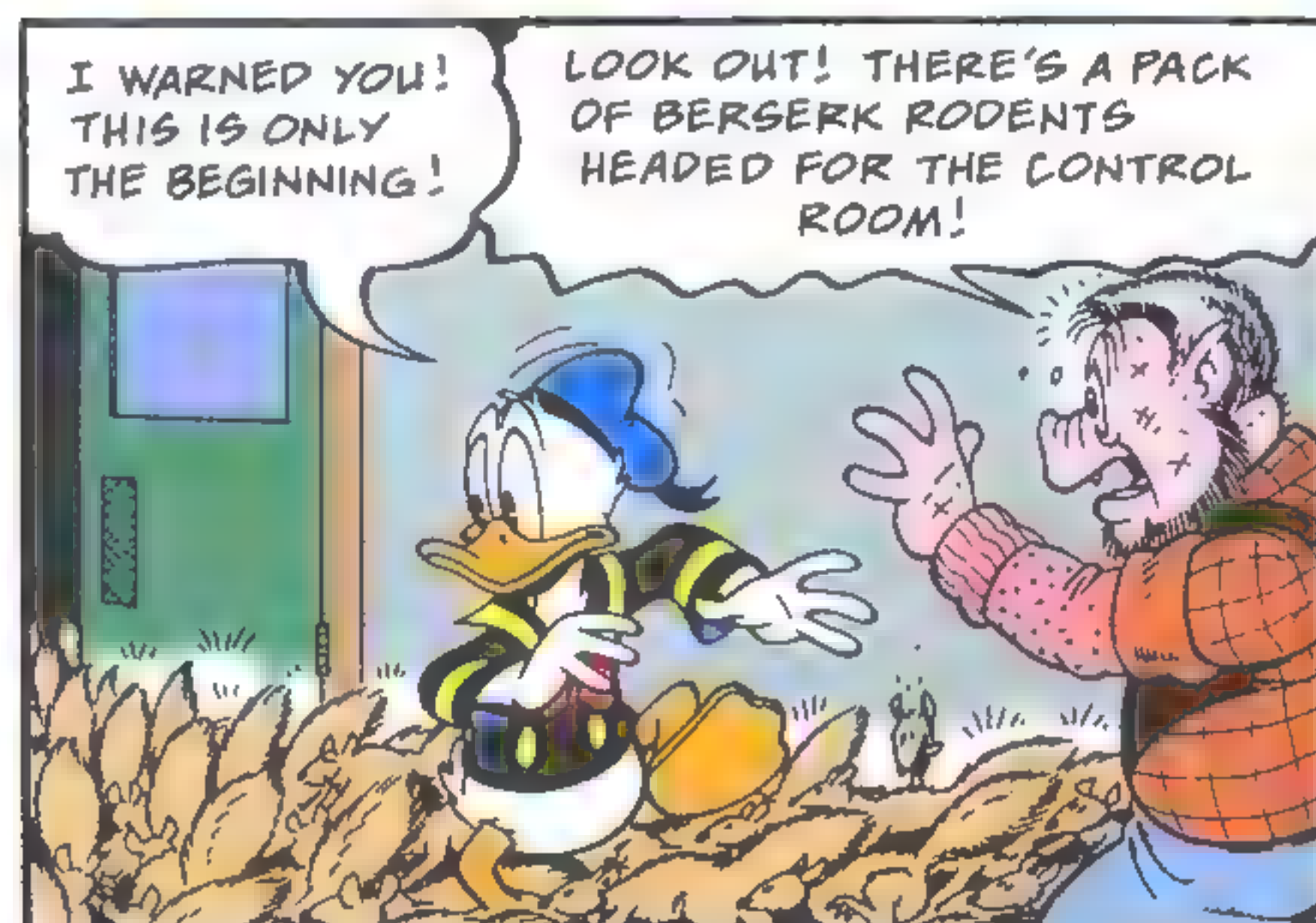
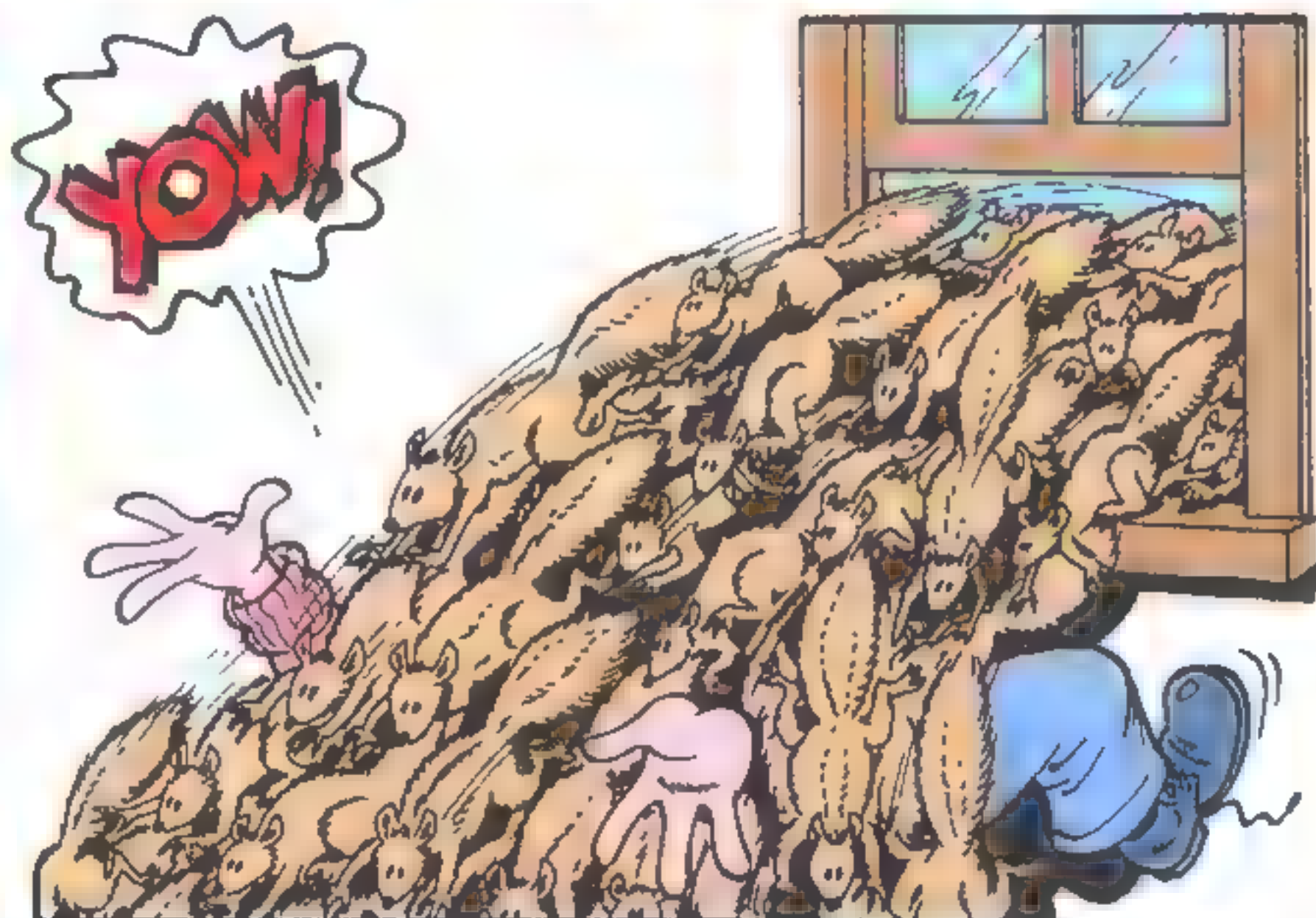
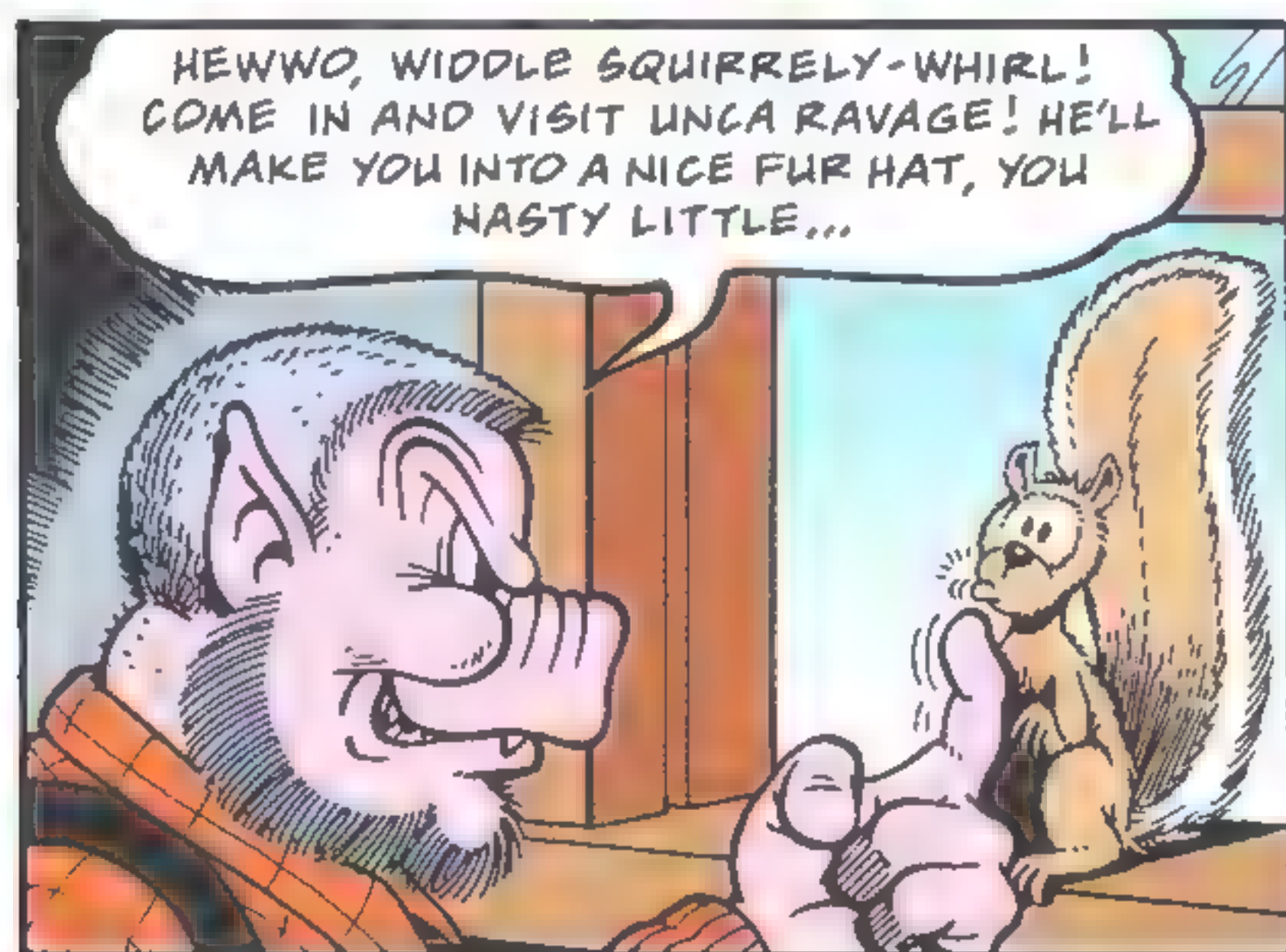
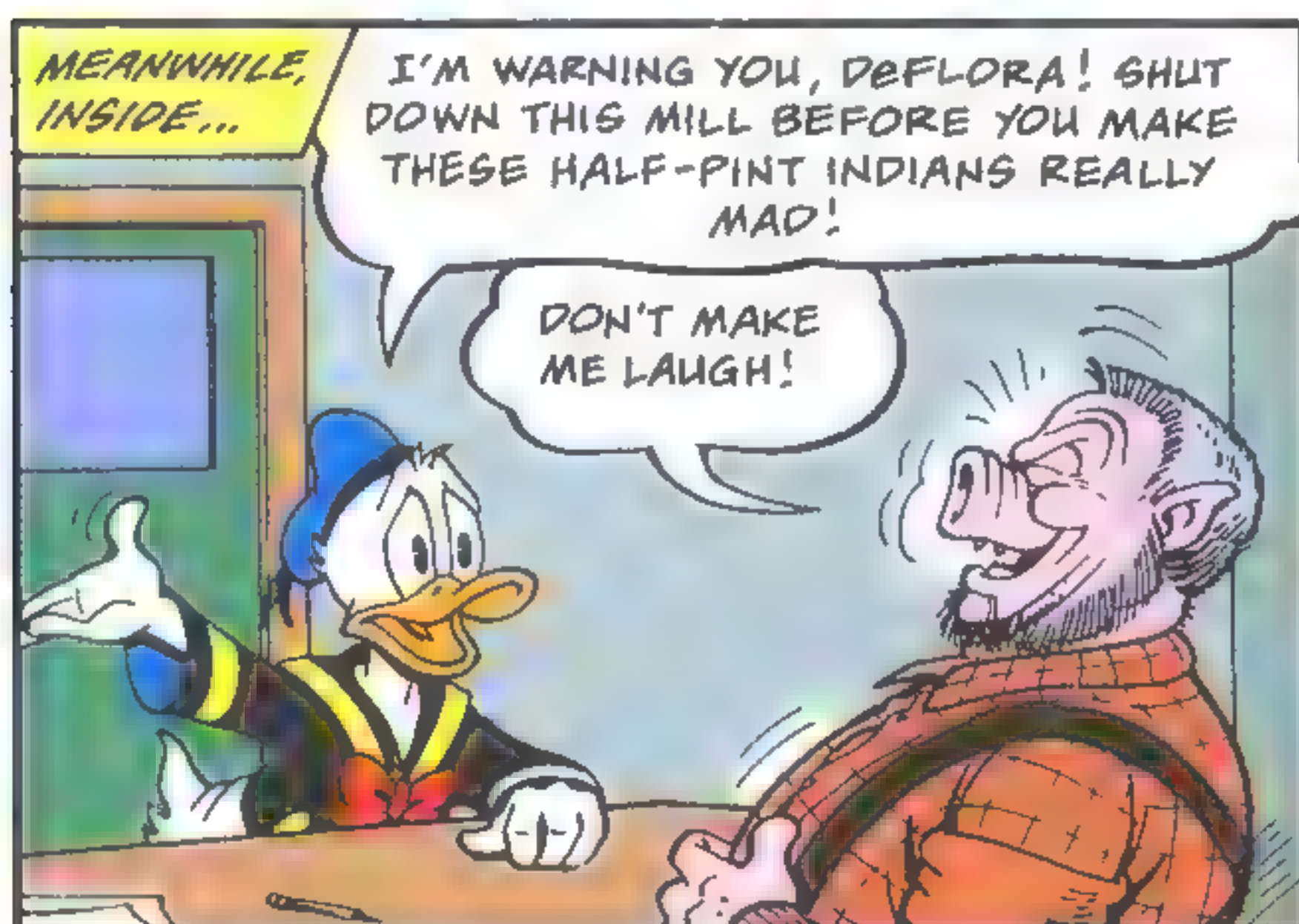
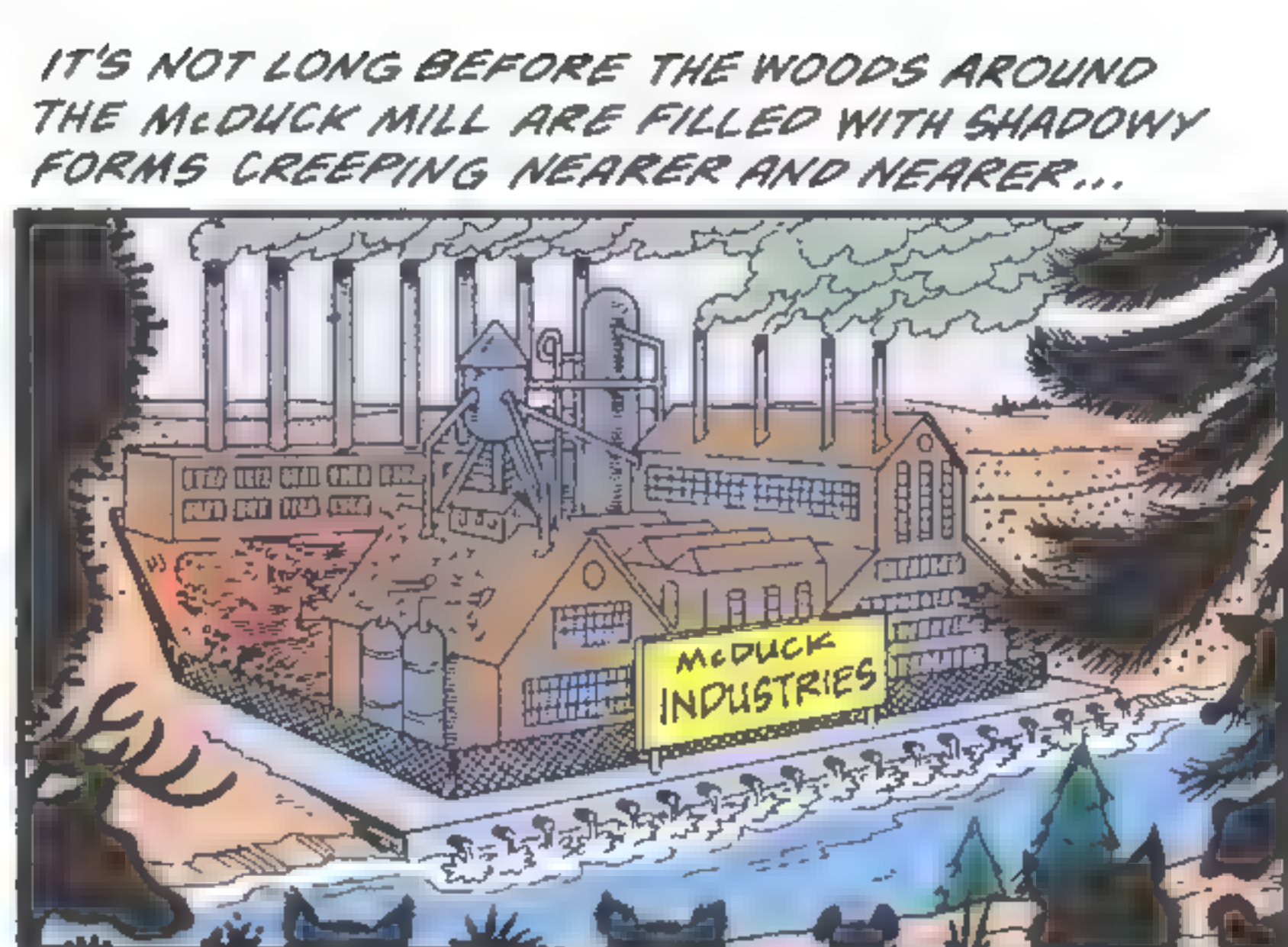
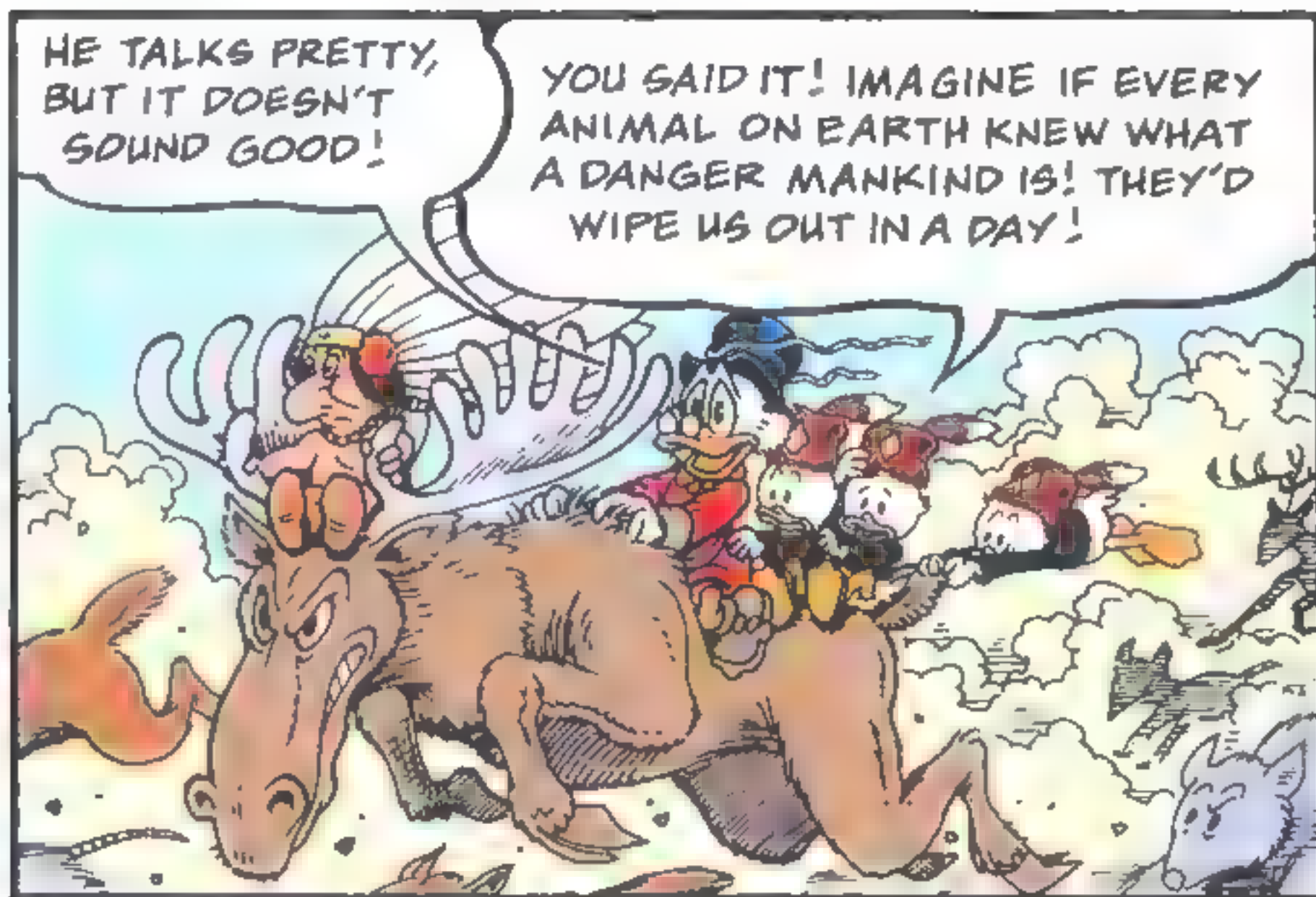
NOW THE TIME HAS COME FOR **ACTION!** SUMMON ALL THE DEER AND MOOSSES! CALL THE BEAVER FROM THEIR LODGES! CALL THE BEAR, THE WOLF, THE OTTER! AND EVEN NOTIFY THE **SKUNK!**

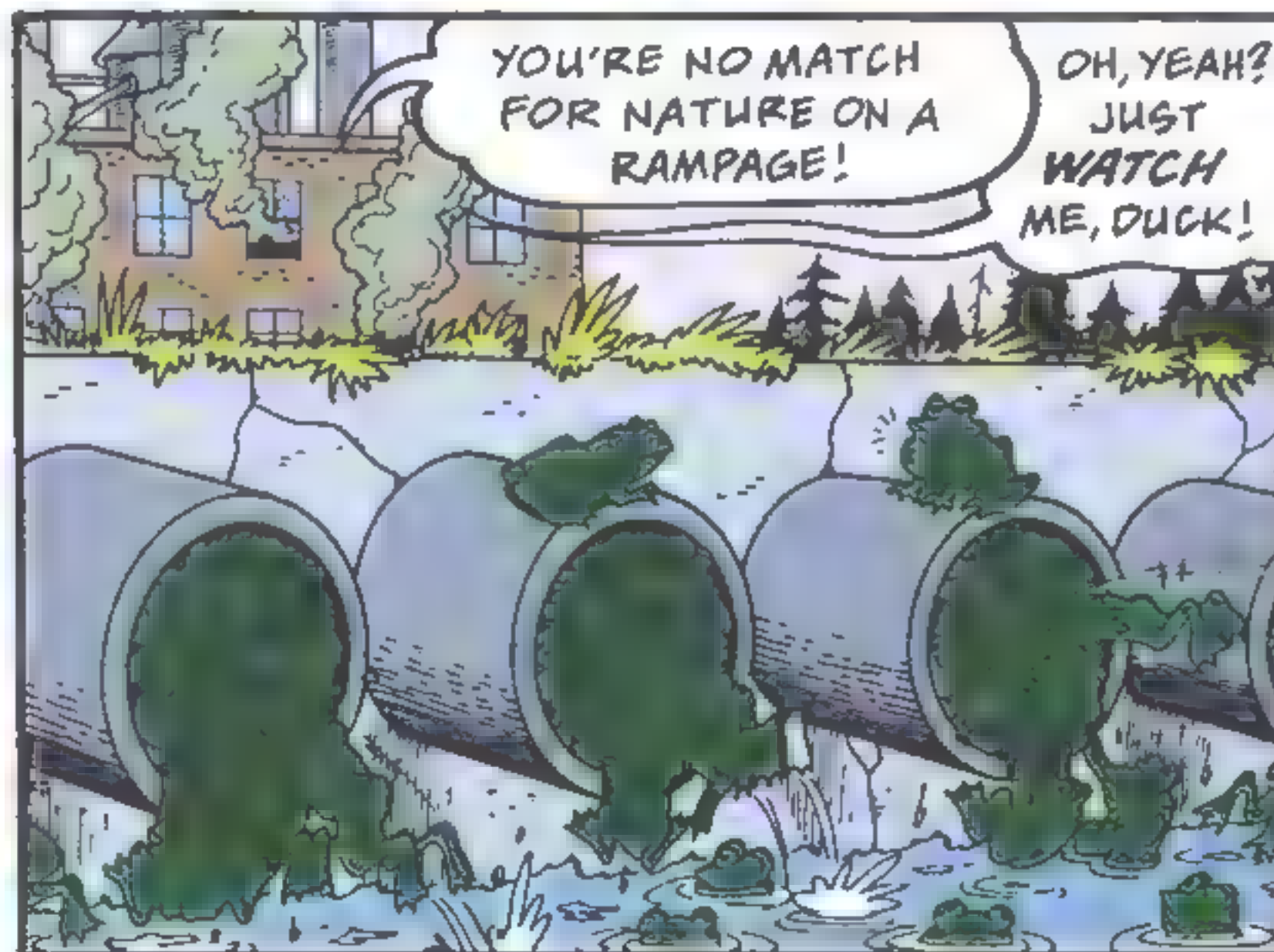
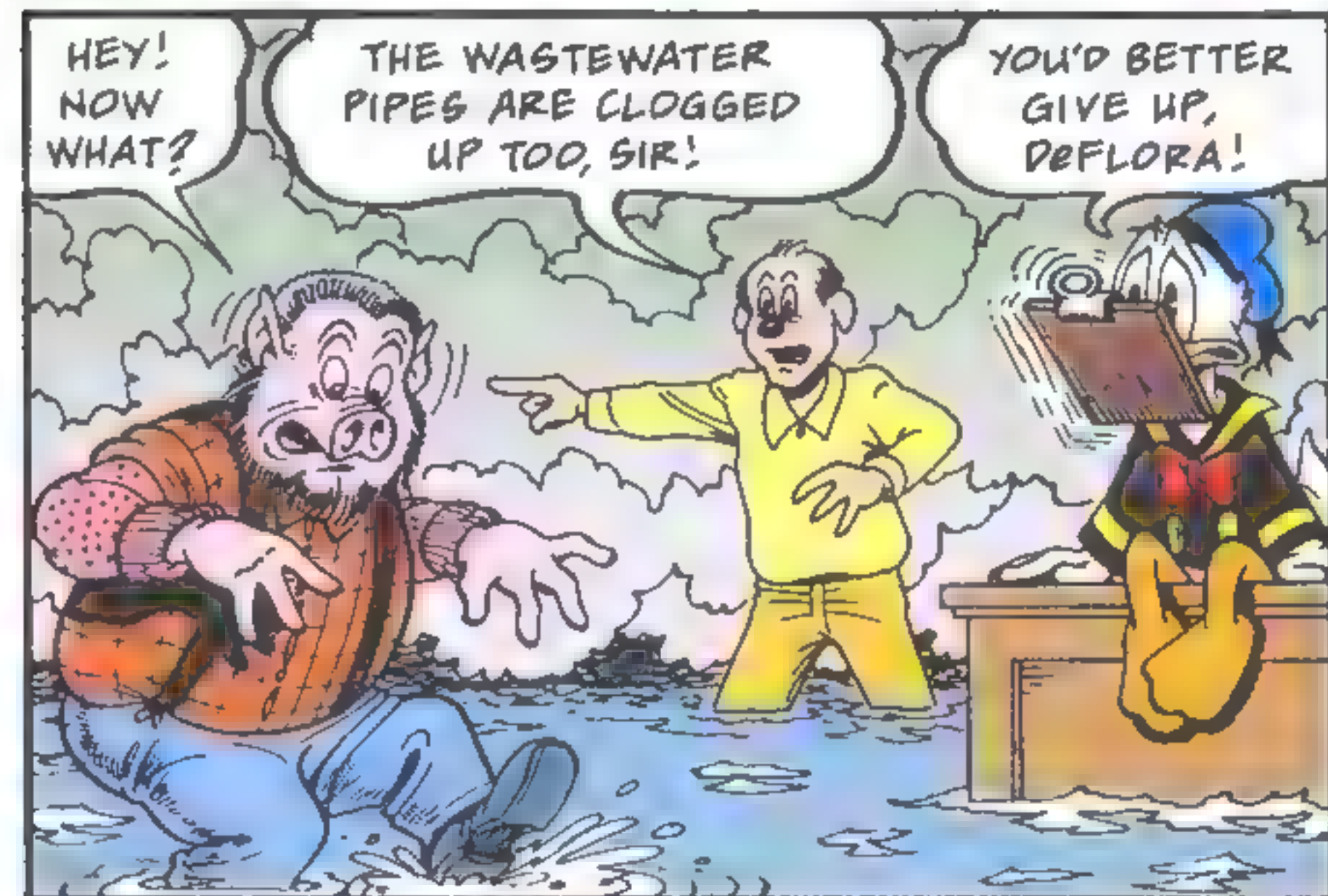
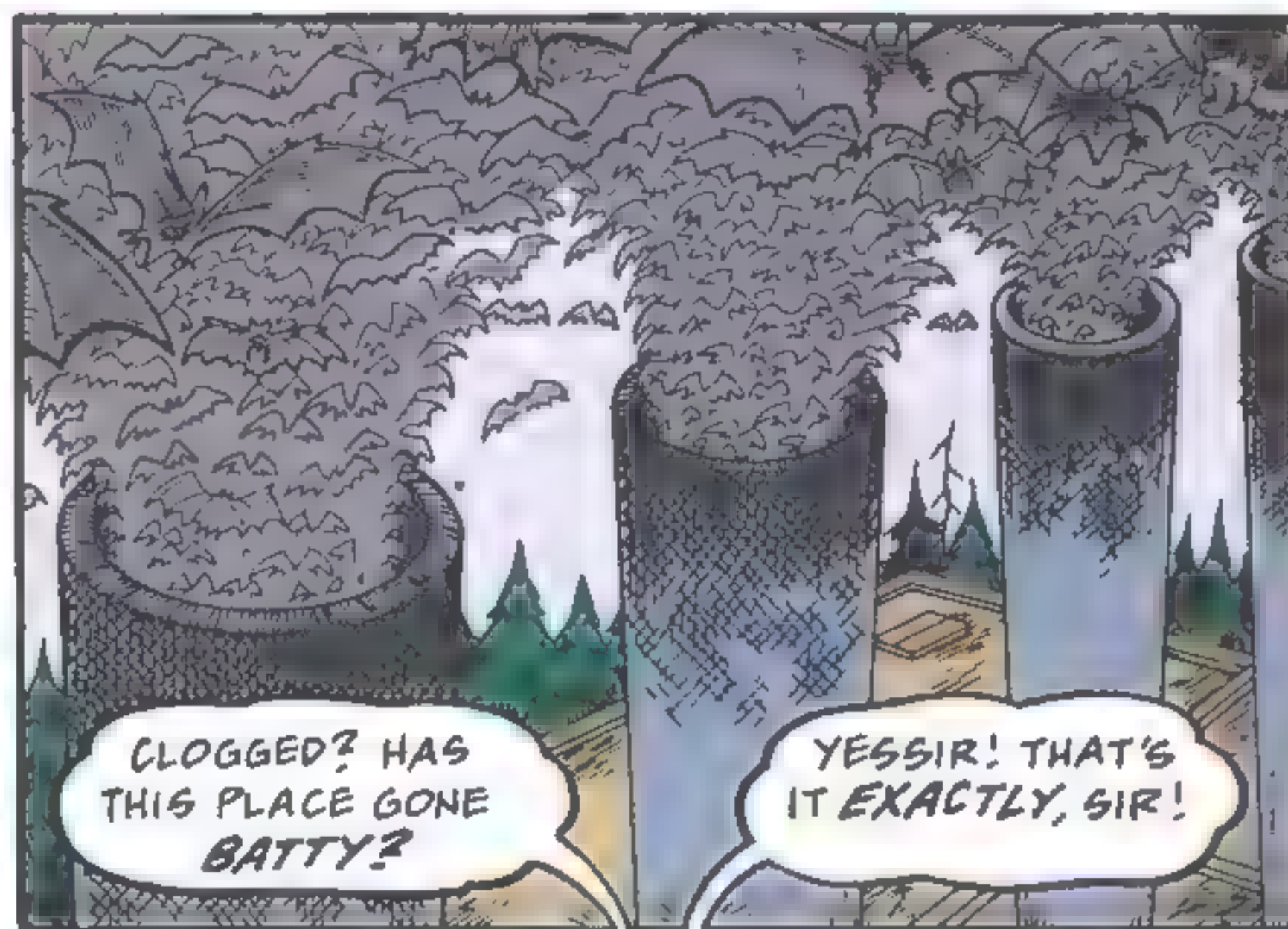
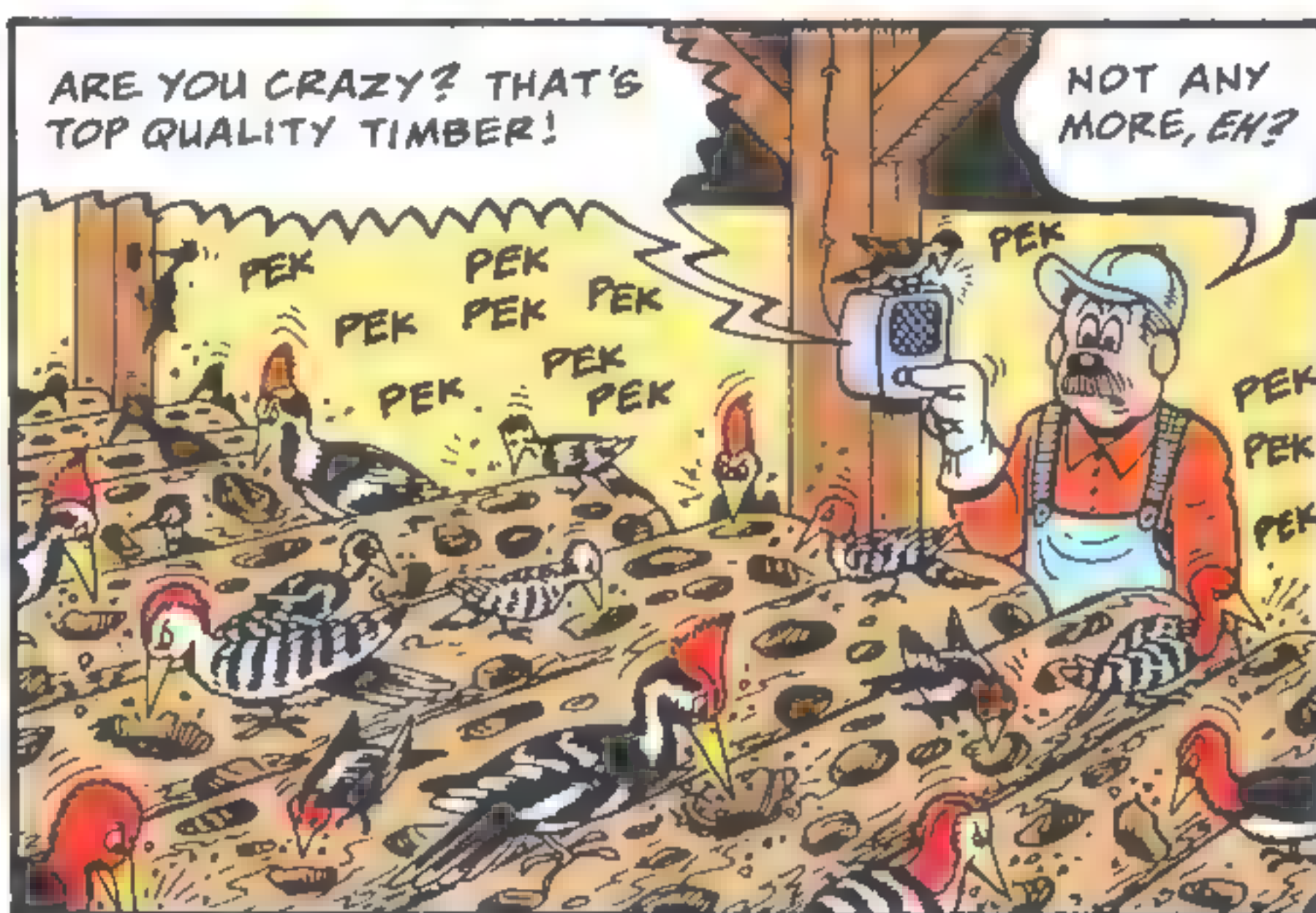
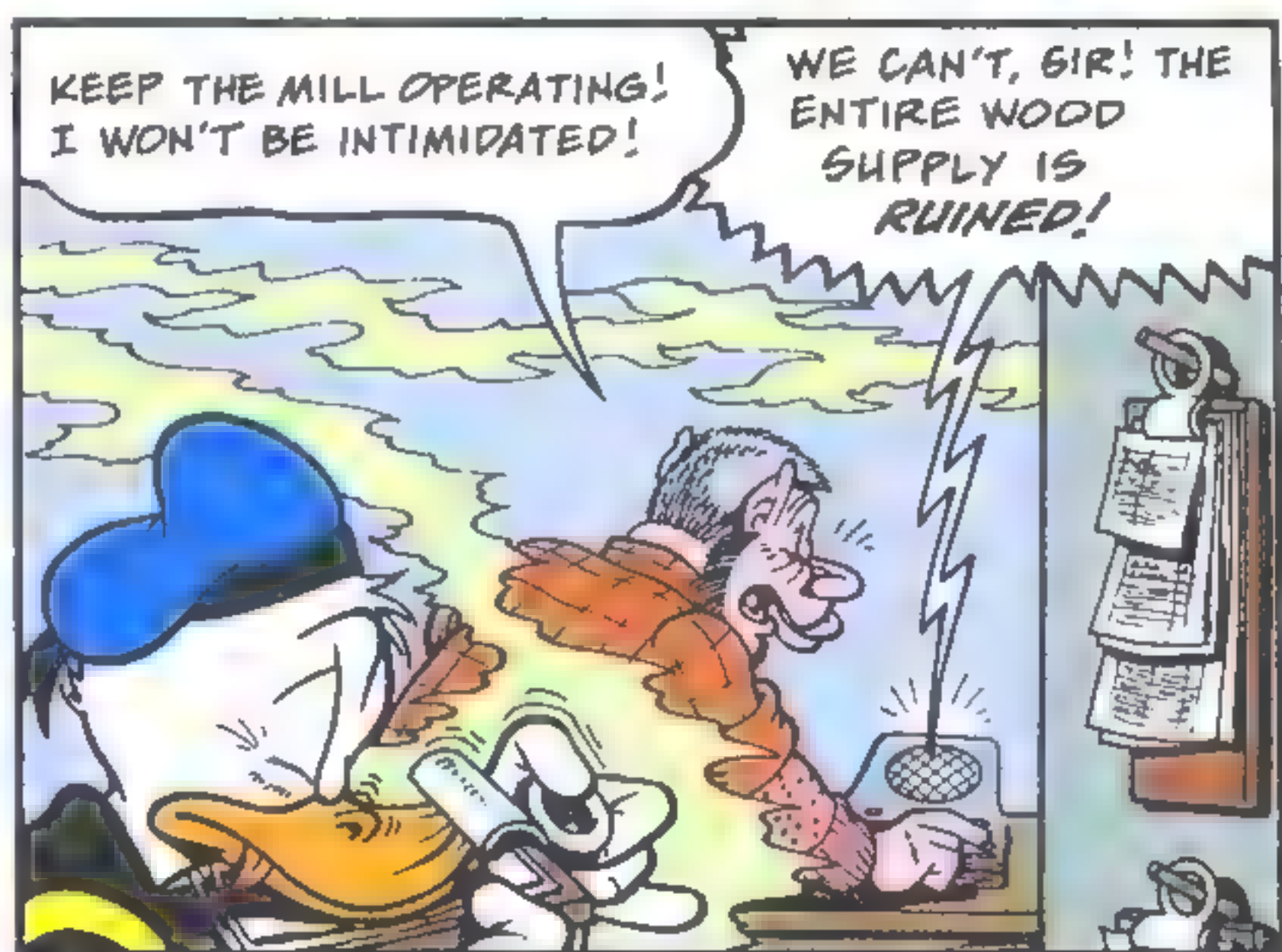
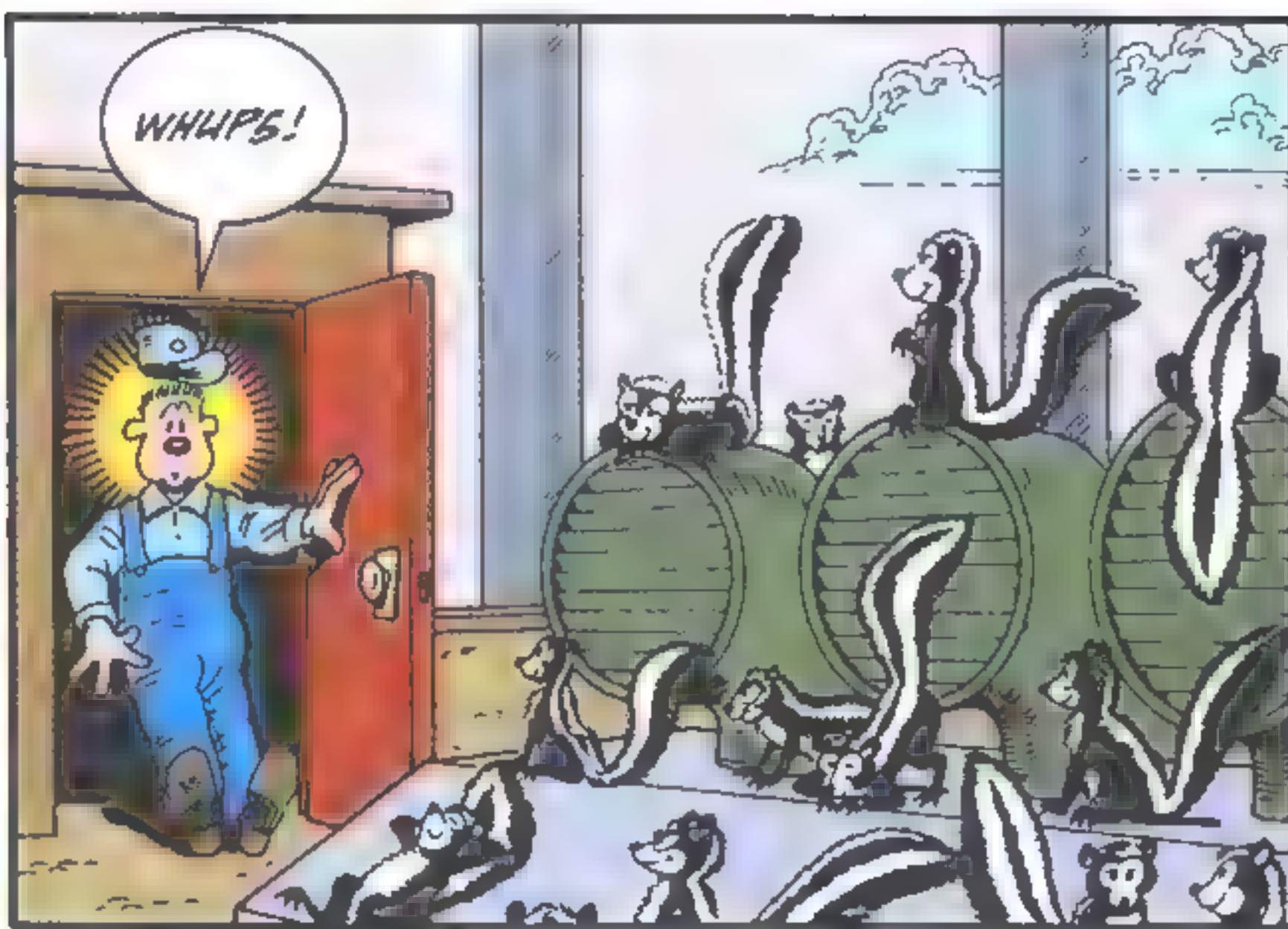
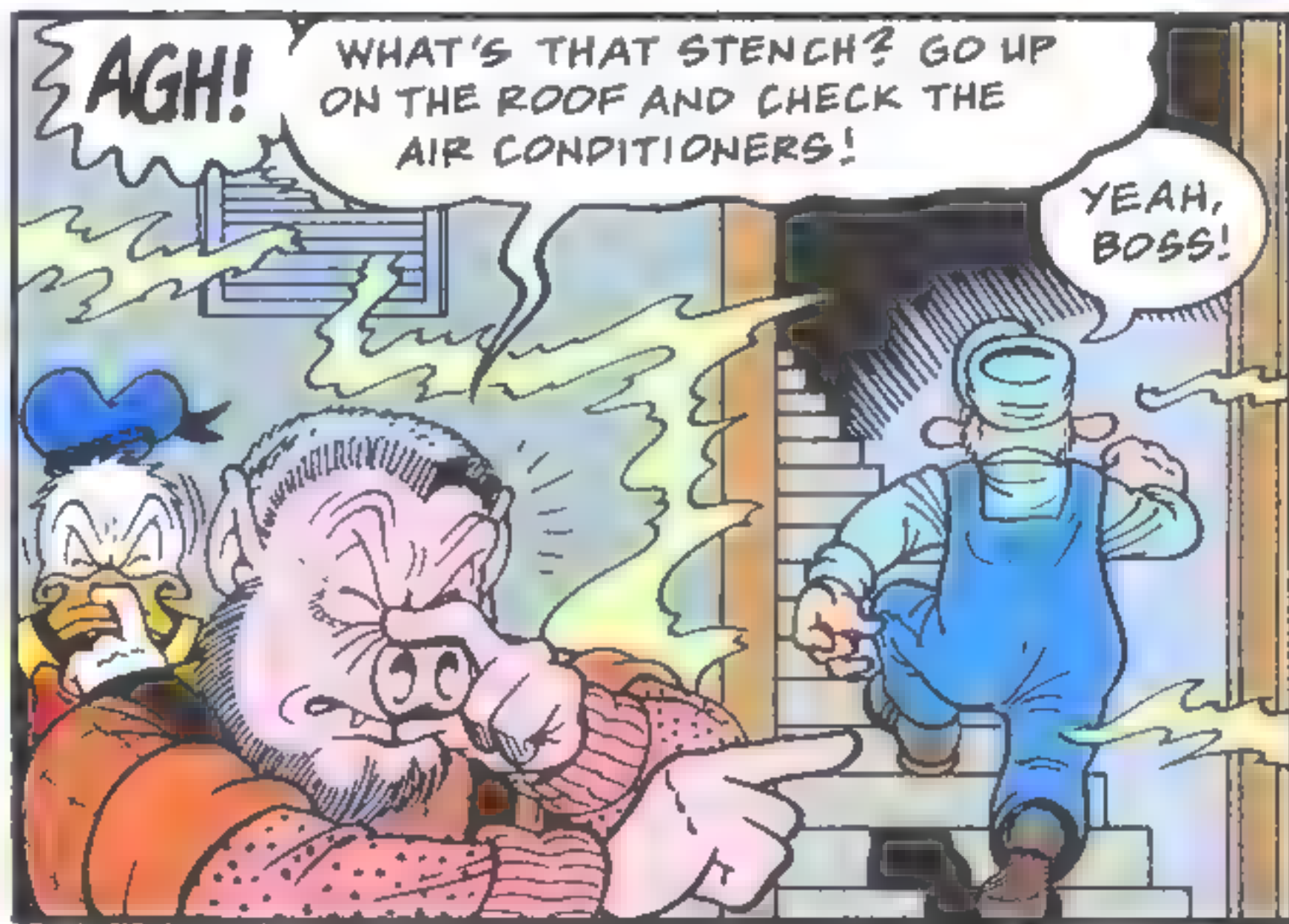
FOREST CREATURES TAKE VENGEANCE ON THE EVIL, SMELLY WIGWAM!

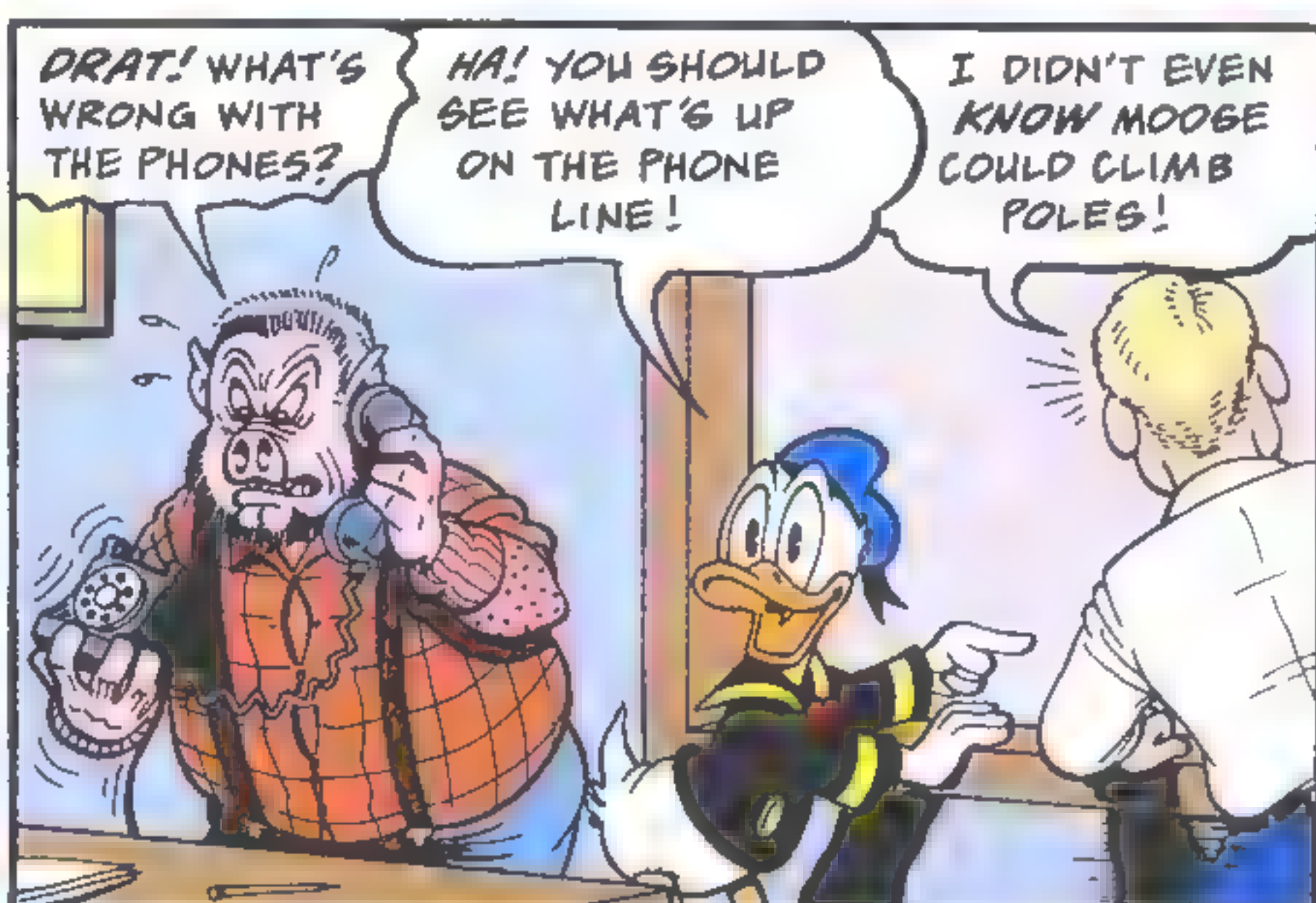
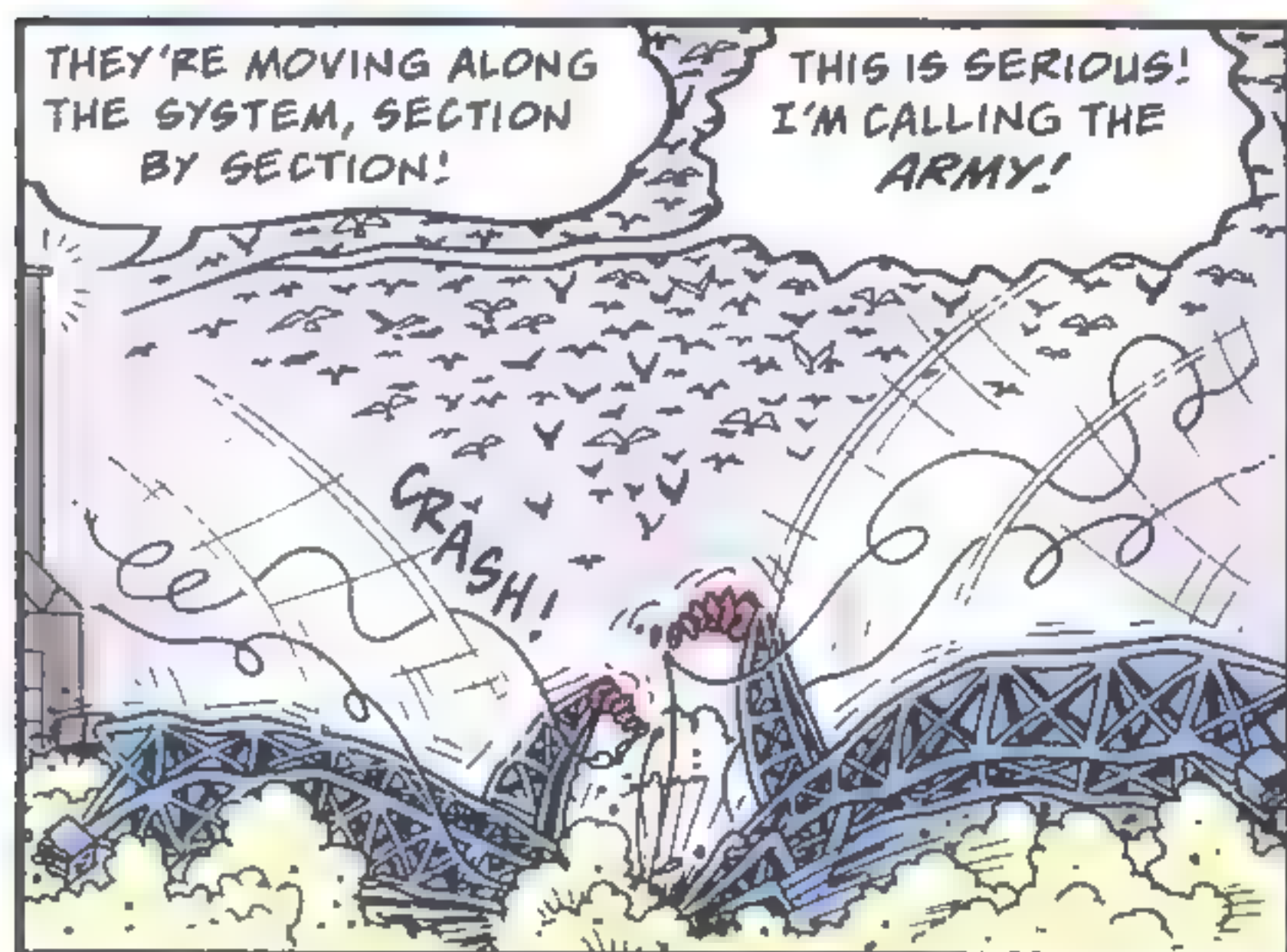
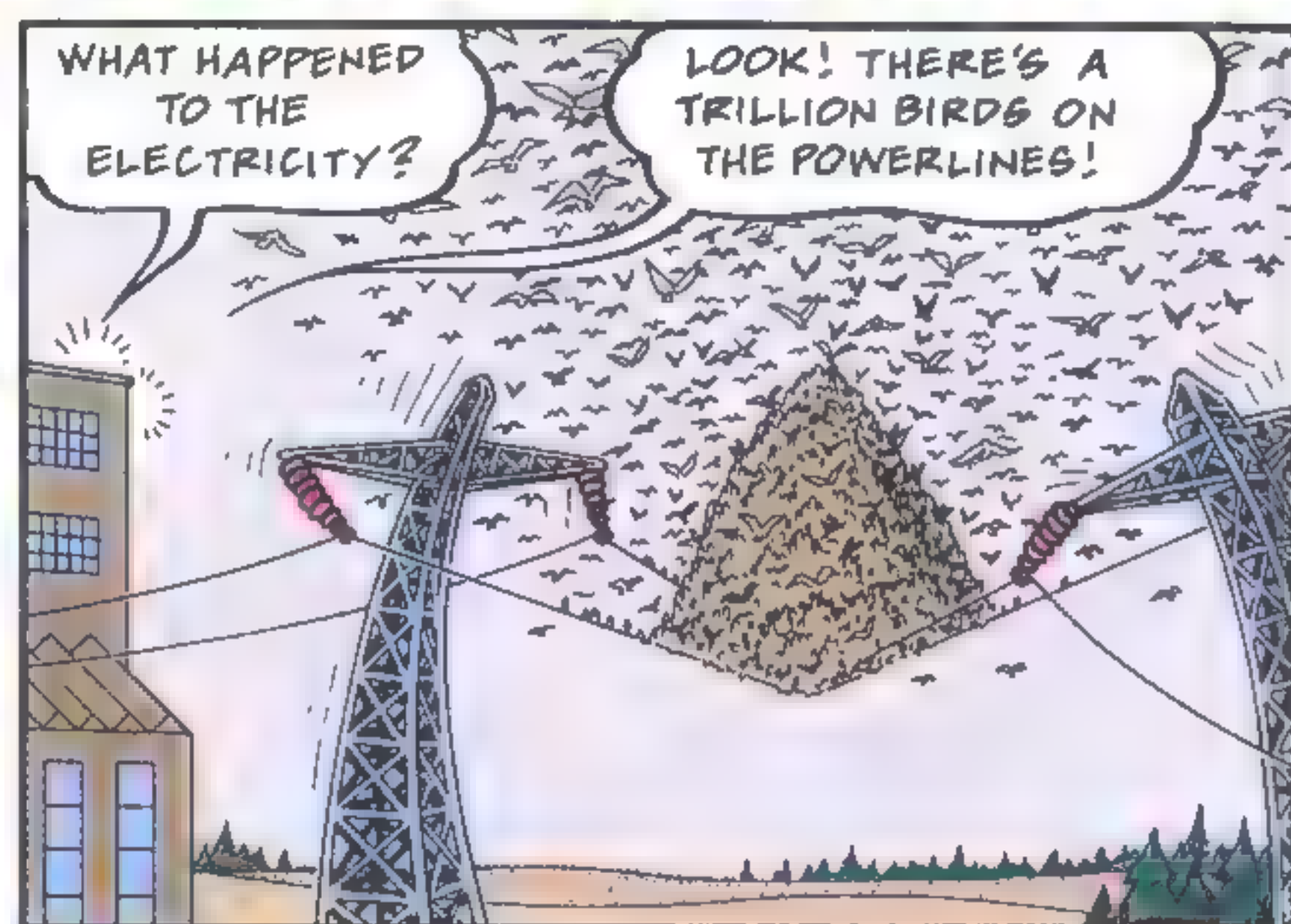
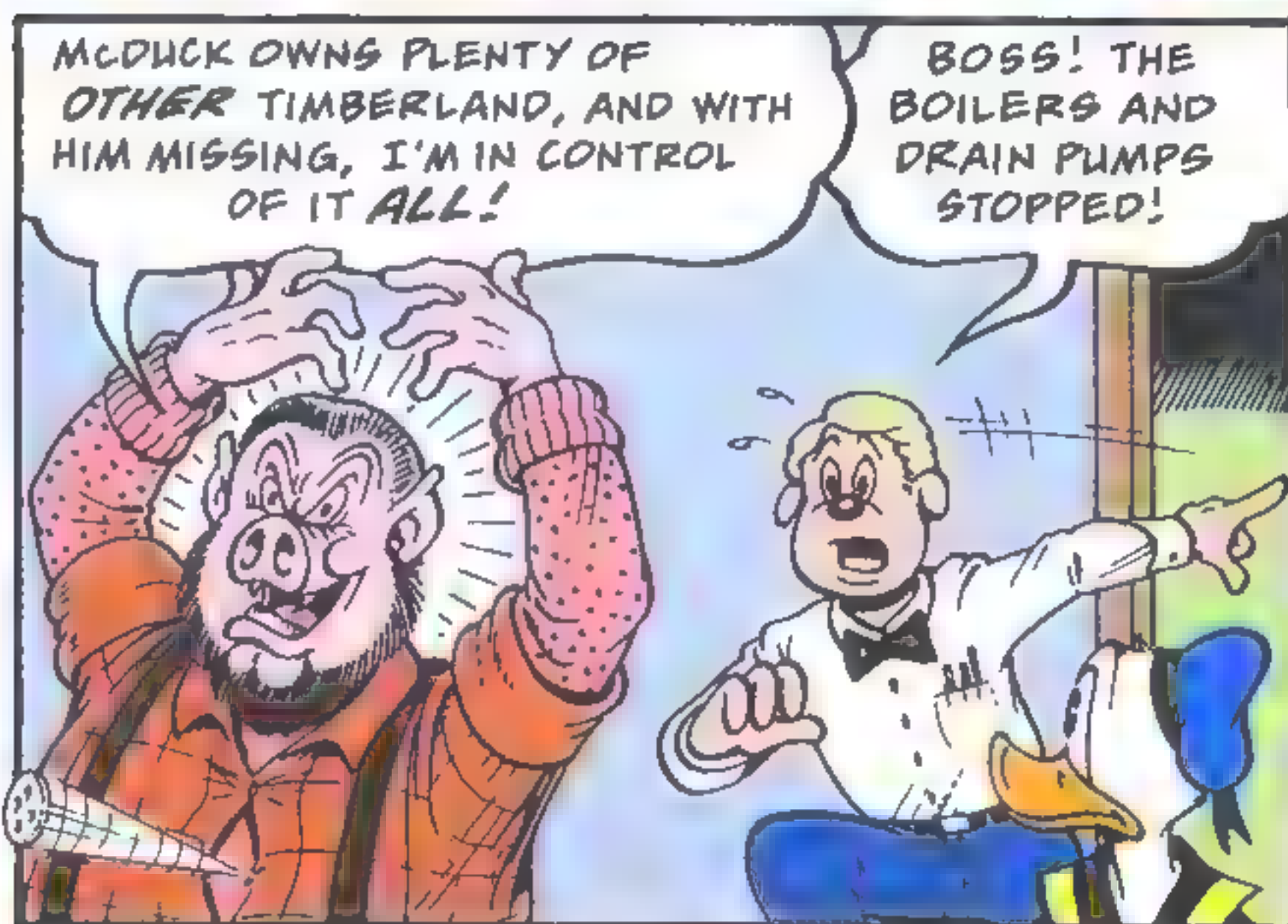
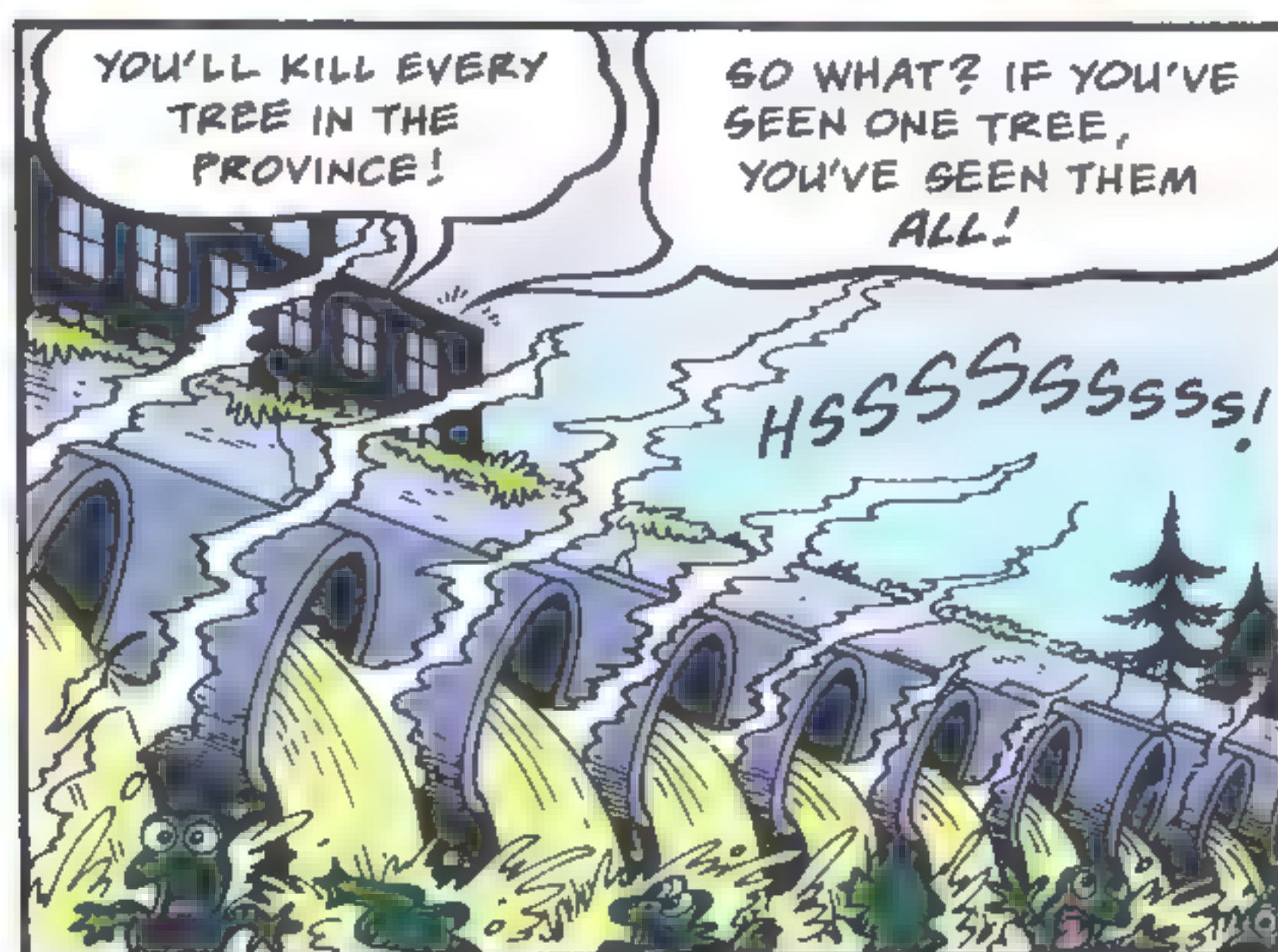
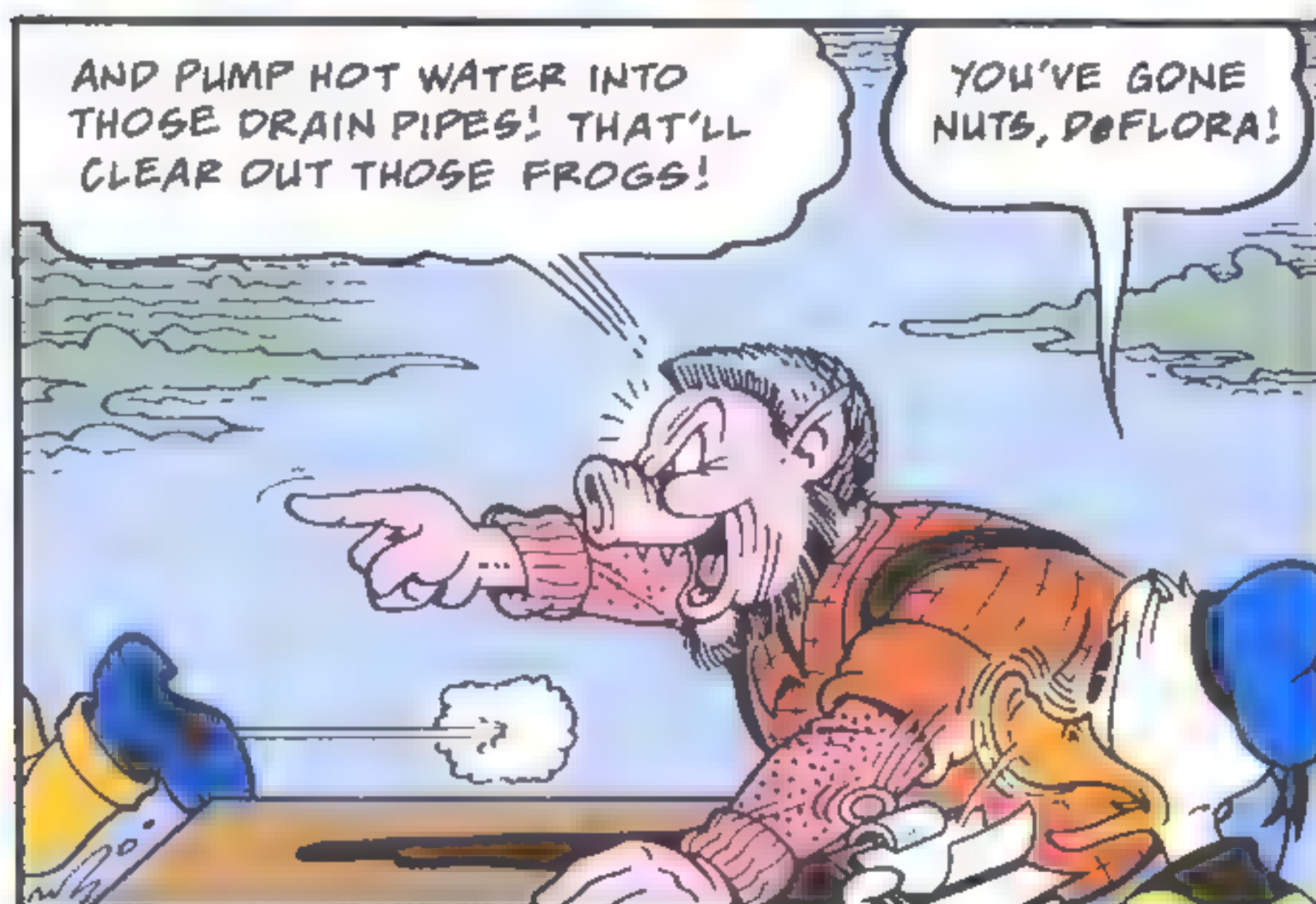
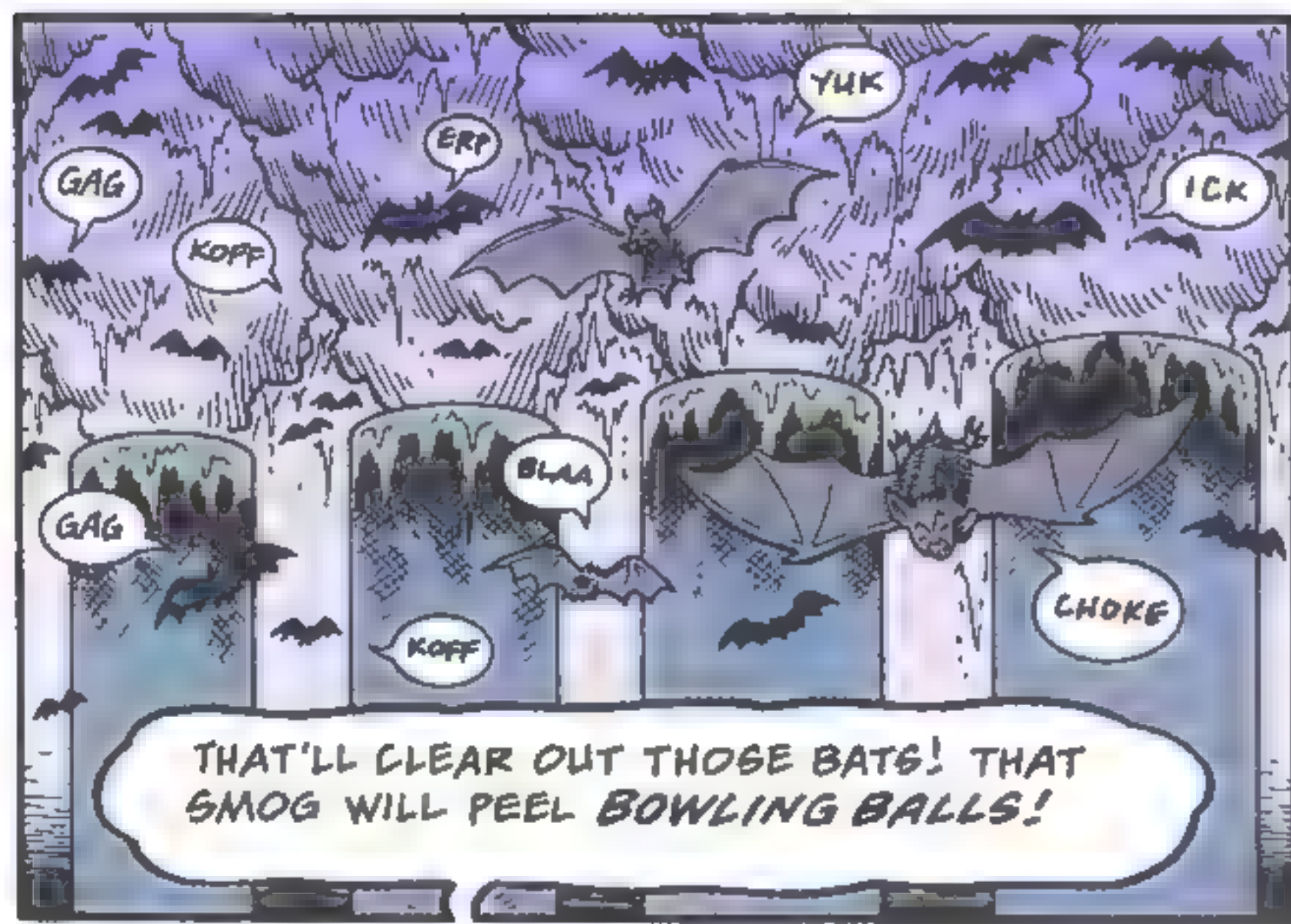
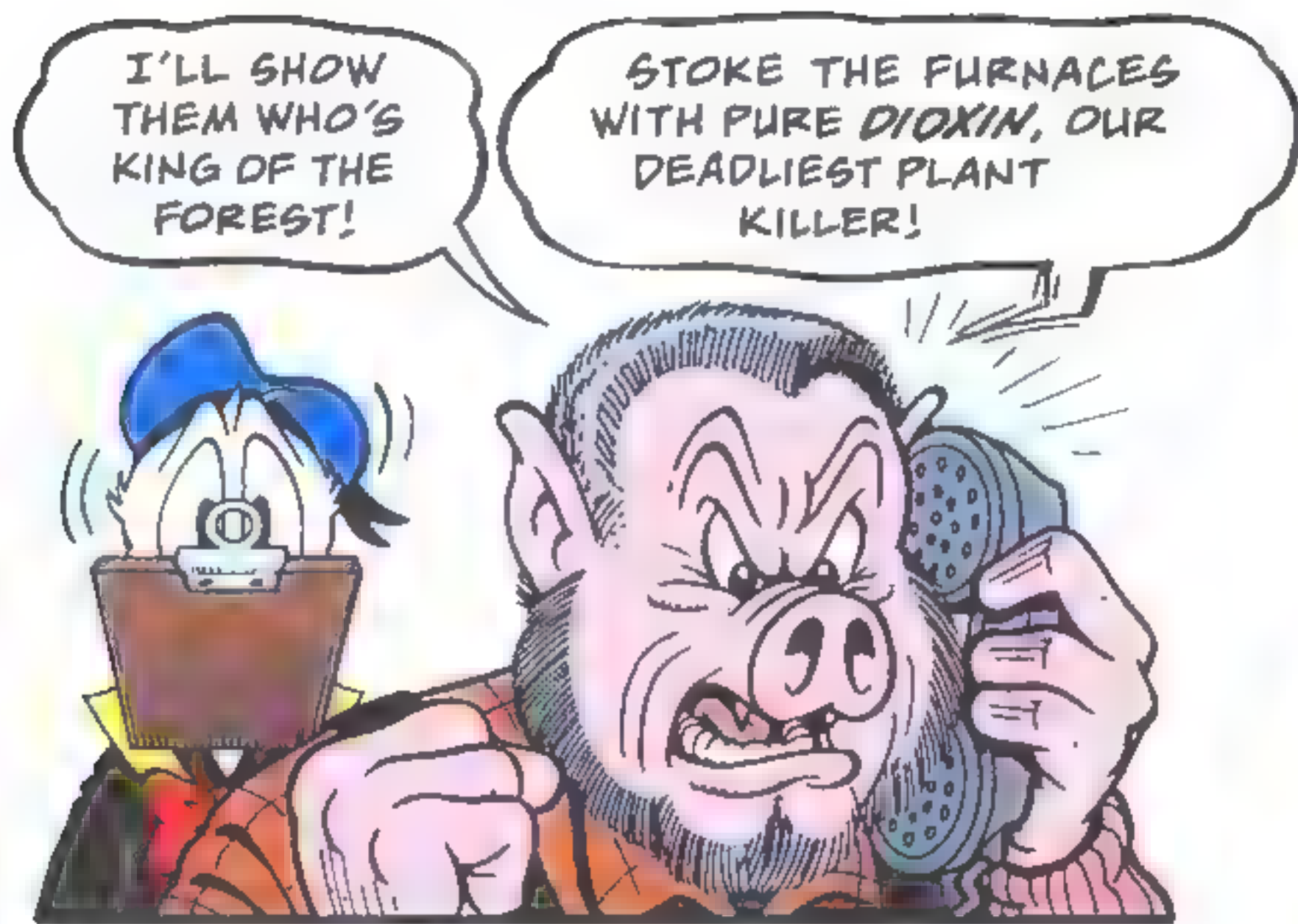
OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!

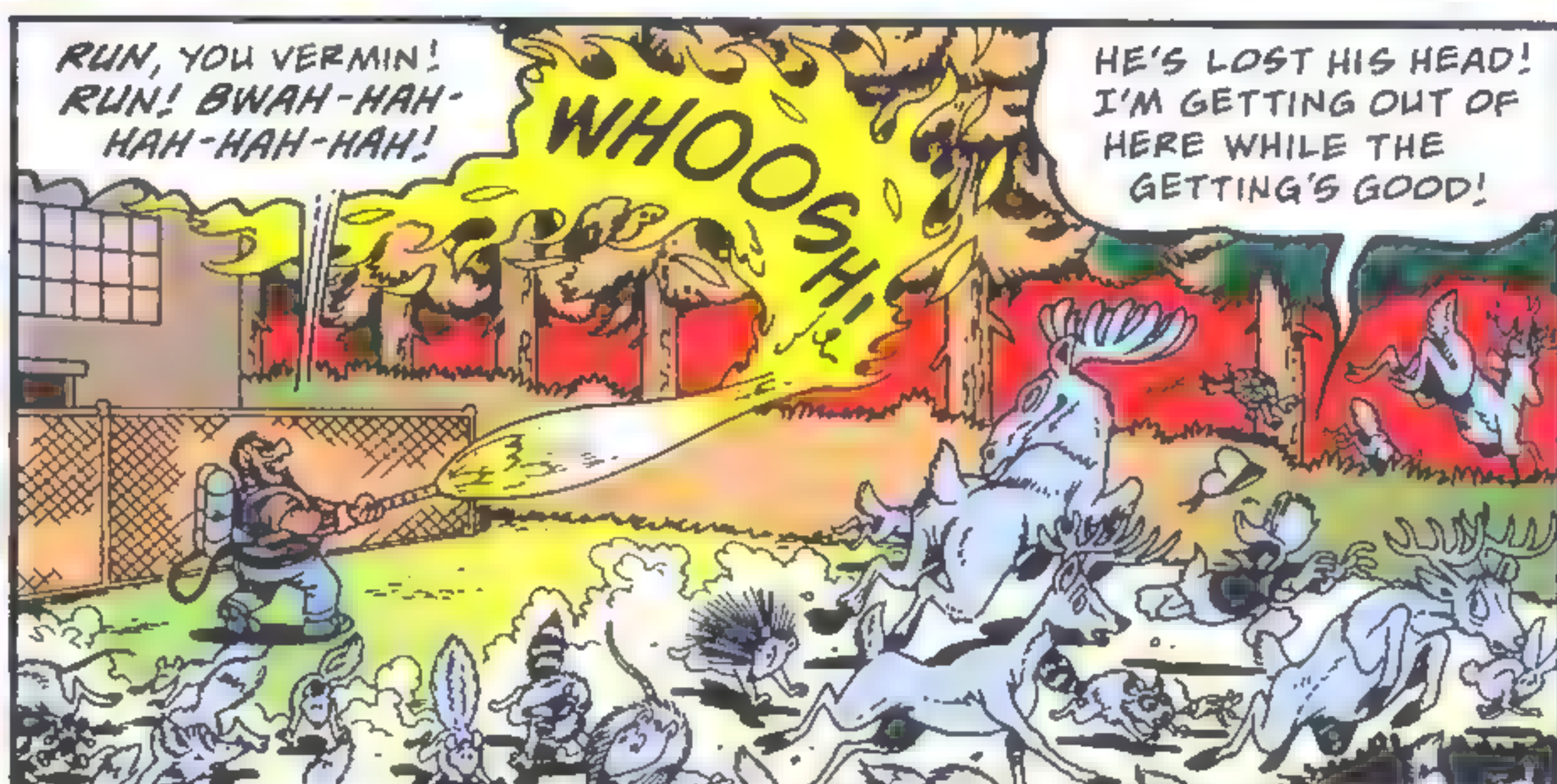
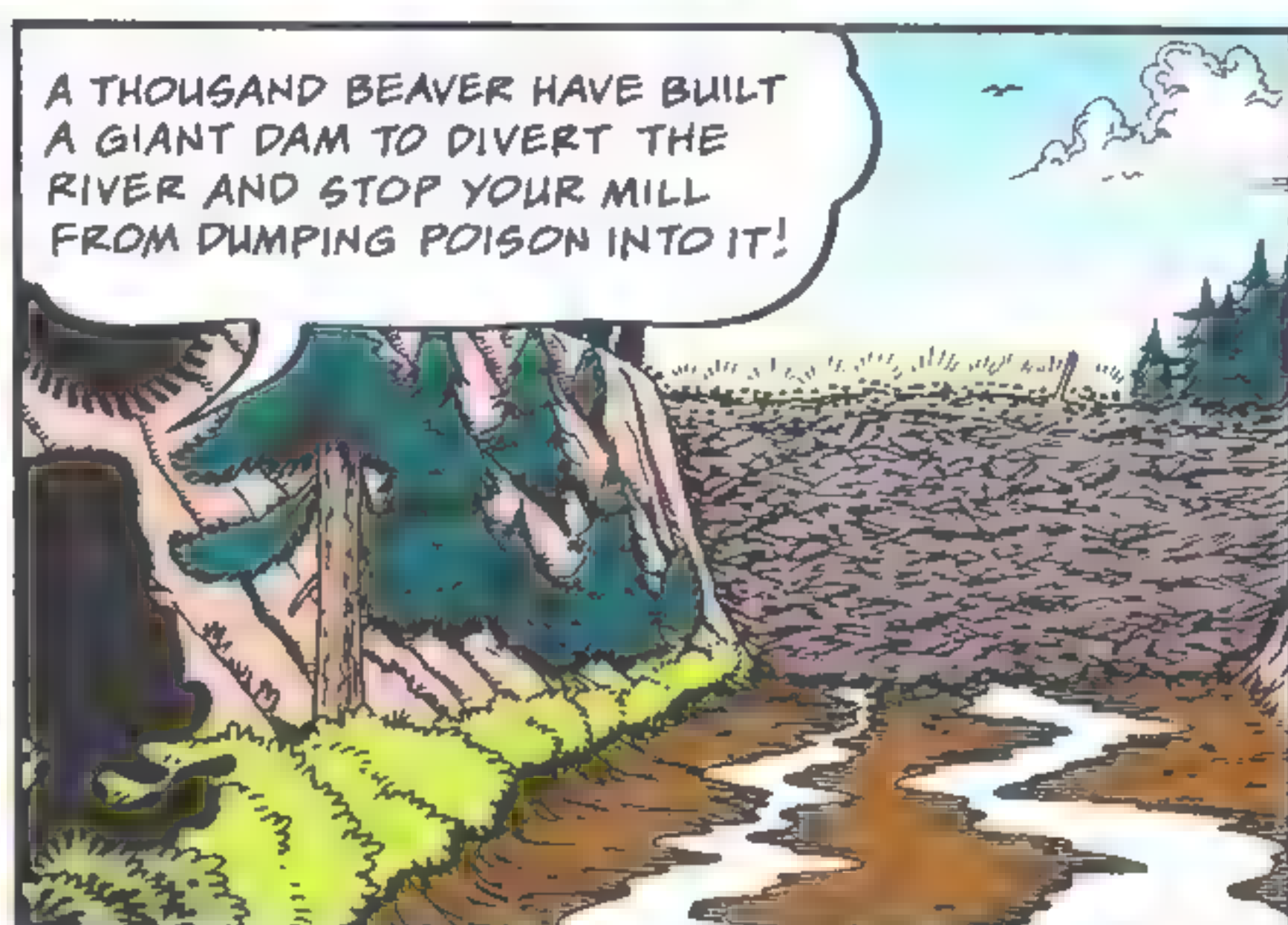
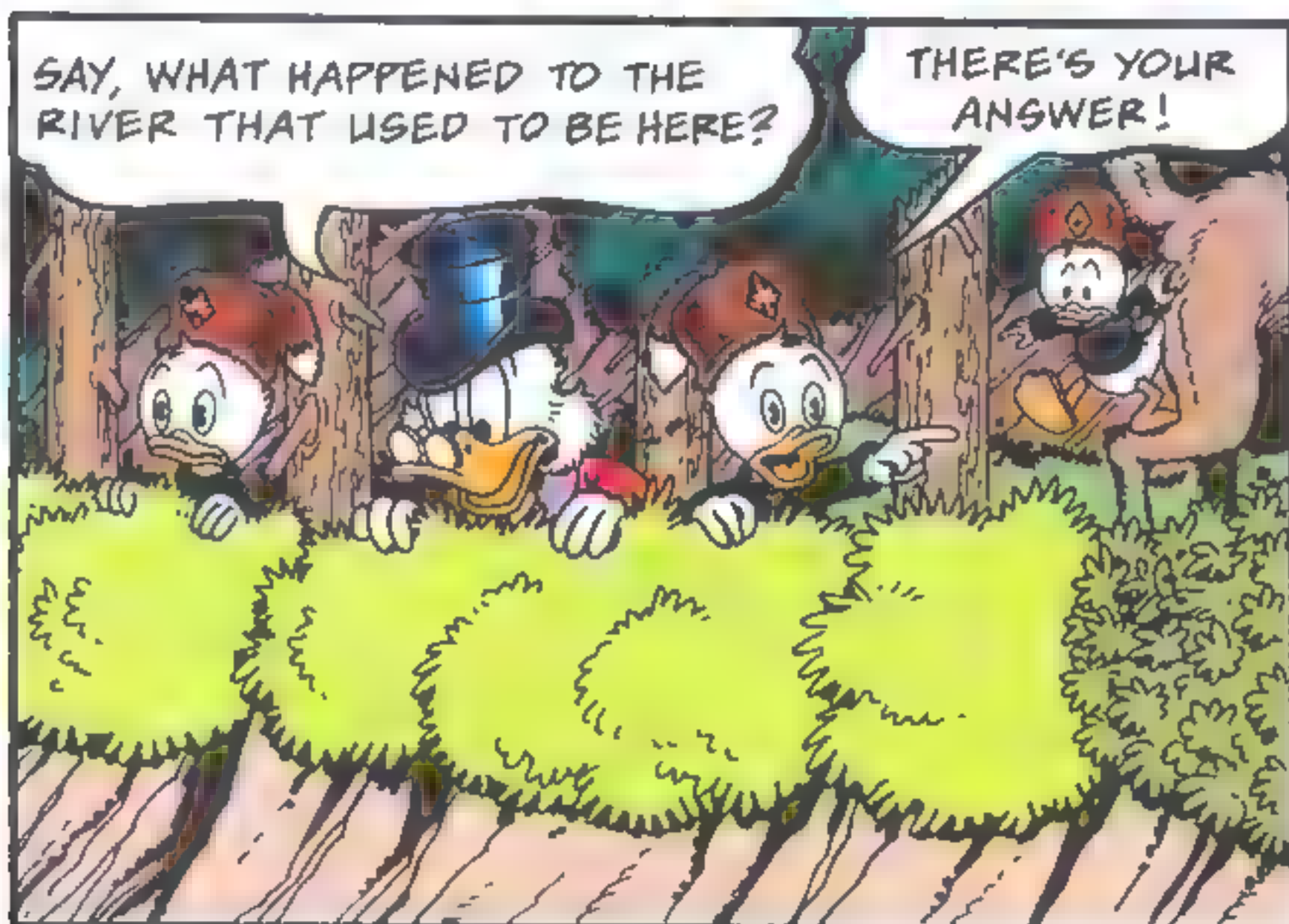
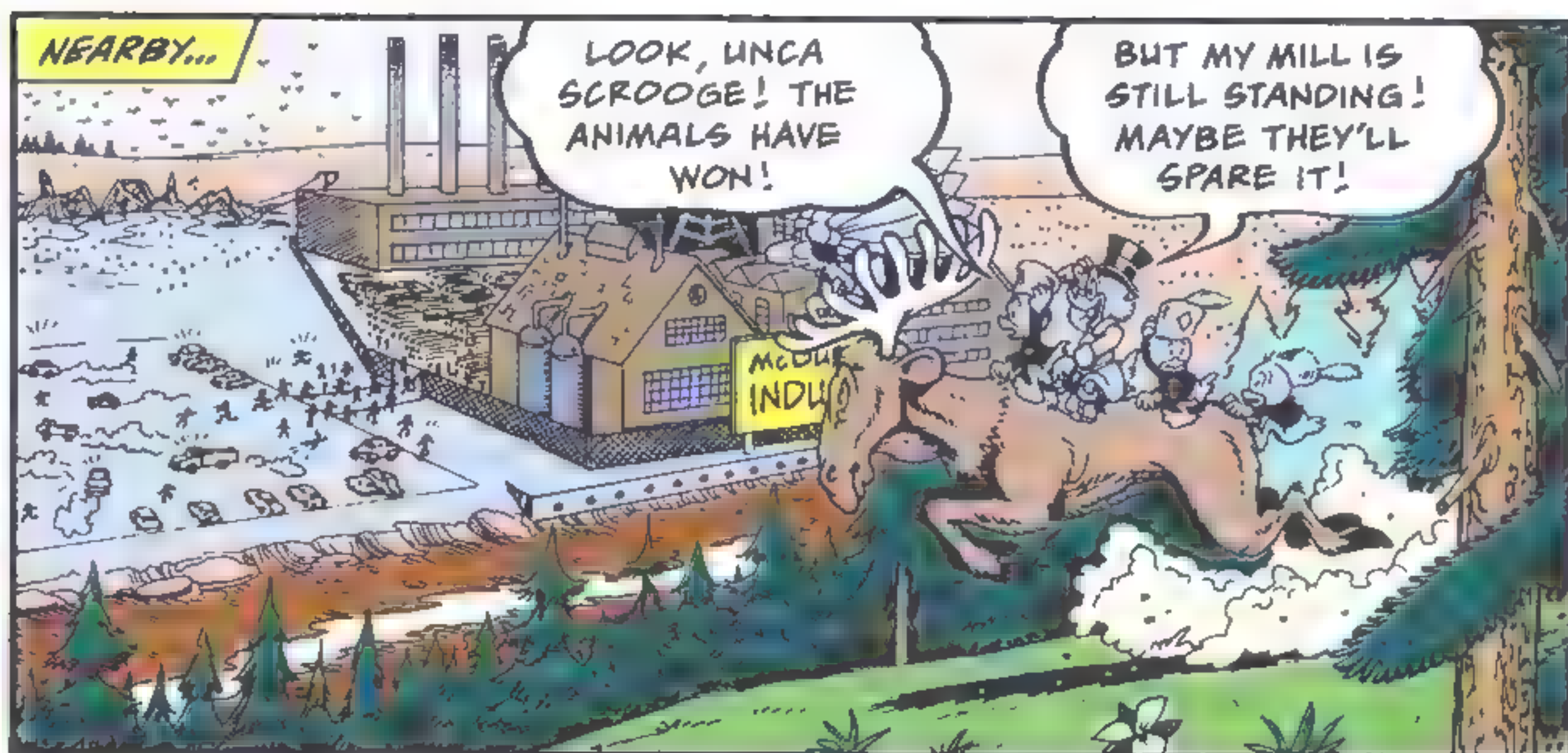
OURS TOO!

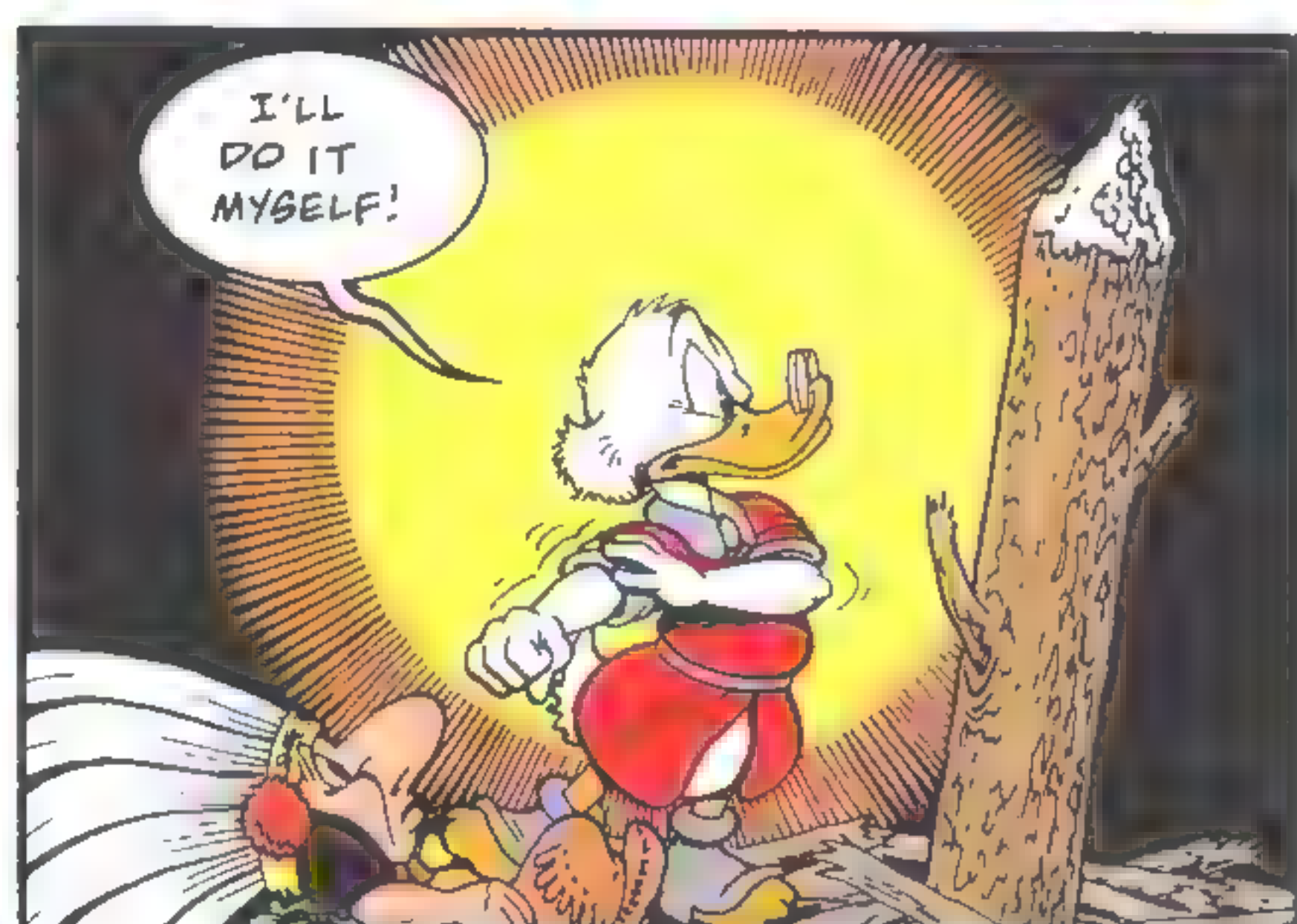
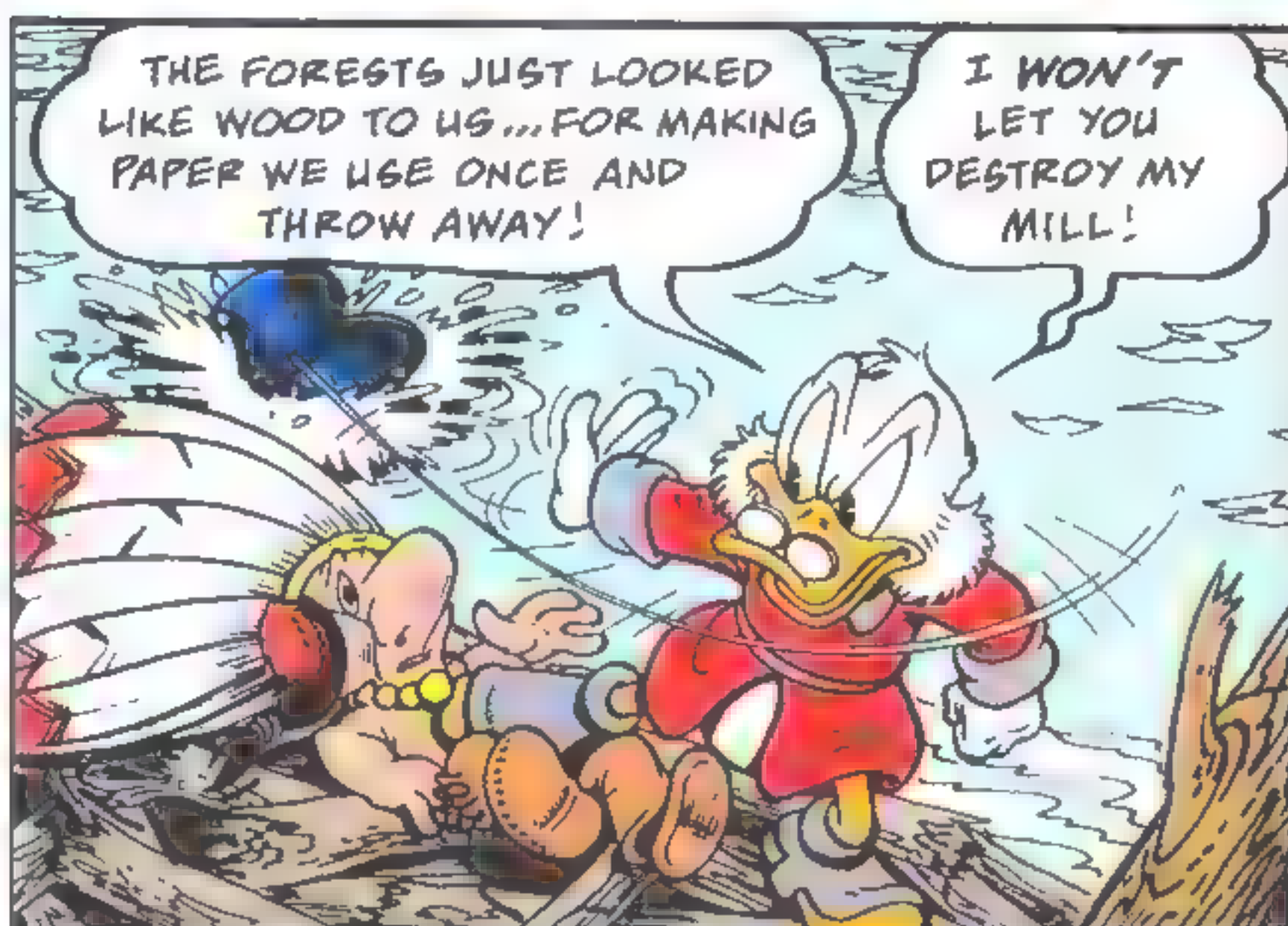
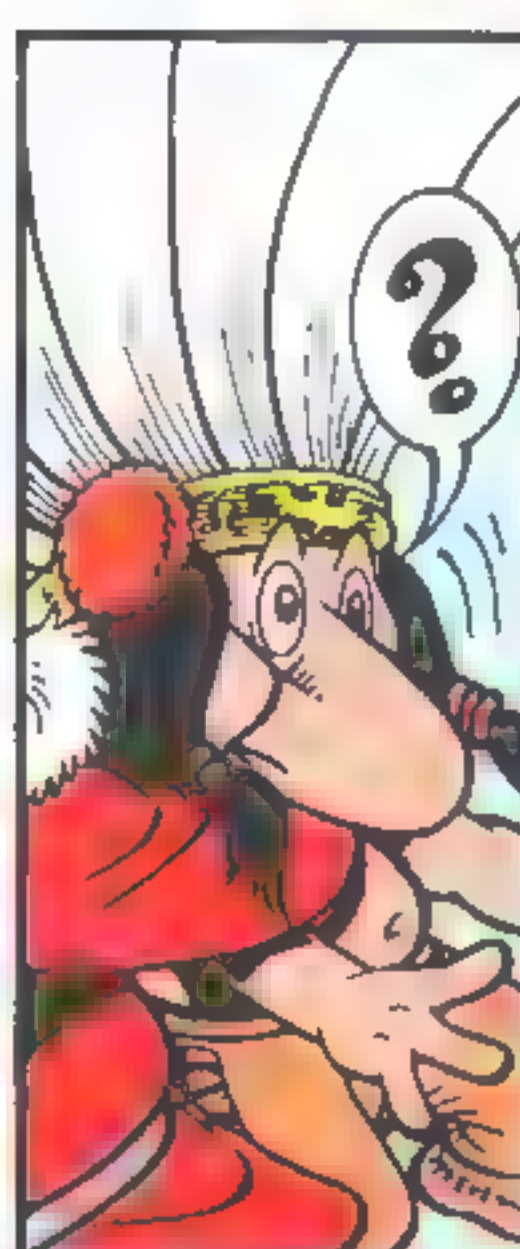
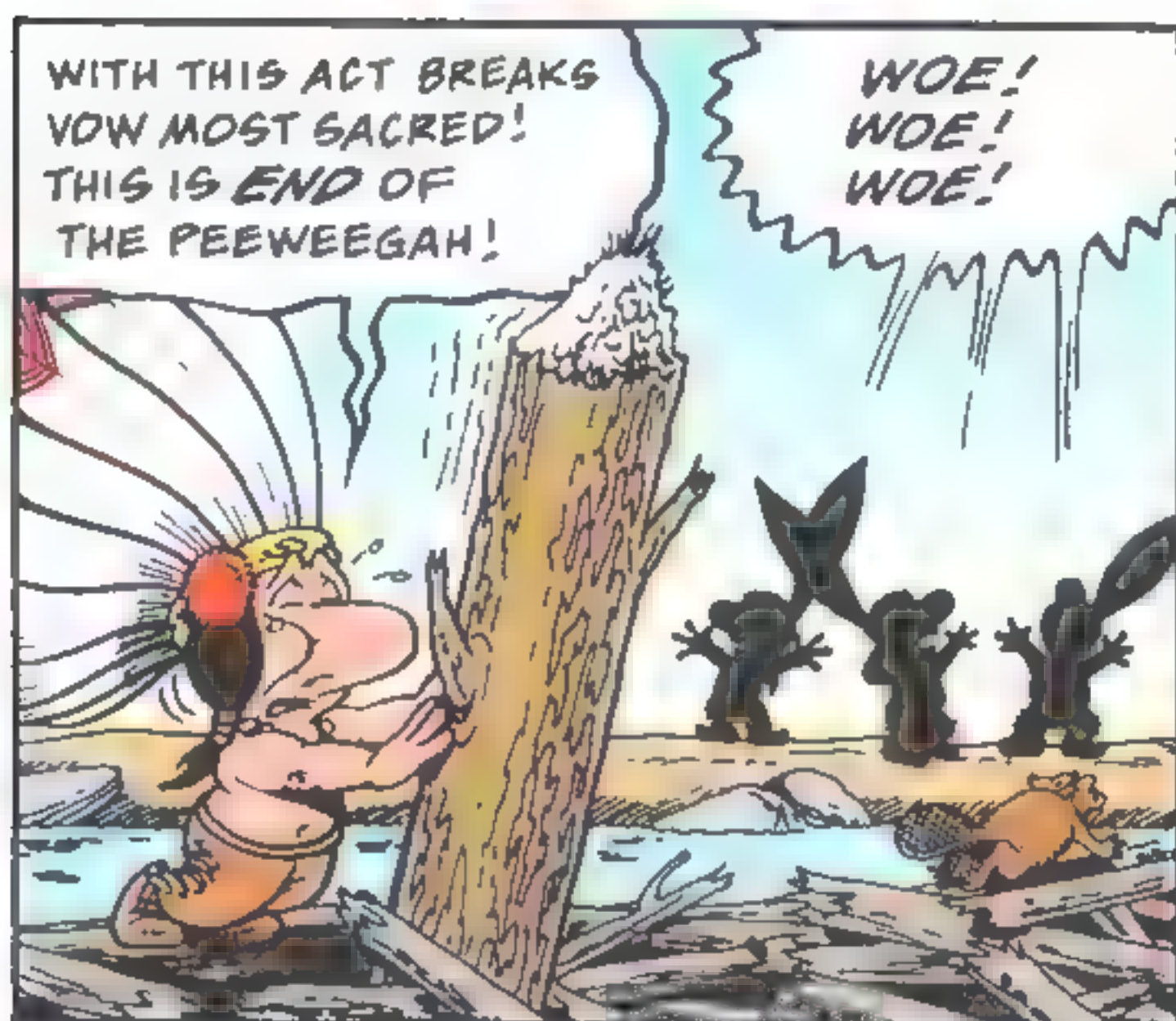
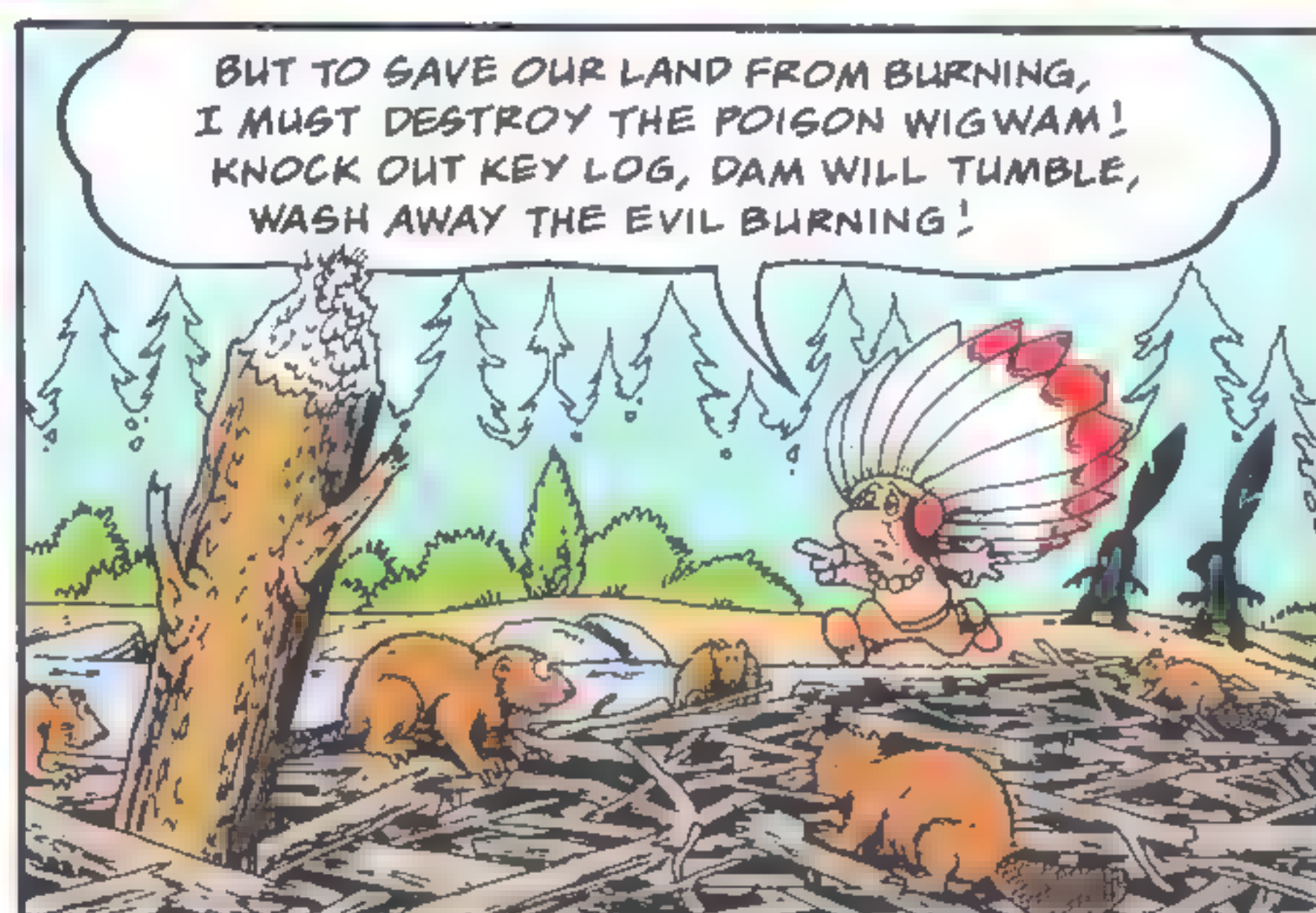
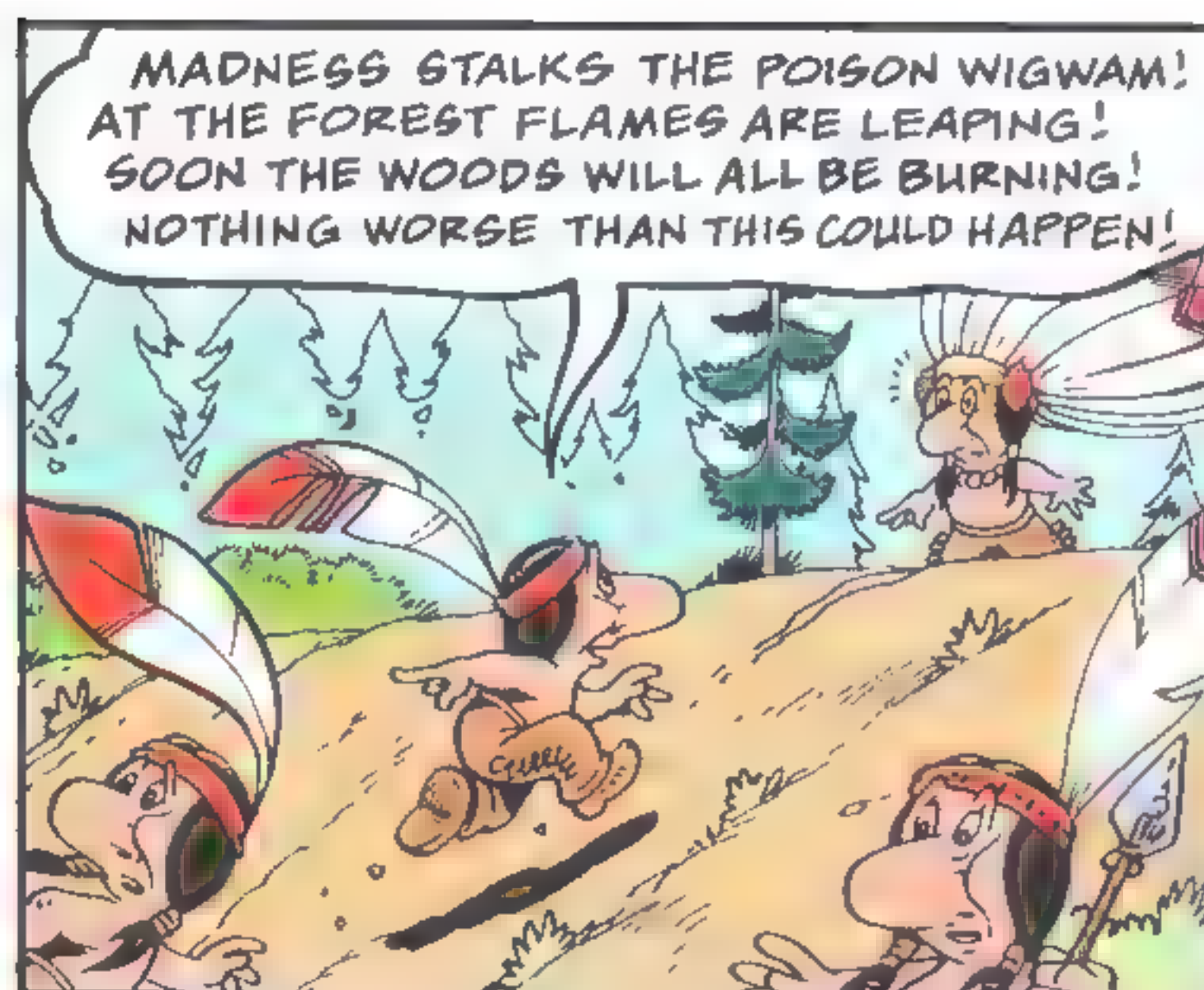
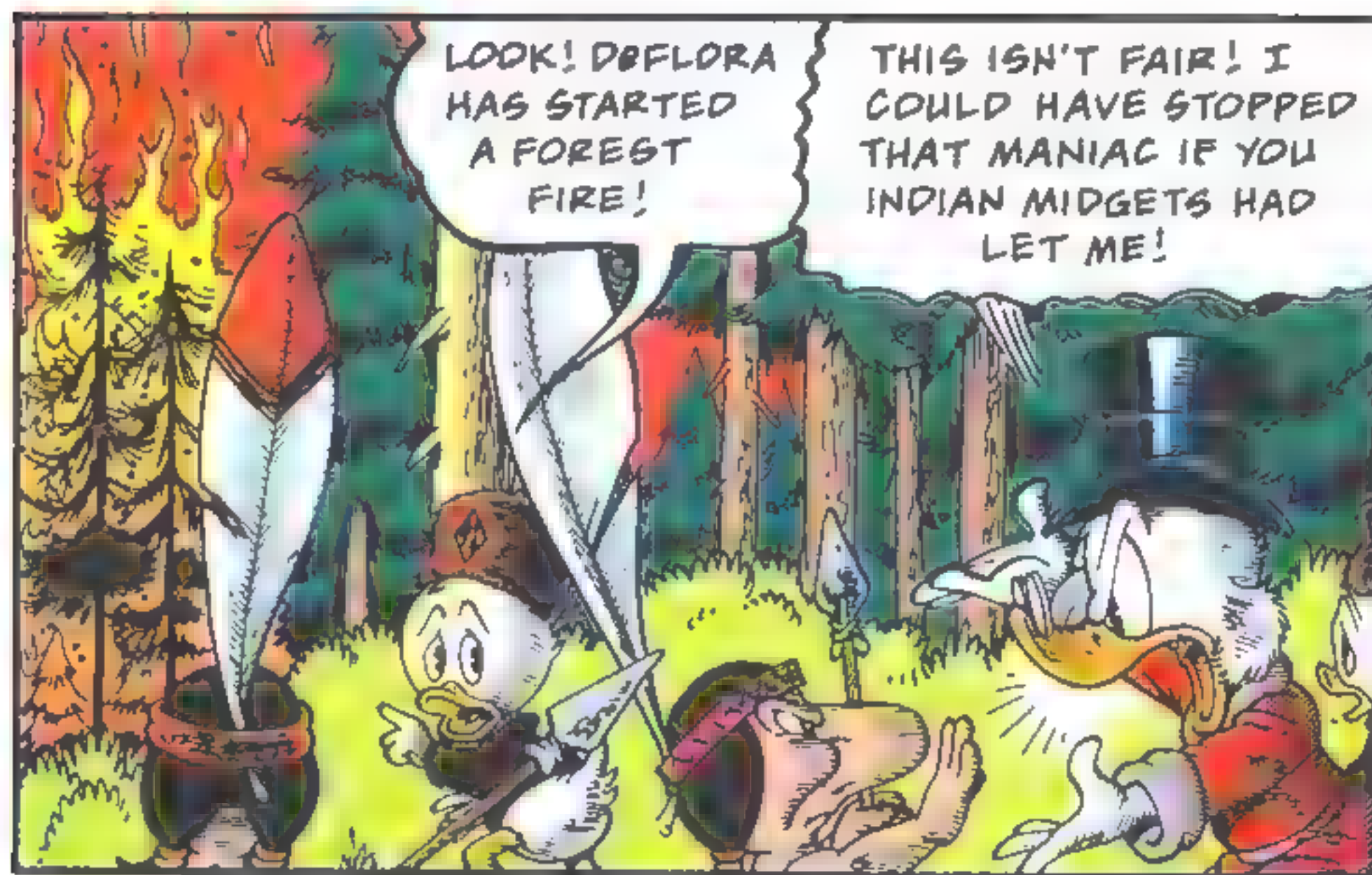


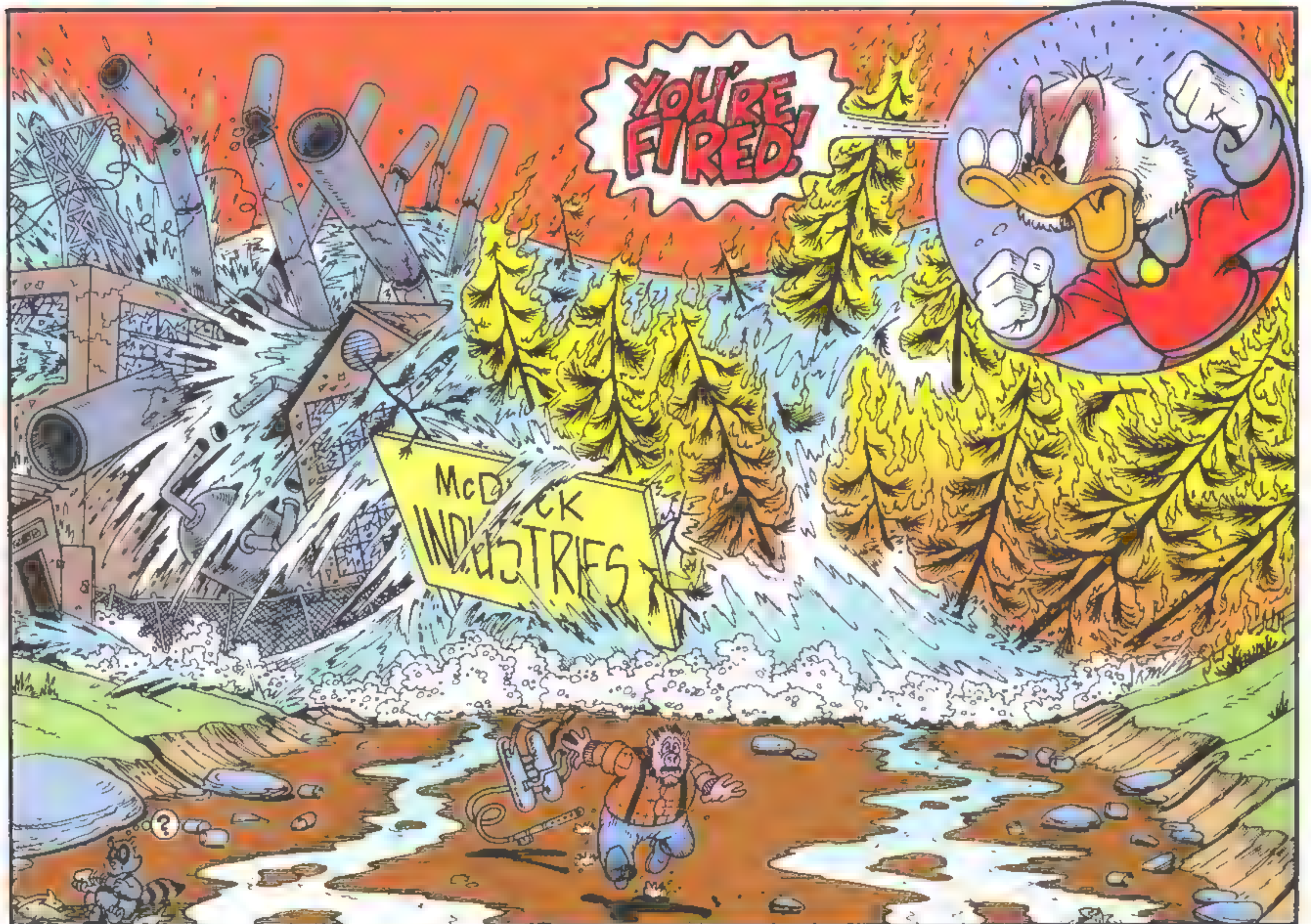
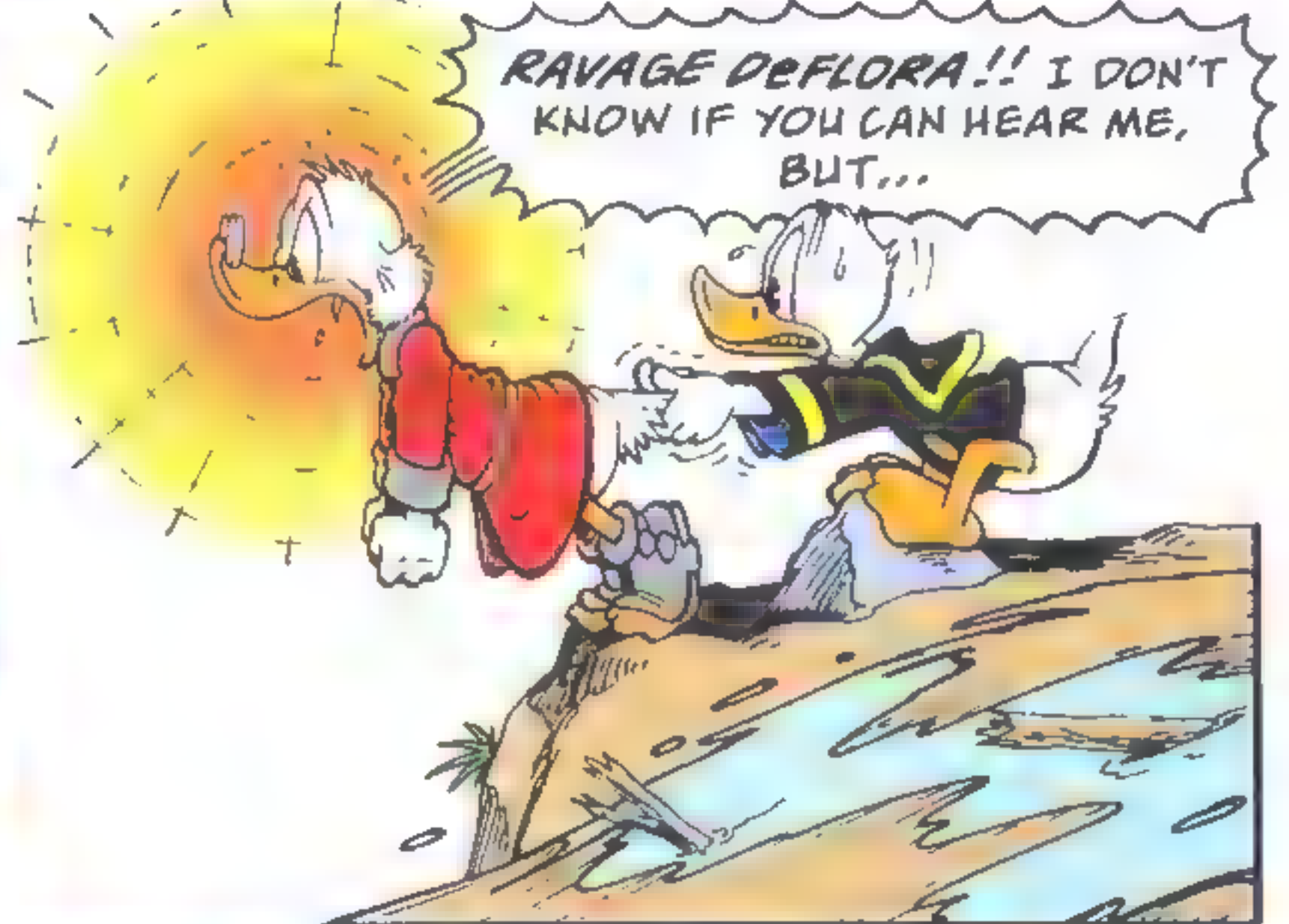
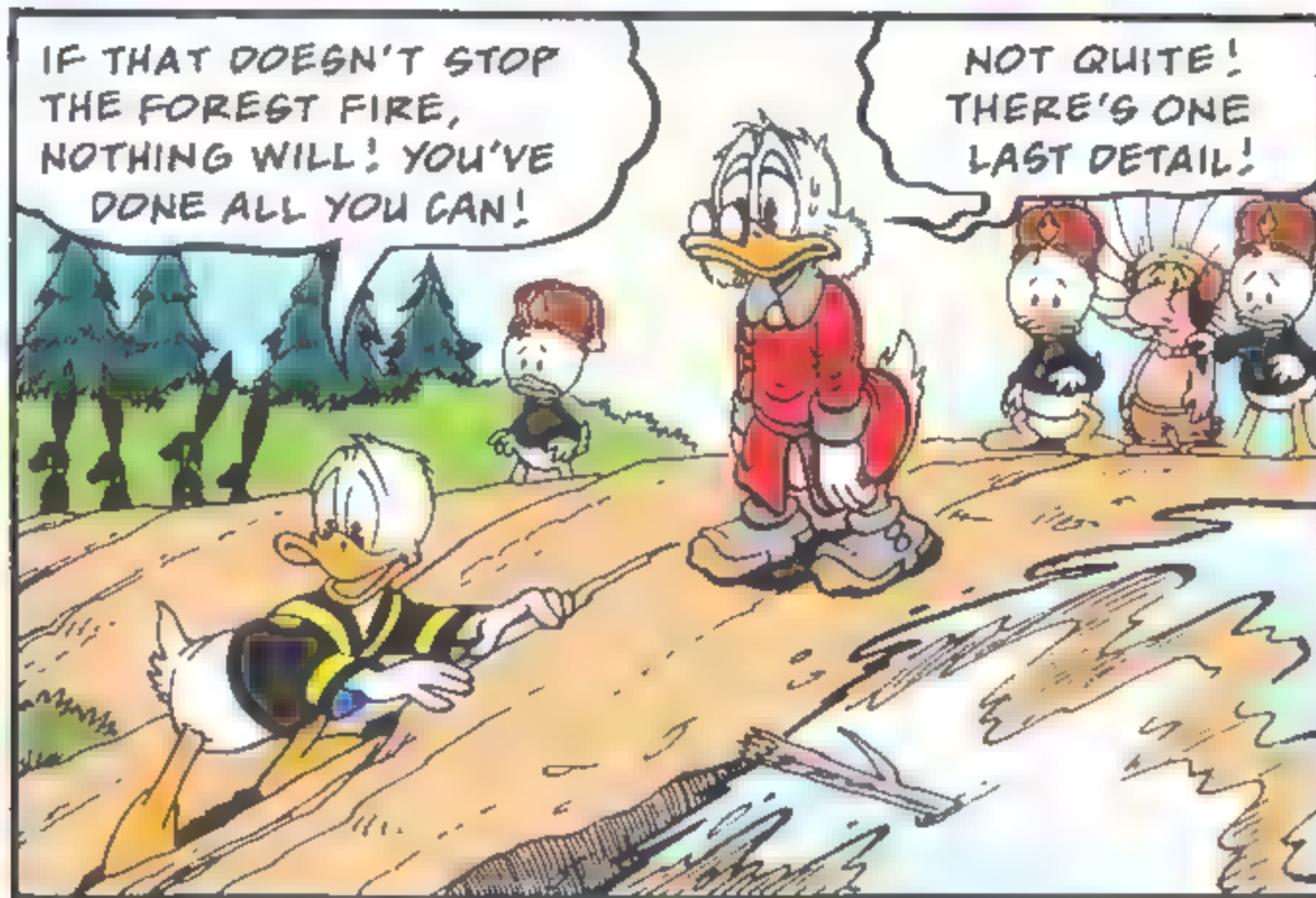
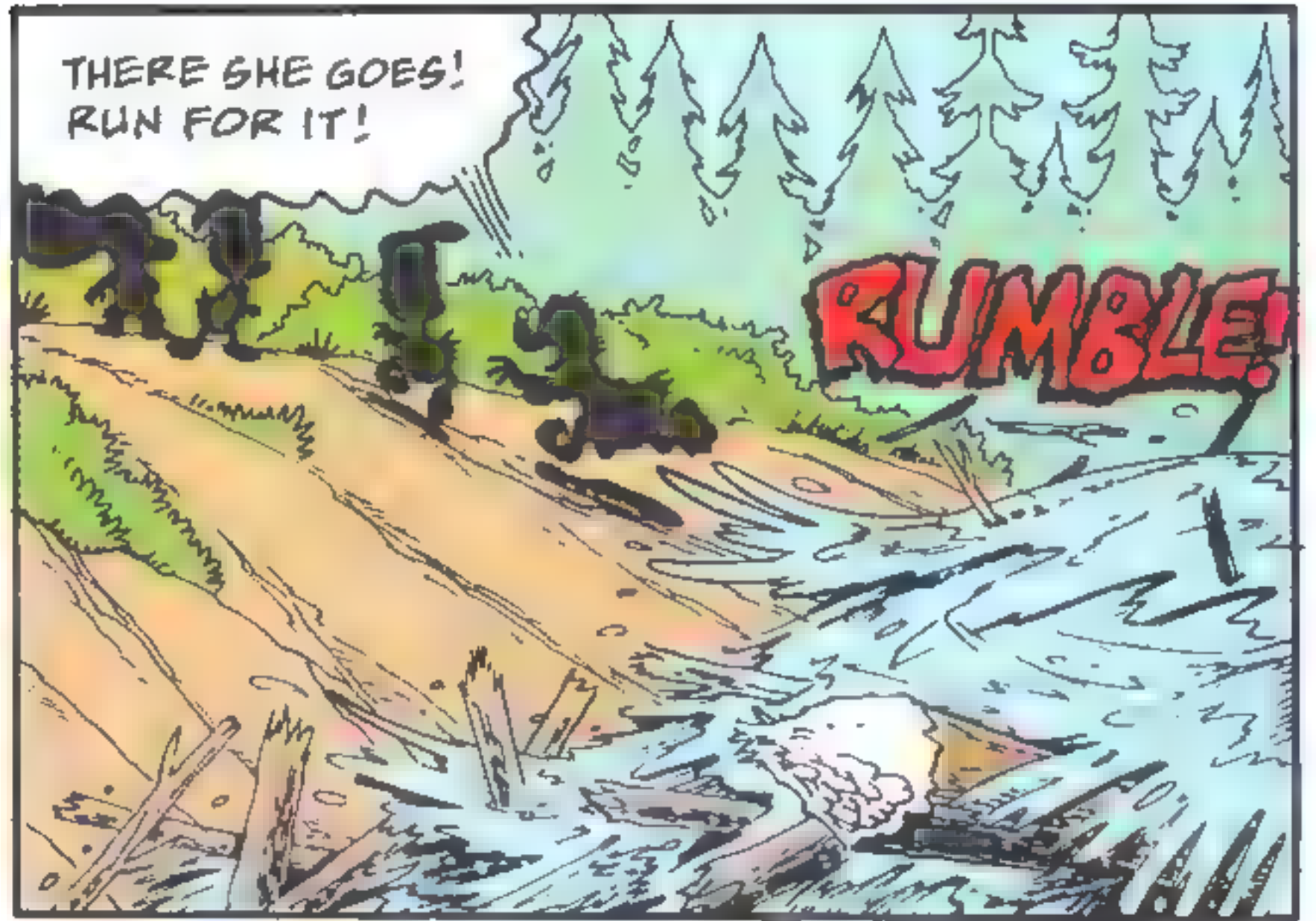
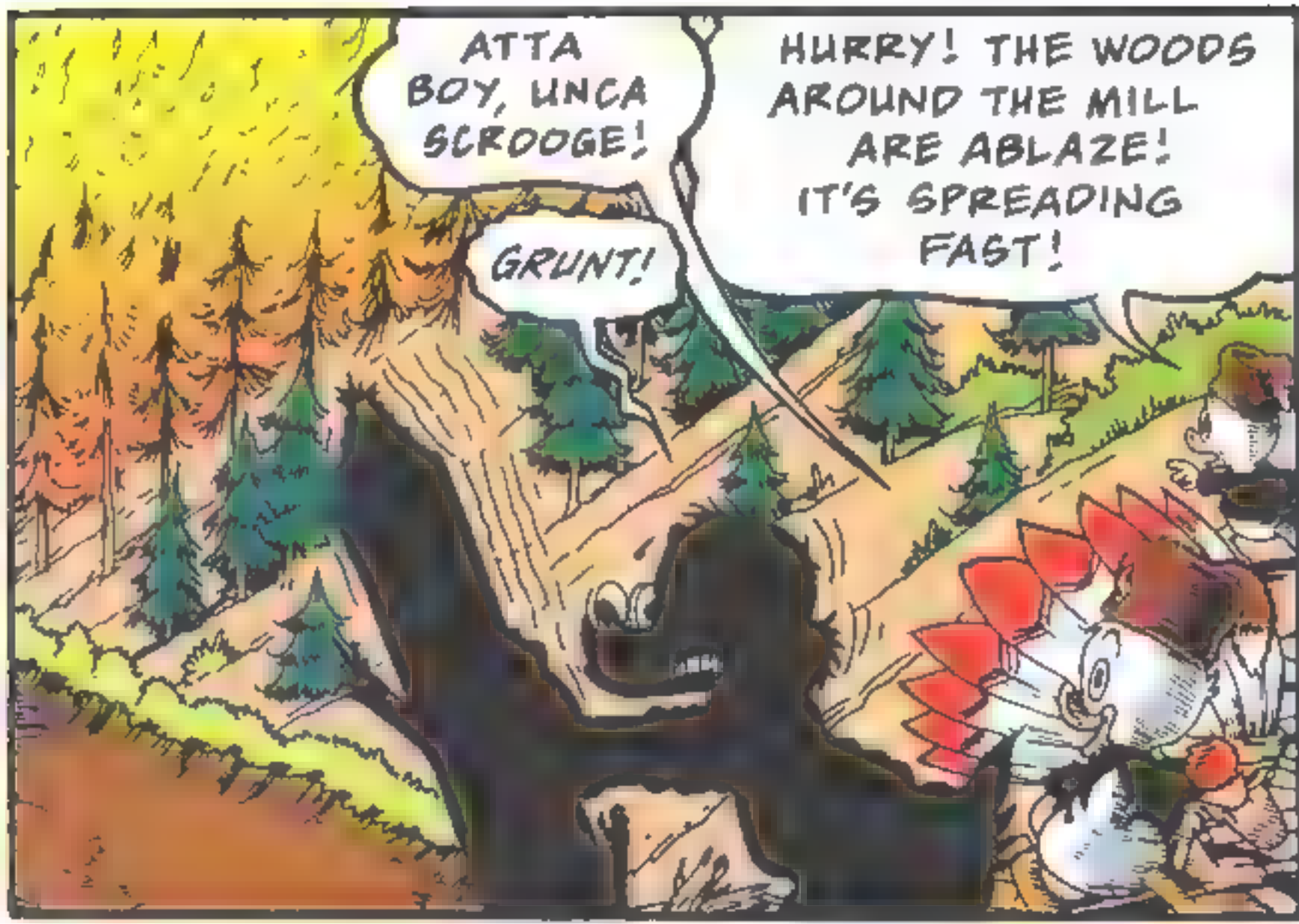


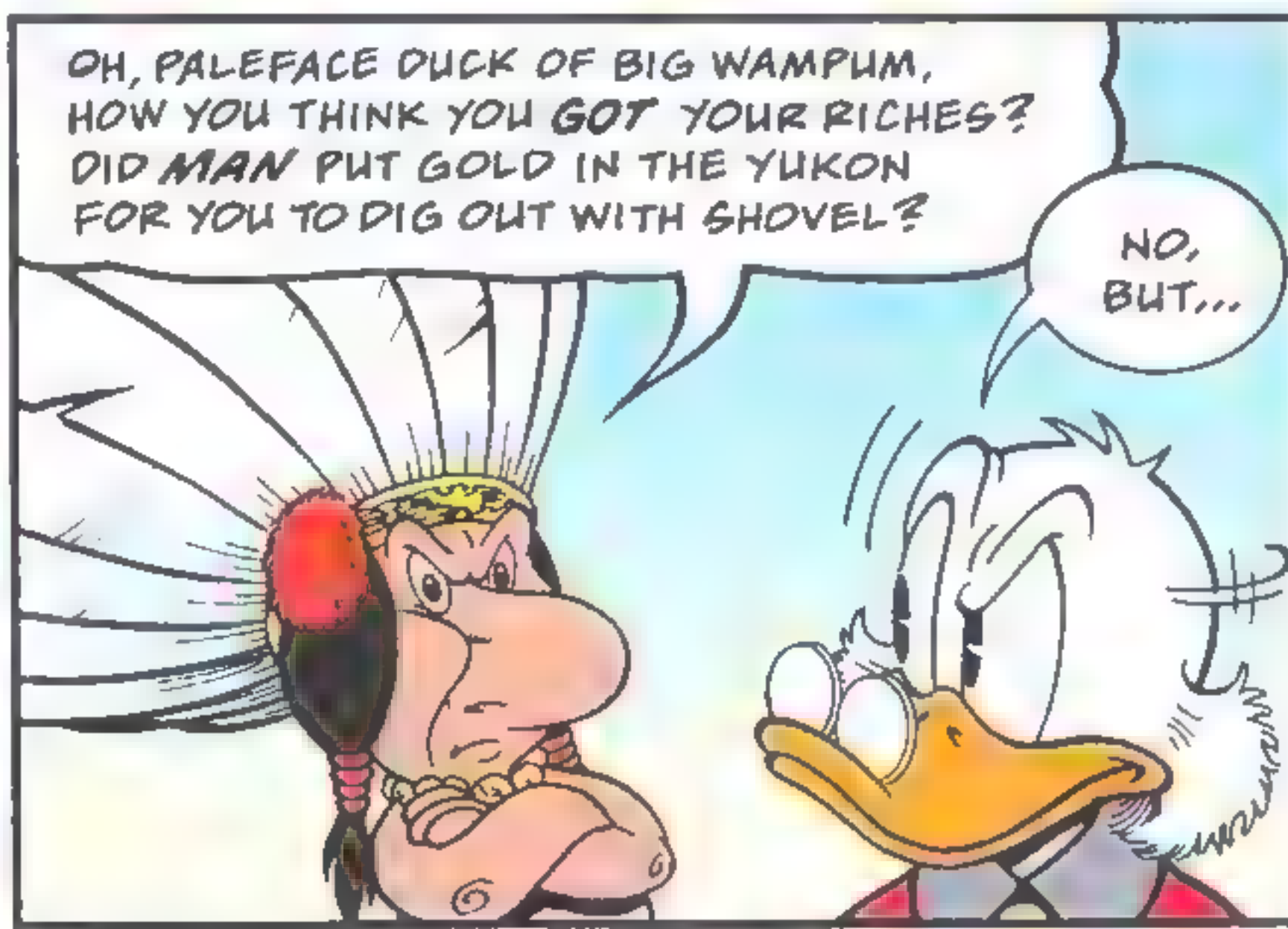
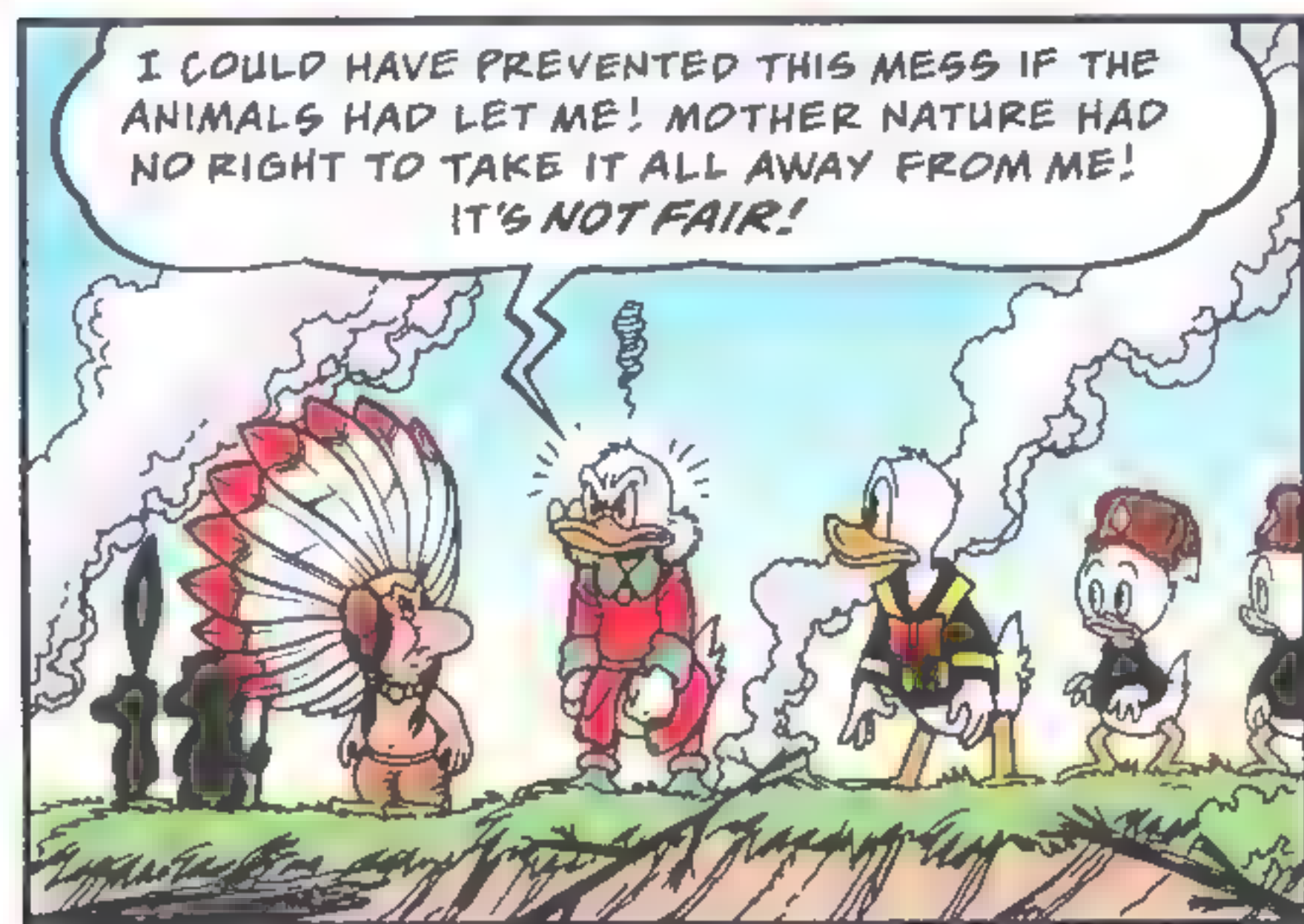
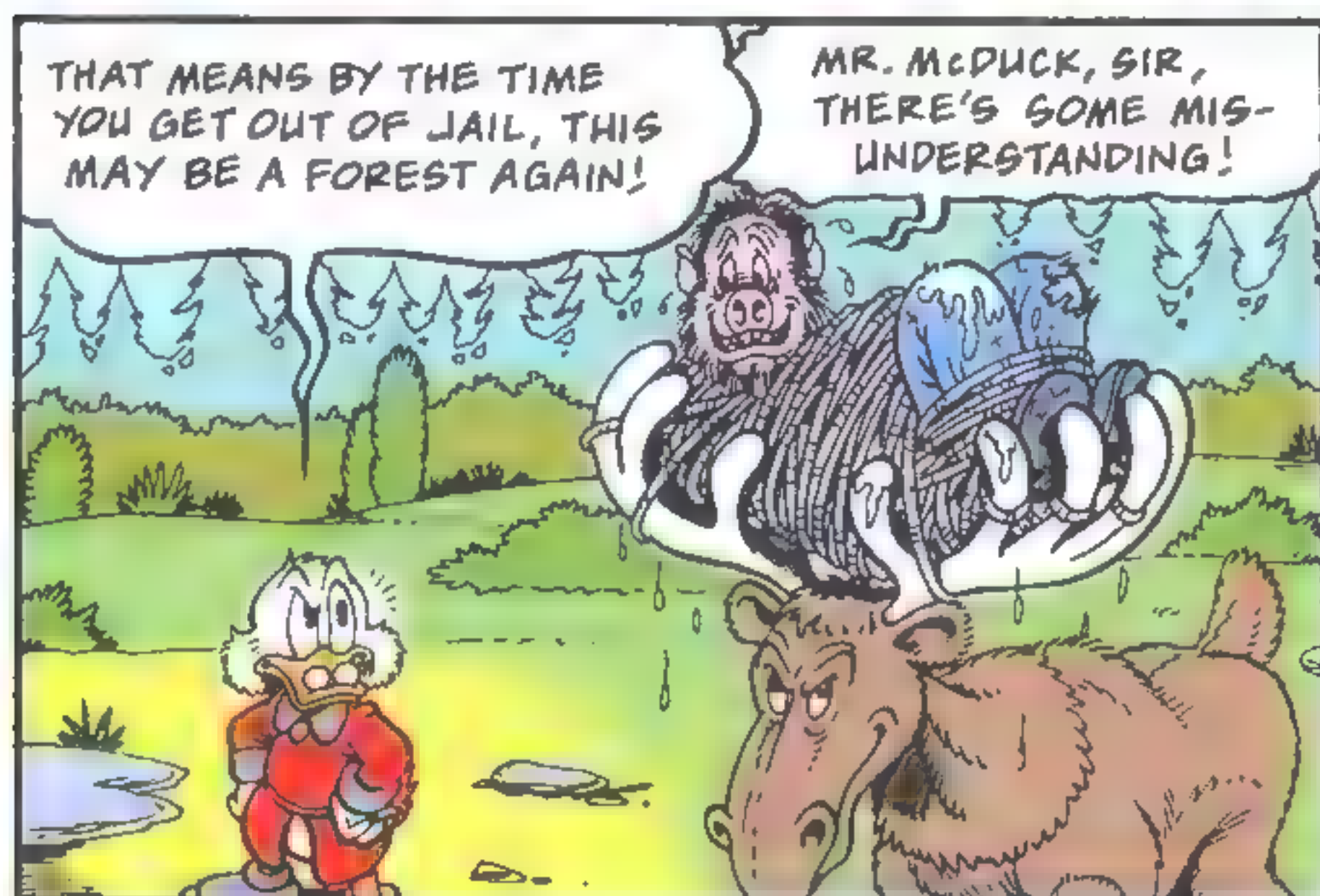


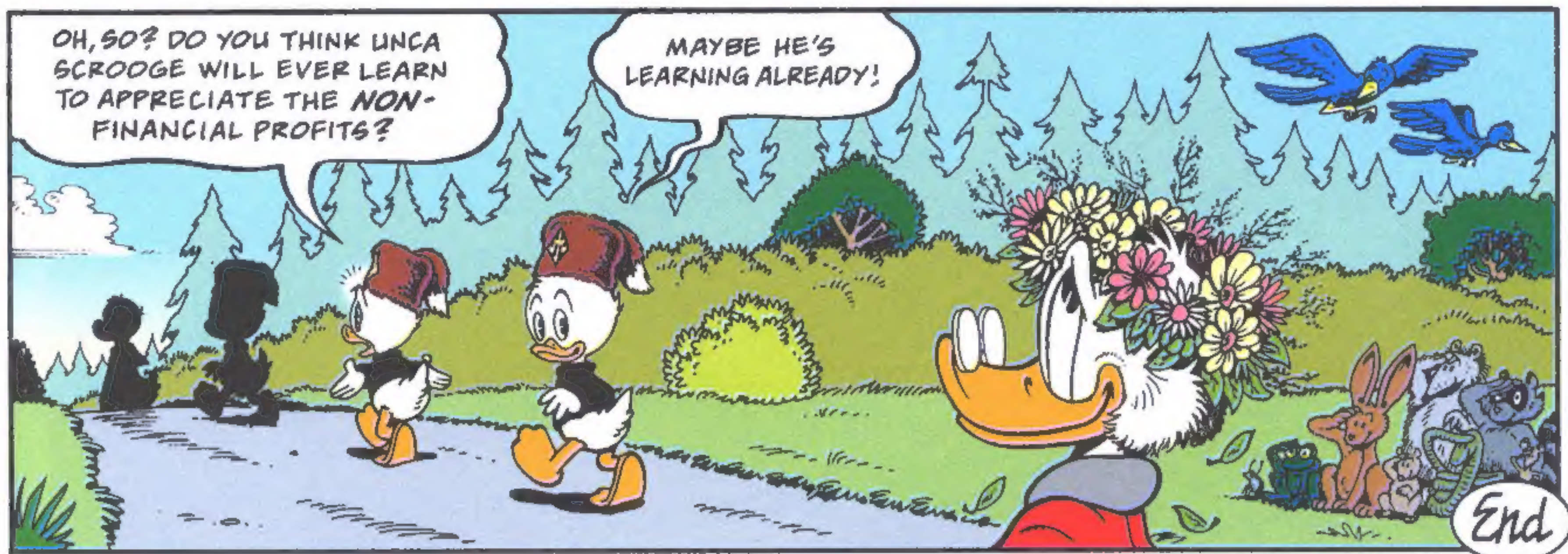
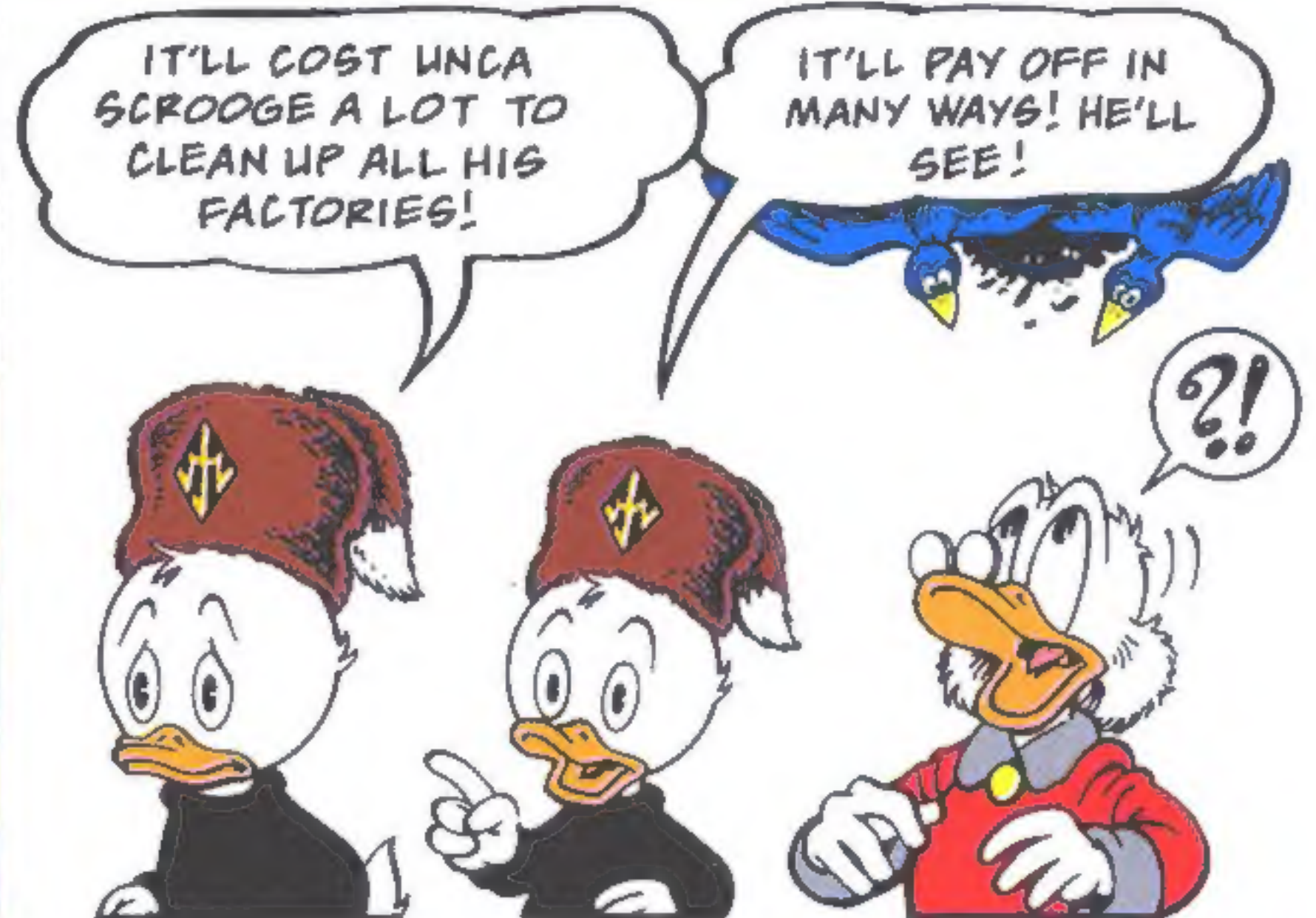
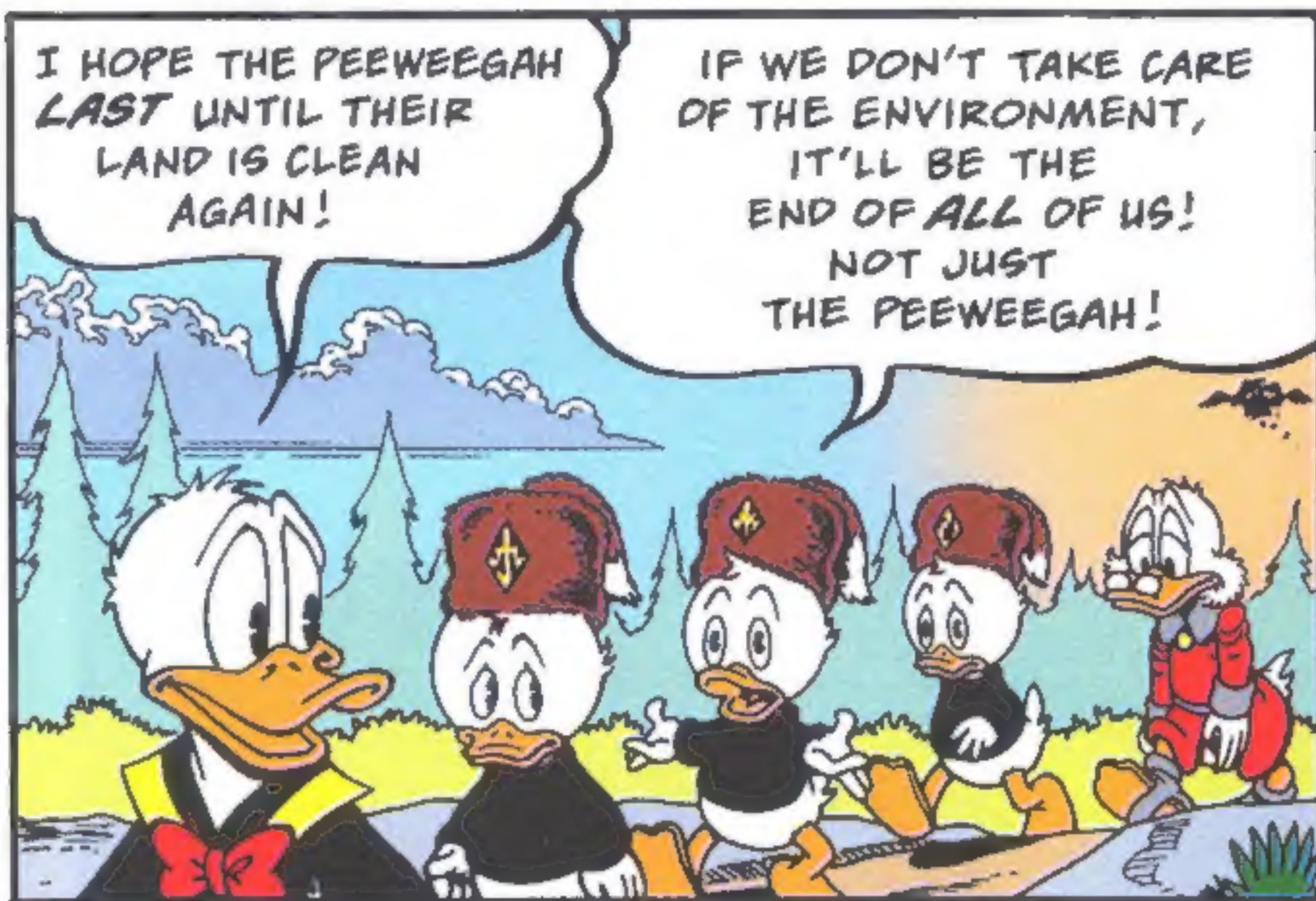
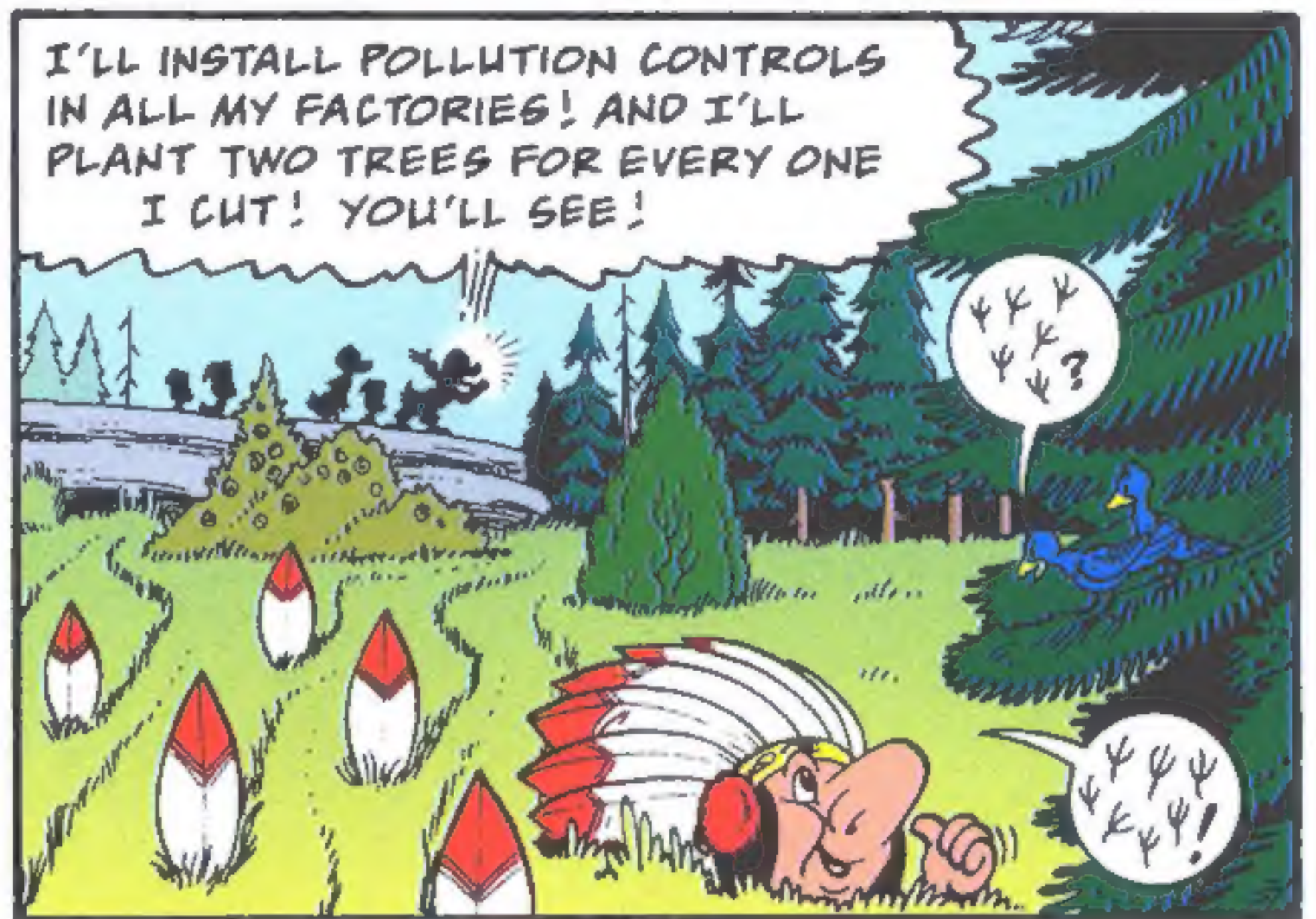
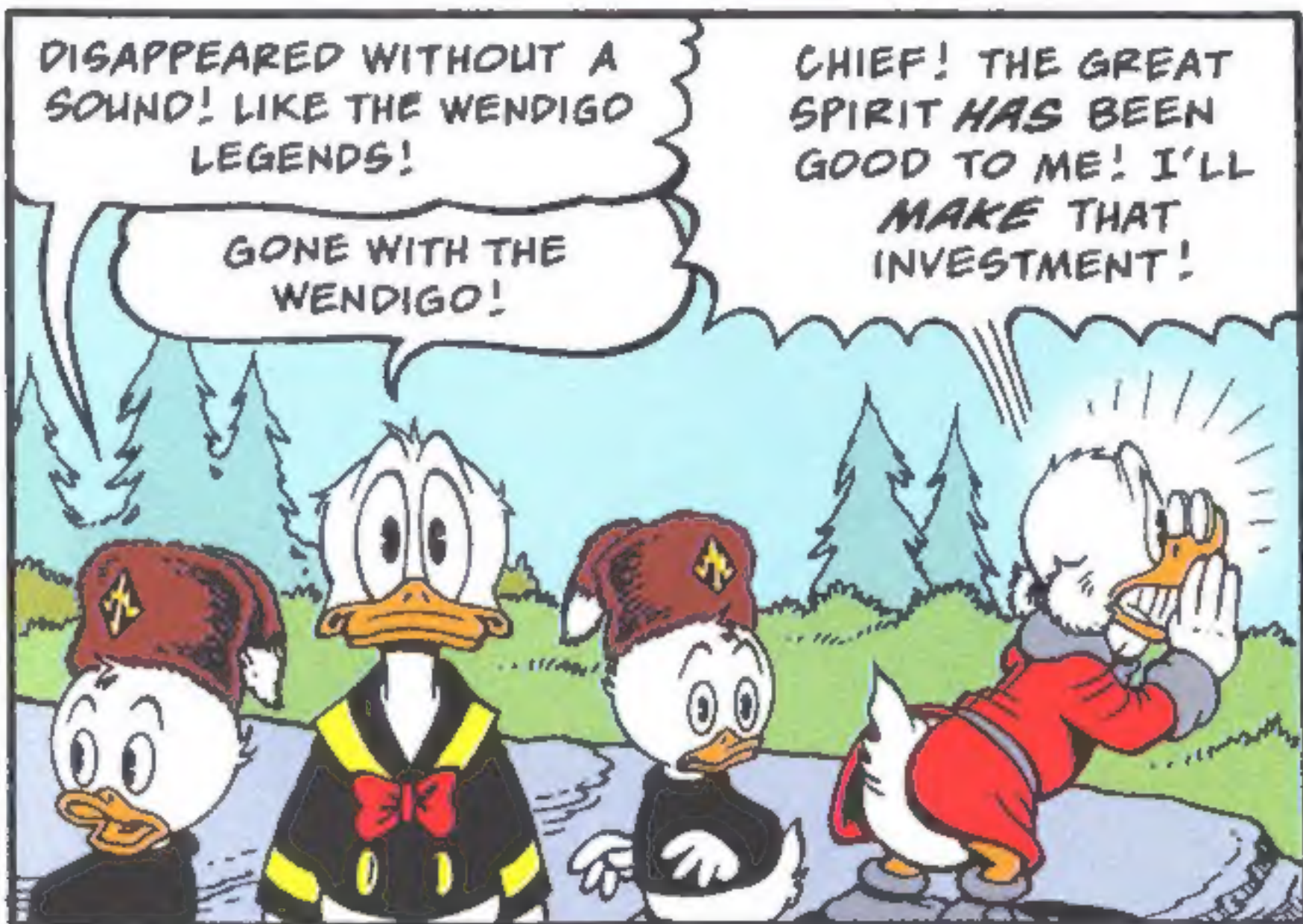
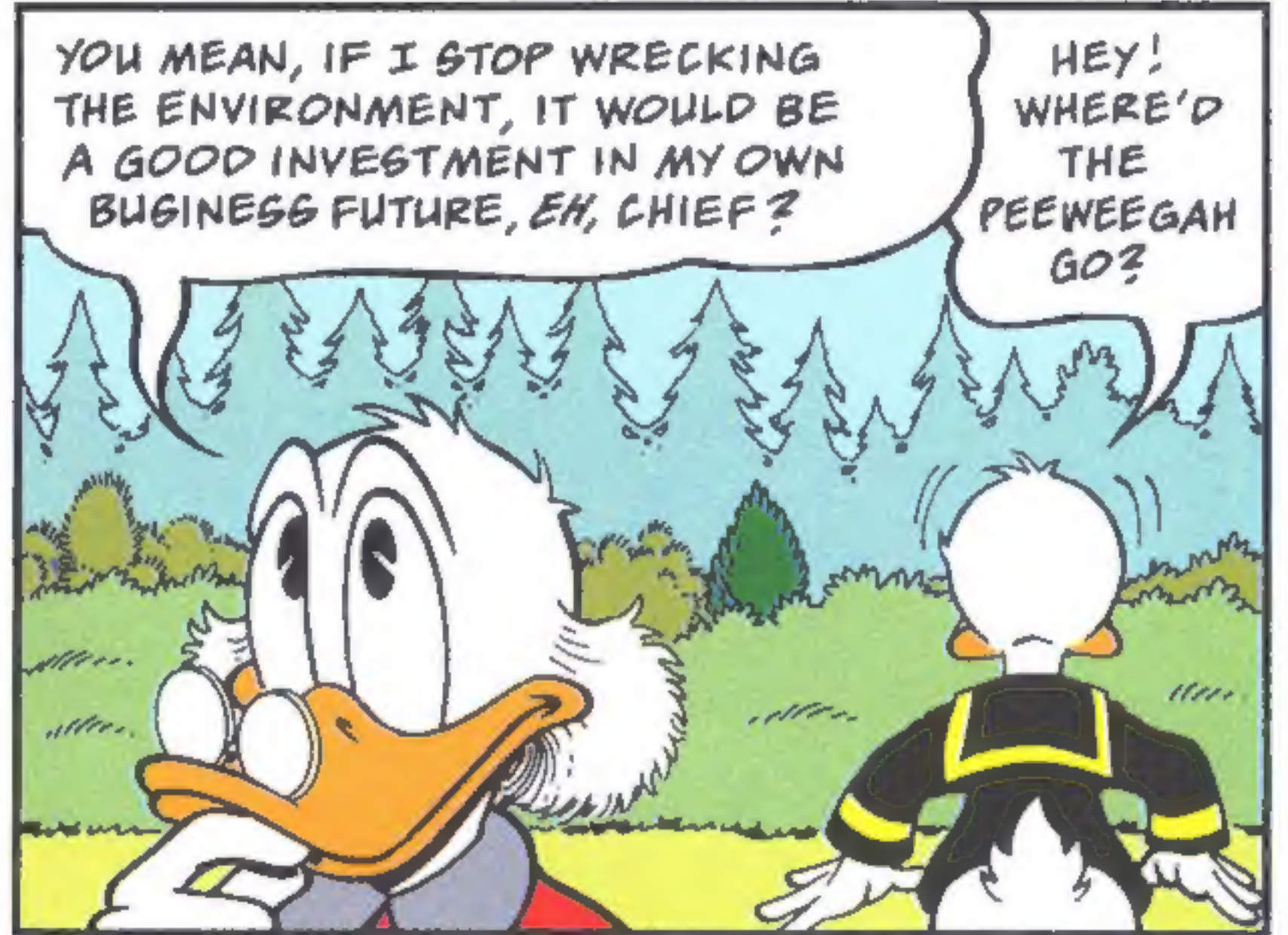
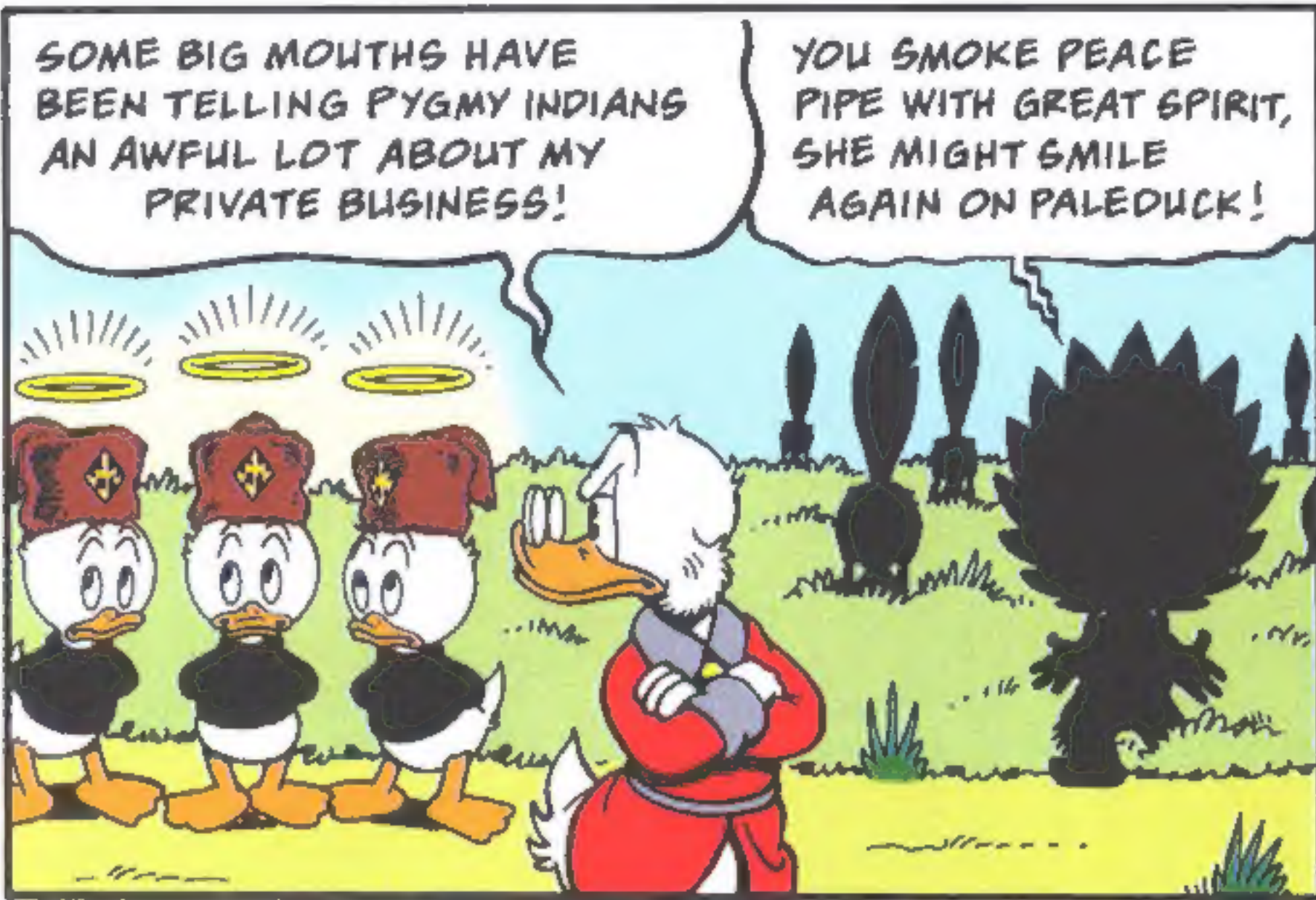












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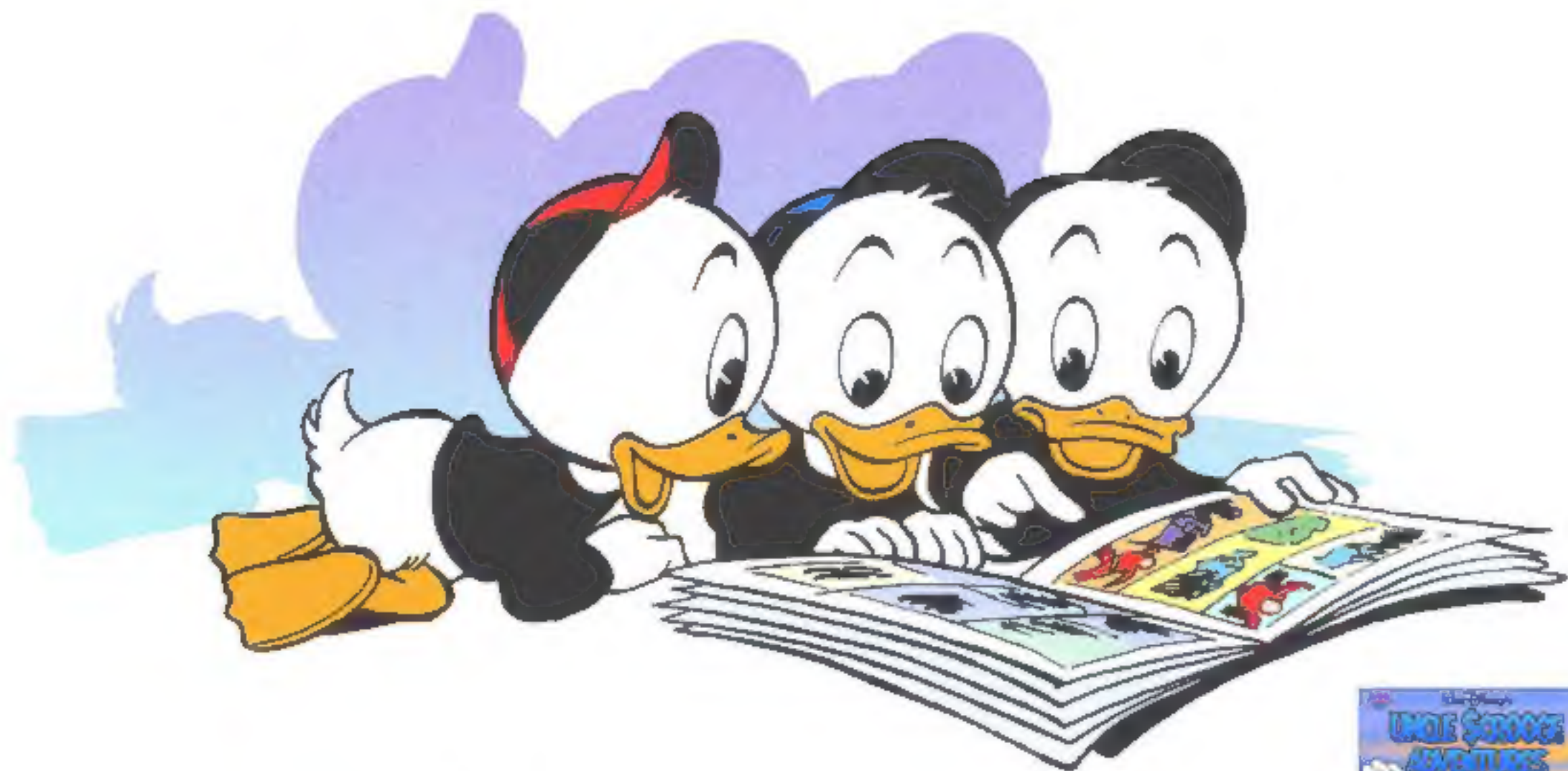
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